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# The Towneley Plays.

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Early English Text Society,

Extra Series, No. LXXI.

1897.

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# The Towneley Plays.

RE-EDITED FROM THE UNIQUE MS.

BY

GEORGE ENGLAND

WITH SIDE-NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ALFRED W. POLLARD, M.A.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY

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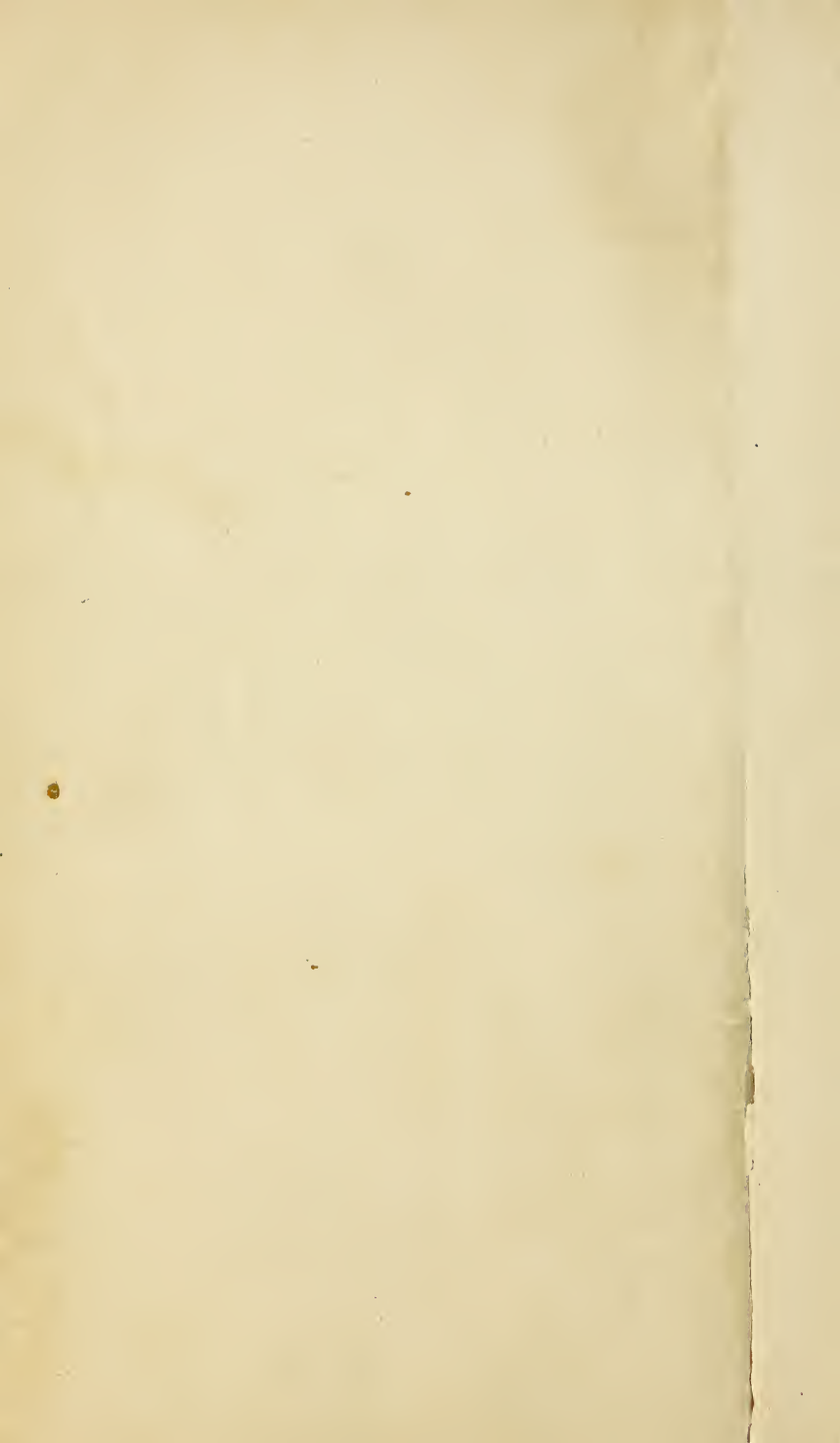
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Extra Series, No. LXXI.

R. CLAY & SONS, LIMITED, LONDON & BUNGAY.

TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
**William Morris,**  
WHO LOVED THESE PLAYS,  
OUR SHARE IN THIS BOOK  
A. W. P., F. J. F.



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<sup>1</sup> Incomplete. Twelve leaves are out of the MS. between this play and the next.

## INTRODUCTION.

THE Towneley Plays were printed for the first time by the Surtees Society in 1836, with an introduction which is variously assigned to the Society's secretary, James Raine, and to J. Hunter. The text of the plays as printed in this Surtees edition is, on the whole, very creditably accurate, and is certainly far more free from serious blunders than that of the so-called 'Coventry' Plays, edited by Halliwell-Phillipps for the Shakespeare Society, or even than that of the Chester Plays, as edited by Thomas Wright. It was not, however, a transcript with which students of the present day could be content in the case of a unique manuscript, the ultimate destination of which is still, unhappily, uncertain. Under Dr. Furnivall's superintendence a new transcript was, therefore, made by Mr. George England, who, by the great kindness and liberality of Mr. Quaritch, the present owner of the manuscript, after the book had been placed at his disposal for some weeks at the British Museum, was allowed the use of it a second time at 15 Piccadilly to correct his proofs by the original.

To the text thus produced Dr. Furnivall himself added notes of the metres, and at his request the present writer supplied the usual sidenotes, an interesting and pleasant task in the case of a work of so great variety and literary value. Dr. Furnivall's further commands for the supply of an Introduction were far less agreeable. The Towneley Plays present many problems, more especially as to their language, which deserve to be dealt with by some learned professor, or at any rate by an editor of really wide reading and experience. The learned professor, however, could not be obtained. The difficulty of procuring an introducer threatened to postpone indefinitely the appearance of the new text (a consideration all the more serious since the Surtees edition has long been difficult to procure); and as texts are far more important than introductions, it seemed better to be content to draw attention to a few points of interest rather than further to delay publication.

Short as is the preface to the Surtees edition, it contains much

that is of real value, as being written by a local antiquary to whom the history and topography of the district to which the plays are assigned were thoroughly familiar. I cannot, therefore, make a better beginning than by quoting the most essential passages of what was written in 1836, since it has not yet been superseded :—

“The Manuscript Volume in which these Mysteries have been preserved formed part of the library at Towneley Hall, in Lancashire, collected by the family of Towneley ; a family which, in the two last centuries, produced several remarkable men, through whom it becomes connected with the arts, with literature, and with science. The library was dispersed in two sales by auction, at Evans’ Rooms, in Pall Mall, the first in 1814, when there were seven days’ sale ; the second in 1815, when the sale lasted ten days.”

“This manuscript, as well as the famous Towneley Homer, was in the first sale. It was bought by John Louis Goldsmid, Esq. From his possession it very soon passed to Mr. North, but before 1822 it had returned to the family in whose library it had for so many years found protection.”

“By what means the Towneley family became possessed of it, or at what period is not known. There is nothing known with certainty respecting any previous ownership. When, however, the catalogue of the Towneley books and manuscripts was prepared for the sale in 1814, Mr. Douce was requested to write a short notice, for insertion in it. In this notice, after assigning the composition of the Mysteries to the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV.,<sup>1</sup> he says of the volume itself, that it is supposed to have formerly ‘belonged to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield, in the County of York.’”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is a passage in the *Iudicium* which may assist in determining the period at which it was written. Tutivillus, in describing a fashionable female, tells his brother demons “she is hornyd like a kowe” (p. 312 [Surtees ; p. 375, l. 267 in present edition]). He appears to allude to the same description of head dress which Stowe thus records : “1388, King Richard (the second) married Anne, daughter of Veselaus, King of Bohem. In her dayes, noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes, with long trained gownes.”—*Surtees Note*.

<sup>2</sup> After returning into the possession of the Towneley family, as narrated above, the Plays were again sold, with the rest of the Towneley MSS., at Sotheby’s, on June 27, 28, 1883. The description of the lot was as follows :

202. TOWNELEY MYSTERIES. A most valuable collection of early English Mysteries, supposed to have been written at Woodkirk in the Cell there of Augustinian or Black Canons, for the Amusement

"This supposition, however, he appears to have subsequently considered as not worthy of much regard; for when Mr. Peregrine Edward Towneley, in 1822, printed, from this manuscript, the *Iudicium*, as his contribution to the Roxburgh Club, an introduction was written by Mr. Douce, in which he says that the volume is 'supposed to have belonged to the Abbey of Whalley,' and to have passed at the dissolution into the library of the neighbouring family of Towneley."

"On what foundation either of these suppositions rests we are not informed. The first, however, is that which has been most generally accepted, and the three principal collections of Mysteries now known have been usually quoted or referred to as those of Chester, Coventry, and Widkirk."

"In the absence of precise information, we may assume that the supposition of its having formerly belonged to 'the Abbey of Widkirk' was the Towneley tradition respecting it; and previously to any investigation it may be assumed, that if we are to trace the possession of such a volume as this in a period before the Reformation, next perhaps to the archives of some guild or other corporation in one of the cities or towns of England, we may expect to find it in the possession of some Conventual society. The question of that early possession is, in fact, the question of the composition of these Mysteries, as to the place and people. We shall now endeavour to determine it."

"The supposition that this book belonged 'to the Abbey of Widkirk, near Wakefield,' has upon it remarkably the characteristics of a genuine tradition. There is no distinct enunciation of the fact which the tradition proposes to exhibit, and yet out of the words of the supposition we may decisively and easily extract what the fact in it originally was. There is no place called Widkirk in the

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and Edification of Persons attending these Pageants. *Manuscript on Vellum, written circa 1388, in a bold hand, with initial Letters ornamented with the Pen, having the speeches separated by lines of red Ink, olive morocco extra, gold-tooling, tooled leather joints and gilt edges, by C. Lewis, back broken.* SAEC. XIV.

The lot was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch, in whose possession the manuscript has ever since remained. The date assigned to the plays by the cataloguer is clearly derived from the Surtees foot-note on the woman's head-gear satirized by Tutivillus; for a discussion of this, see p. xxiv. Whether the date given to the Plays is right or wrong, that assigned to the MS. is certainly three-quarters of a century too early.

neighbourhood of Wakefield, and neither there nor in any part of England was there ever an Abbey of Widkirk. But there is a place called Woodkirk in that neighbourhood, and at Woodkirk there was a cell of Augustinian or Black Canons, a dependence on the great house of St. Oswald, at Nostel. Whatever weight there may be attached to the supposition or tradition respecting the original possession, must, therefore, be given to the claim of this Cell of Canons at Woodkirk."

"Woodkirk is about four miles to the north of Wakefield. A small religious community was established there in the first half century after the Conquest, by the Earls Warren, to whom the great Lordship of Wakefield belonged, and they were placed in subjection to the house of Nostel. King Henry I. granted to the Canons of Nostel, a charter, for two fairs, to be held at Woodkirk, one at the Feast of the Assumption, the other at the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Mary. This grant was confirmed by King Stephen. These fairs, in a rural district, continued to attract a concourse of people to the time of the Reformation. In the *Valor* of King Henry VIII. the profit of the tolls and stallage was returned at £13 6s. 8d., which was more than one-fourth of the yearly revenue of the house. The buildings in which the few Canons resided have gradually disappeared. Some portions of the Cloisters were remaining not long ago. The Church still exists, on a retired and elevated site, and remains of large reservoirs for the Canons' fish in the vale below are still very conspicuous. (*Loidis and Elmete*, p. 240.)"

The writer of the Introduction inserts here a few paragraphs of no great value, pointing out resemblances between the language of the plays and the dialect spoken in his own day in the West Riding of Yorkshire. We may take advantage of his pause to note, that Professor Skeat, in a letter to the *Athenæum* of December 2, 1893, proved decisively that the difficulty as to the place called Widkirk, of whose existence the writer of the preface could find no trace, is only an instance of a variation of spelling, Widkirk being merely an older form of Woodkirk, and one which still survives in the mouths of the country people (cp. the parallel forms Wydeville and Woodville, for the name of the Queen of King Edward IV.).

After the philological remarks the Introduction proceeds:—

"Perhaps the supposition in the Towneley family, on whatever it

may have been founded, and the striking resemblance which there is between the language of several of these pieces and the language of the same class of society as it may still be heard on the hills and in the plains of Yorkshire, may be sufficient to render it at least a point of probability that the composition of these Mysteries, and the original possession of this volume, are to be attributed to the Canons of Woodkirk; or that the possession is to be traced to them, and the composition, perhaps, to some one of the Canons in the far larger fraternity at Nostel. But the manuscript itself contains that which connects it with Wakefield; and there are topographical allusions in one of the pieces, the *Secunda Pastorum*, which belong to the country near Wakefield and Woodkirk."

"Thus, at the beginning of the first is written in a large hand 'Wakefelde' and 'Berkers,' the meaning of which seems to be, that on some occasion this Mystery was represented at the town of Wakefield by the company or fellowship of the Barkers or Tanners. To the second is prefixed 'Glover Pag...' without the word Wakefield. The imperfect word is 'Pagina,' which appears to have been used as the Latin term for these kinds of exhibitions or pageants. The meaning appears to be that this was exhibited by the Glovers. At the head of the third, however, we find 'Wakefield' again, without the name of any trade. These are the only notices of the kind, except that at the head of the 'Peregrini,' the words 'Fysshher Pagent' <sup>1</sup> occur."<sup>2</sup>

"It is in the *Secunda Pastorum*, which is truly described by Mr. Collier as 'the most singular piece in the whole collection,' that the local allusions occur which tend so strongly to corroborate the claim of Woodkirk and its Canons to the production of these Mysteries. Intended in the first instance for the edification or the amusement of the persons in the immediate vicinity of the places in which these Pageants were to be exhibited, we may expect to find that there will be, when the subject fairly admitted of it, attempts to arrest their attention, and to interest their minds, by such a simple artifice as the introduction of the names of places with which they were familiar. Thus, in the Chester Mysteries, the River Conway is spoken of, and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. England notes that these words are in a later hand.—A. W. P.

<sup>2</sup> The words *Lytster Play* occur at the head of the *Pharao*. They were overlooked by the copyist, but the mistake is noticed in the errata.—*Surtees Note*.

Boughton is mentioned, a kind of suburb to Chester. In the *Secunda Pastorum*.

*Secundus Pastor.* Who shuld do us that skorne? that were a fowlle spott.

*Primus Pastor.* Some shrewe.

I have soght with my doges

All Horbery shroges

And of XV hoges

Fond I bot oone ewe.

"Horbury is the name of a village about two or three miles southwest from Wakefield. Shroges or Scroggs is a northern term applied to any piece of rough uninclosed ground more or less covered with low brushwood."

"The other local allusion is less decisive than this. When the two Shepherds appoint to meet, the place which they appoint is 'the crokyd thorne.' Now, though it cannot, perhaps, be shown that there was any place or tree then precisely so denominated, yet it can be shown that, at no great distance from Horbury, there was at that time a remarkable thorn tree which was known by the name of the Shepherd's Thorn. It stood in Mapplewell, near the borders of the two manors of Notton and Darton. A jury in the 20th of Edward IV., on a question between James Strangeways of Harlsey, and the Prior of Bretton, found that the Shepherd's Thorn 'was in Darton'; and in the time of Charles I., one John Webster of Kexborough, then aged 77, deposed that the inhabitants of Mapplewell and Darton had been accustomed to turn their sheep on the moor at all times, and that it extended southward to a place called 'The Shepherd's Thorn,' where a thorn tree stood. There must be here more than an accidental coincidence."

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Since the publication of the Surtees Society edition of the Towneley Plays in 1836, all the three other great cycles of English Miracle Plays have been printed, the so-called 'Coventry' cycle in 1841, the Chester in 1843, and the York Plays, admirably edited by Miss Toulmin Smith, in 1885. The publication of this last cycle revealed the fact that five of the York Plays were based, in whole or in part, on the same originals as five of the Towneley. The importance of this discovery for the study of Miracle Plays and of the conditions under which they were produced, is hardly to be over-estimated. There is no reason to believe that it is by a mere chance, some peculiarly malicious freak of

the arch-enemy Time, that, as far as I am aware, in no single case are there two early copies extant of any miracle play. Human nature, we may presume, was much the same in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as in our own, and the ordinary author, when he had written a poem or a chronicle, no doubt did everything in his power to multiply copies of it, since every fresh copy would increase his chance of obtaining the patronage or preferment which constituted the rewards of authorship in those days. But in the case of plays we can easily see that a wholly different motive would come into action. With the highly doubtful exception of the Chester cycle, not a single Miracle Play has the name of any author connected with it. The author's personality is wholly lost in that of the actors and their paymasters; and in the absence of any law of copyright or custom as to 'acting rights,' it was to the interest of these jealously to guard their book of the words, lest the popularity of their entertainment should suffer from unauthorized rivalry. Since many of the players probably could not read, even the multiplication of 'actors' parts' would be very limited, and fresh copies would only be made when the plays underwent revision. The apparent exception to this theory, the five copies extant of the Chester cycle, really only confirm it, for all of these were made between 1590 and 1607, and must owe their existence to the desire of literary antiquaries either simply for their preservation or, more probably, for their revival, at a time when miracle plays were almost gone out of fashion.

For the reason thus hazarded, opportunities for the study of the genesis of any given cycle of plays are extremely small. We know that a fragment of the old poem of the *Harrowing of Hell*, beginning, 'Harde gatys haue I gon,' is found imbedded in the 'Coventry' Play of the Resurrection, and, thanks once more to the industry of Miss Toulmin Smith, in the Brome 'Common-Place Book' we can now study a version of the Sacrifice of Isaac closely similar to that in the Chester cycle. But the relations of the five plays in the York and Towneley cycles are much more interesting and important than these, and it will be worth while to examine them with some minuteness.

The first of these five plays is that called by Miss Smith, 'the Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' No. xi. in the York Cycle,<sup>1</sup> acted by the 'Hoseers,' No. viii. in the Towneley Cycle, where it is

<sup>1</sup> Printed, with the generous addition of the Towneley text at the foot of the page, on pp. 68—92 of Miss Smith's edition (*York Plays*. Edited by Lucy Toulmin Smith. *Oxford at the Clarendon Press*, 1885).

called *Pharao*, and where also the sidenote 'Litsters Pagonn' informs us that it is one of the plays acted by the Craft-Gilds of Wakefield.

In comparing the two texts, the first point we notice is, that while the York Play consists of 408<sup>1</sup> lines, divided with unbroken regularity into 34 twelve-line stanzas, the metrical scheme of the Towneley Play is far less orderly. At the outset, indeed, it is evident that the Wakefield reviser mistook the metre, for by the addition of a quatrain of mere surplusage, he has turned the first 12-line stanza into two octetts. After seven long stanzas (divided in this text into octetts and quatrains, 3—16), we find similar additions in ll. 113—117 and 127—133, turning two 12-line stanzas into four octetts. Everything then proceeds regularly till we come to Towneley stanza 49, when we find a line—

Als wele on myddyng als on more

—missing after l. 308.

Again in stanza 55 the two lines—

Lorde, was they wente than walde it sese,  
So shuld we save vs and oure seede

—are omitted after l. 340.

In stanzas 57, 58, ll. 355—359 appear in the Towneley MS. as—

*Primus Miles.* A, my lord !  
*Pharao.* hagh !  
*ijus Miles.* Grete pestilence is comyn ;  
It is like ful long to last.  
*Pharao.* In the dwilys name !  
then is oure pride ouer past.

—in place of the regular York text (ll. 344—348)—

*i Egip.* My lorde, grete pestelence  
Is like ful lange to last.  
*Rex.* Owe! come that in oure presence,  
Than is oure pride al past.

Lastly, we find that the Towneley text has added, or more probably retained, twelve lines at the end of the play which do not appear in the York edition.

If now we turn our attention to single lines, we shall find numerous instances in which the Towneley text exhibits an unmetrical corruption of the York. Here are a few—

<sup>1</sup> Numbered by Miss Smith as 406, but the last couplet is really a quatrain, and might with advantage have been so printed.

That wold my fors down fell (T. 32)

That wolde aught fand owre forse to fell (Y. 28)

That shall euer last (T. 39)

They are like and they laste (Y. 34)

I shall sheld the from shame (T. 189)

I sall the saffe from synne and shame (Y. 176)

What, ragyd the dwyll of hell, alys you so to cry (T. 304)

What deuyll ayles you so to crye (Y. 291) (cp. T. 337 and 415,  
Y. 334 and 403)

On the other hand, T. 106—

And euer elyke the leyfes are greyn

—is plainly better than Y. 102—

And the leues last ay in like grene

—and T. 216, 217—

God graunt you good weyndyng,

And euermore with you be

—both for their sense and the purity of the rime to ‘kyng’ are better  
than Y. 203, 204—

God sende vs gude tythingis

And all may with you be.

Lastly we may take a pair of lines—

My lord, bot if this menyhe may remeve (T. 270)

Lord, whills ve [*sic*] with this menyhe meve (Y. 277)

—in which we may reasonably suspect that both texts are corrupt  
forms of some such original as—

My lord, bot if this menyhe meve.

The inevitable conclusion from these notes is, that the Towneley text of *Pharao* is a corrupted and edited version of the York play of ‘The Hoseers’ in a slightly purer form than we have it at present. I think we may also say that the majority of the corruptions in the Towneley text are of the kind which would most naturally arise in oral transmission, rather than from the blunders of a scribe.

Turning now to the second play in which the two cycles partly agree, *The Play of the Doctors* (Towneley xviii.; York xxii., played by the ‘Sporiers and Loriners’), we find that the Towneley text, which lacks the opening speech of ‘Primus Magister,’ begins in its present form with twelve quatrains which are quite different from the York version, and then follows closely the York twelve-line stanzas to the end, only interrupting them to substitute a longer

exposition of the Ten Commandments, for which again quatrains are used. In some instances, as before, the Towneley text is better than the York, but we cannot doubt that the nearly homogeneous<sup>1</sup> York play represents the original on which the Towneley playwright incorporated his variations in a different metre.

A comparison of the third pair of plays—the York play of the *Sadilleres* (No. xxxvii.) and Towneley No. xxv.—representing the *Extraccio Animarum* or *Harrowing of Hell*, yields still more striking results. The York play, as usual quite regular, consists of 34 twelve-line stanzas, and it is clear that the Towneley playwright had these in his mind all the way through, though sometimes, perhaps from failure of memory on the part of his informants, he can do no more than imbed a few York lines into new stanzas of his own, while elsewhere he makes intentional additions.

Summarizing the result of these changes, we find that the first twenty-four lines of Towneley reproduce ten from York; then we have York stanzas 4—10 with interpolations between 4 and 5, 8 and 9, and the omission of the last quatrain of 5. Stanzas 11 and 12 are represented by ll. 115—147, but only nine lines are preserved. Stanzas 13—15 are intact; stanza 16 is docked of its first quatrain; then we have an interpolation of twelve lines; then the first quatrain of 17, the second and third being expanded into twelve lines. Stanzas 18—28 are only interrupted by an interpolation (ll. 314—322) between 25 and 26. In 29 there is a substitution of a new third quatrain for four lines in the octett, the effect being so good that we may doubt whether in this case we have not really a preservation of an older text. Then come stanzas 30 and 31, and eight lines of 32, and with two substituted quatrains the Towneley play reaches its rather abrupt end.

In the fourth pair of plays, treating of 'The Resurrection' (York xxxviii. 'The Carpenteres': Towneley xxvi.), the resemblance begins four lines earlier than Miss Toulmin Smith has noted, T. 41—44 answering to Y. 31, 32, 35, 36, while the 'rybaldys' of T. 42 is a better reading than the York 'rebelles.' In the preceding speech of Pilate we may note how the Towneley adaptor altered the York metre by lengthening the last line of the first four stanzas from two beats to three. We find the same difference in the added stanzas 9—11 (ll. 51—73), while five (or rather seven) lines tacked on to the

<sup>1</sup> There is a slight disturbance, in which Towneley agrees, in York, stanzas 19, 20 (ll. 216—240) and Towneley, stanzas 44—46 (ll. 204—228).

last of these are outside the metrical scheme altogether. Stanzas 12 and 13 have half their lines as in York and half new. Stanzas 14—22, though with many corruptions, reproduce York 11—22. Stanza 23 is added; 24 (which should have been printed as in four lines) agrees with York 20, omitting the two opening lines; 25, save in its third line, is the same as York 21. In stanza 26 some of the York phrases are retained, but every line has been changed, and the bad rimes 'emang' and 'stand' show the work of a botcher. After this, with various corruptions, too numerous to mention, stanzas 27—35 reproduce York 23—31, but there is nothing in the York play to answer to ll. 214—333 (stanzas 36—55). The first ten of these 120 lines continue the talk of the soldiers, the rest is made up of the monologue of the risen Christ. The metre continues regular; with a few exceptions, the origin of which can easily be seen, the last line of each stanza remains quadrisyllabic, instead of being lengthened as in the added stanzas at the beginning of the play, and I think there can be no doubt that this speech of Christ once formed part of the York Cycle, but was subsequently omitted. Similar speeches occur in the 'Coventry' and Chester cycles, and in the last-named there are some positive resemblances which, in case they have not been noticed before, I set forth in a footnote.<sup>1</sup>

It will be noticed that this play falls naturally into three parts, of which Christ's monologue is the centre; and it is much easier to

<sup>1</sup> Towneley, ll. 226—231.

Erthly man, that I haue wrought  
Wightly wake, and slepe thou noght!  
With bytter bayll I haue the boght,  
To make the fre;  
Into this dongeon depe I soght  
And all for luf of the.

ll. 322—327.

ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,  
And synnes seyr I may releasse,  
And whoso will of synnes seasse  
And mercy cry,

I grauntt theym here a measse  
In brede myn awn body.

Chester, vol. 2, p. 89. (Sh. Soc. ed.)

*Eirthly man that I have wroughte,  
Awake out of thy slepe;  
Eirthly man that I have bought,  
Of me thou have no kepe.  
From heaven man's soule I soughte  
Into a dongion depe  
My dere lemon from thense I broughte  
For ruthe of her I weepe.  
I am vereye prince of peace,  
And kinge of free mercye;  
Who will of synnes have release  
On me the call and crye.  
And yf the will of synnes cease  
I graunte them peace trewlye,  
And therto a full rich messye,  
In brede my owne bodye.*

The verbal resemblances here seem almost too close to be explained by a common original. If there has been direct transmission, it must have been southwards.

believe that in some process of amalgamating or dividing the different parts, this speech was omitted from the York manuscript, than that so important a feature in the plays was not represented in the cycle.

After l. 333 in Towneley, etc., agreement between the two cycles is resumed, and continues, with the usual verbal variations, to l. 561, the agreement of the stanzas being as follows—

Towneley.		York.		Towneley.		York.
56—66	=	32—42		88 partly	=	67
67	=	parts of 43, 44		89	=	68
68—85	=	45—62		90—93	=	70—73
86, 87	=	64, 65				

Stanzas 63, 66 and 69 of York are unrepresented. L. 562 in Towneley is extra metrum, and cuts short the rather wearisome talk of Pilate which lasts in the York play for another eighteen lines. The scene between Christ and S. Mary Magdalene, which follows in the Towneley cycle, forms a separate play (No. xxxix.) in the York, and there are no textual resemblances. It will be noticed that of the first eight of the eleven stanzas into which it is divided, every one has a different metre—a sure sign, I think, of the hasty work rendered necessary by an incident which could not be omitted having to be tacked on to a different play.

The case of the last of the five parallel texts, that of the play of the Last Judgment (Towneley xxx. *Judicium*; York XLVIII. acted by the 'Merceres'), is again very striking and interesting. The Towneley play, unfortunately, lacks some lines (the speech of 'Primus Malus') at the beginning, and the first sixteen lines which have been preserved to us, written in two different metres, are additions to the York text. The next three stanzas, with the exception of the last half of the fourth, are founded on York stanzas 19—21, then we have an inserted speech by 'Quartus Malus' (32 lines), then two more York stanzas, then the broad comedy of the Demons (stanzas 16—48, ll. 89—384), which takes the place of a short passage in York (ll. 185—228), the greater part of which is occupied by the speeches of Christ and the Apostles. After l. 385 the borrowings begin again, and for the whole of the Judgment-scene proper (Towneley, st. 49—67, ll. 386—531 = York, st. 30—47, ll. 229—372), the regular 8-line stanzas of the York dramatist are only interrupted by a single insertion of four lines (st. 65). But between

the final dooming of the damned and the thanksgiving of the saved (l. 612—620), the Towneley play-wright inserts a long passage in which the fiends gloat over their victims, and this is all his own. Where the last stanza was taken from we cannot say. It is quite different from the York text, and bears more resemblance to the Towneley ending of the *Ectraccio Animarum* (p. 305).

The foregoing conspectus of the points of agreement and disagreement between the Towneley and York texts of these five plays has probably been found almost as tedious to read as it certainly was to compile. But it was worth while to work it out in full, since the most cursory perusal of it must suffice to show that, in the circumstances under which the borrowings took place, it was practically impossible for a play to pass from one cycle to another without showing signs of the process in marked disturbances of metre and frequent corruptions both of sense and rhyme. It follows from this that wherever we find a play (not merely a fragment) the metre of which is uniform, or is obviously varied only in correspondence with the character of the speakers, while at the same time the rhymes are regular and the text good, in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary we are not only entitled, but bound, to assume that the play was composed for the place and the cycle to which it now belongs. A play full of obvious corruptions need not be a borrowed play, because corruptions may have arisen in many other ways; but a play which is creditably free from corruptions can hardly by any possibility have been borrowed.

Now if we apply this canon to the Towneley Plays, it will enable us to set some limit to the amount of imported work which we can safely recognize as existing in the cycle as it has come down to us. Long before the publication of the York Plays, the composite character of the Towneley was recognized by its first editor, though the reasons he assigned were less happy than his surmise itself,<sup>1</sup> and later writers have not failed to enlarge on the point. It thus becomes interesting to see how much of the cycle we can claim on sure evidence as composed especially for it. It is no bad beginning to be able to say at once, at least one-fourth, and this the fourth which contains the finest and most original work. The evidence for

<sup>1</sup> *e. g.* He says that there are no Yorkshireisms in the *Pharao*, which we now know to be mainly borrowed from the York cycle, and remarks "*Cæsar Augustus* is plainly by the same hand as *Pharao*. The heroes in both swear by 'Mahowne'"—a habit shared by most potentates in miracle plays.

this is irresistible. We find the Wakefield or Woodkirk editor interpolating two broadly humorous scenes, the one containing 297 lines, the other 81, on the impressive York play of the Judgment. These scenes are written in a complex metre, a 9-line stanza riming *aaaa bcecb*, with central rimes in the first four lines (I should prefer to write it  $\frac{aaaa}{bbbb}cdddc$ ), and we find this same metre used with admir-

able regularity throughout five long plays, viz.—

III. Processus Noe cum filiis	558 lines
XII. Prima Pastorum	502 (2 lines lost)
XIII. Secunda Pastorum <sup>1</sup>	754 (2 lines lost)
XIV. Magnus Herodes	513
XXI. Coliphizacio	450

—or, including the two passages in the *Julicium*, in no less than 3155 lines, occupying in this edition almost exactly 100 pages out of 396. If any one will read these plays together, I think he cannot fail to feel that they are all the work of the same writer, and that this writer deserves to be ranked—if only we knew his name!—at least as high as Langland, and as an exponent of a rather boisterous kind of humour had no equal in his own day. We may also be sure that the two other plays, *Flagellacio* (No. xxii.) and *Processus Talentorum* (No. xxiv.), contain about the same proportion of his work as does the *Julicium*. They are closely akin to the *Coliphizacio*, and contain the one 24, the other 8 of his favourite stanzas.

For one other play which it is very tempting to assign to the same hand, the *Mactacio Abel* (No. ii.), we lack the evidence of identity of metre; in fact, the frequent changes from one metrical form to another would make us suspect that we had here an instance of editing, if it were not quite impossible to isolate from the present text any underlying original. But the extraordinary boldness of the play, and the character of its humour, make it difficult to dissociate it from the work of the author of the *Shepherds' Plays*, and I cannot doubt that this also, at least in part, must be added to his credit.

When the work of this man of real genius has been eliminated, the search for another Wakefield, or Woodkirk, author becomes distinctly less interesting. It will be worth while, however, now to pass the whole cycle in review, adding what notes we can to each play, especially as to their metres.

<sup>1</sup> This play is further stamped as especially composed for the Wakefield district by the allusion to 'Horbury' noted above, p. xiv.

- I. *Creation*. Couplets (aa<sup>4</sup>) and stanzas, mostly aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>. Connected with Barkers of Wakefield.
- II. *Abel*. Metres very confused. Apparently a bold rehandling of an earlier and simpler play. Connected with [Wakefield] Glovers.
- III. *Noah*. 9-line stanza  $\frac{aaaa^2}{bbbb^2} c^1ddd^2c^2$ . Connected with Wakefield.
- IV. *Abraham*. abababab<sup>4</sup>. Cp. No. XIX.
- { IV. *Isaac*. Fragments of 35 couplets (aa<sup>4</sup>).
- { V. *Jacob*. Fragments of 71 couplets (aa<sup>4</sup>).
- VIII. [VII.] *Pharaoh*. abababab<sup>4</sup>cdd<sup>3</sup>, with many corruptions. Connected with Litsters of Wakefield. Based on York XI.
- { VII. [VIII.] *Processus Prophetarum*. aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>, less often aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- { IX. *Caesar Augustus*. aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- { X. *Annunciation*. Couplets (aa<sup>4</sup>) and stanzas aa<sup>3</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- { XI. *Salutation*. aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- { XII. *Prima Pastorum*. 9-line stanza, as III.
- { XIII. *Secunda Pastorum*. As XII.
- XIV. *Magi*. aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>, with four disturbances. Alliterative.
- XV. *Flight into Egypt*. ababaabaab<sup>3</sup>c<sup>1</sup>b<sup>3</sup>c<sup>2</sup>. Alliterative.
- XVI. *Herod*. 9-line stanza as III., etc.
- XVII. *Purification*. aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>ccc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup> and aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- XVIII. *Doctors*. abababab<sup>4</sup>cdd<sup>3</sup>, with corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXIII.
- XIX. *John the Baptist*. abababab<sup>4</sup>. Cp. No. IV.
- XX<sup>a</sup>. *Conspiracio*. abababab<sup>4</sup>cdd<sup>3</sup>. Speech of Pilate prefixed in 9-line stanzas.
- XX<sup>b</sup>. *Capcio*. Couplets and quatrains (aa<sup>4</sup> and abab<sup>4</sup>) with interpolations.
- XXI. *Coliphizacio*. 9-line stanza, as III., &c.
- XXII. *Flagellacio*. Mixed metres. About half the play in 9-line stanzas.
- XXIII. *Processus Crucis*. Much edited and interpolated from an original basis of aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- XXIV. *Processus Talentorum*. Metres very confused. Much interpolation.
- XXV. *Extraccio Animarum*. abababab<sup>4</sup>cdd<sup>3</sup>, with additions and corruptions. Based on York XXXVII.
- XXVI. *Resurrection*. aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>, with many corruptions and interpolations. Based on York XXXVIII.
- XXVII. *Peregrini*. aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>, with corruptions and interpolations.
- XXVIII. *S. Thomas*. aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup> followed by a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>.
- XXIX. *Ascension*. Metres very confused.
- XXX. *Judgment*. Based on abababab<sup>4</sup> of York XLVIII., with interpolations of abababab<sup>3</sup> and 8-line stanzas.
- Lazarus*. Couplets with stanzas in several different metres.
- Suspensio Iude*. Fragment in aaa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>a<sup>4</sup>b<sup>2</sup>. [Cp. xxvi., xxvii.]

In this conspectus, besides the plays written in the 8-line stanza, we may note that we have two fragments (Nos. iv. and v.) written in couplets on the history of *Isaac* and *Jacob*; two plays, the *Creation* (No. i.) and *Annunciation* (No. x.), in which couplets are joined with a 6-line stanza rhyming aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>, or aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>, and three plays,

the *Processus Prophetarum* (No. vii.; it should of course change places with the *Pharaoh*, No. viii.), the *Cuesar Augustus* (No. ix.) and *Salutation* (No. xi.), written throughout in this stanza, which is also employed for parts of the plays of the *Purification* (No. xvii.), *Processus Crucis* (No. xxiii.), and *S. Thomas of India* (xxviii.).

As to the two fragments (iv. and v.) the late Professor Ten-Brink wrote<sup>1</sup>—

“About a generation—but hardly much more—separates this oldest extant English drama [*i. e.* the *Harrowing of Hell*, ‘composed shortly after the middle of the thirteenth century’] from the next. The play of *Jacob and Esau*, as we take the liberty of calling it, appears to have been composed not far from the mouth of the Humber, and probably to the north of the dialect line. The influence of the East Midlands is seen in the choice of subject, which was not popular on the earlier stage elsewhere, and the manner of treatment also reminds us of the districts and the century which produced the poems of *Genesis* and *Exodus*.”

“In *Jacob and Esau* the dramatic art is still of a low standard; the situations are not made much use of; the characteristics show little depth or originality. The poet is full of reverence for his subject, and dramatizes faithfully what seems to him its most important traits, without putting to it much of his own originality,” etc.

In his Appendix (vol. iii. p. 274), Prof. Ten-Brink supported this view of the play with the following note—

“This play has been handed down in the Towneley Collection: unfortunately it is mutilated at the beginning, and also divided into two parts: *Isaac* and *Jacob*. However, it originally formed, and, in fact, still forms, one drama, which was produced independently without regard to any cycle of mysteries, and indeed earlier than most of the others, probably than all the other parts of the cycle in which it was subsequently incorporated. All this can easily be proved by means now at the disposal of philology, but this is not the place for entering into the subject. Less certain is the local origin of the piece. The assumption that few of the rhyming words have been altered in their transmission could, for instance, allow of the supposition that the drama might have been produced in the north of the East-Midland territory, rather than in the southern districts of Northumbria, a supposition which would coincide very well with many other peculiarities of the work.”

I have quoted these passages from Prof. Ten-Brink in full, because the opinion of the writer who has produced the only really good history of our early literature, is a thousand times more important than my own. But my difficulties in accepting his theory in

<sup>1</sup> *History of English Literature* (English edition), vol. ii. p. 244.

its entirety are both numerous and great. The *Harrowing of Hell* itself seems to me—as it has seemed to my betters before me—rather a dramatic poem than a Miracle Play properly so called, and I cannot conceive on what occasion, or by whom, an isolated play on *Jacob and Esau* could come to be acted in the vernacular. In a cycle, the presence of a play on Abraham might easily suggest a continuation dealing with his immediate descendants, and its simpler and more archaic form might be partly accounted for by the nature of its subject. I should prefer, also, to attribute differences of dialect to the removal from one district to another of a play-writing monk, rather than to the acceptance in one district of a play which had been composed for another many years before. It is obvious, however, that these two fragments do belong to a period, whether prae-cyclic or cyclic, at which the narrative and didactic interest of the representation was uppermost, and before the constantly increasing importation of external attractions had produced a distaste for the simpler and more exclusively religious form of drama. We know from Chaucer's allusions, as well as from the evidence of the York plays, that by the last quarter of the fourteenth century Noah and his quarrelsome wife and the ranting Herods and Pilates were already stock characters, and we may thus well believe that the cycle 'of matter from the beginning of the world' in its simplest form, must have been in existence during the first half of that century. The fact that this play has only come to us in fragments, is probably good evidence that it was considered antiquated at the time our manuscript was written, and that only a few speeches from it were used.

I must confess, however, that I cannot find anything either in the style or the language of these fragments which need compel us to separate them from the couplets in the play of the *Creation* and the *Annunciation*; and I incline strongly to believe that in these plays, and the others which I have mentioned as written wholly or partly in the aa<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup>cc<sup>4</sup>b<sup>3</sup> stanza, we possess part of an original didactic cycle, of much the same tone as the Chester Plays, on to which other plays, mostly written in a more popular style, have been tacked from time to time. In any case I do not think it can be doubted that the four plays, VII., IX., X., and XI., are the work of the same writer, and the rest seem to me to go with them.

The plays of the *Magi* (xiv.) and of the *Flight into Egypt* (xv.) are marked off from this group by their much greater use of alliteration,

and seem to me—though my opinion on questions of dialect is worth very little—to have been written by an author of somewhat different speech. The *Abraham* and *John the Baptist* again are in a totally different metre, and may belong to the period when the York plays were being incorporated into the cycle. As regards these York plays, enough has already been said; but it is worth noting that the predominant metre of the *Conspiracio* (xx<sup>a</sup>.) is the same as that of three out of the five plays connected with York (the *Pharaoh*, *Doctor*, and *Extraccio Animarum*), and may possibly be based on a lost alternative to the extant York play on this subject. A similar guess may be hazarded as to the play of the *Peregrini* (xxvii.), the metre of which is the same as that of the *Resurrectio* (xxvi., York xxxviii.), while the obvious corruptions and interpolations of the text may well lead us to doubt its being indigenous. The fragment of the *Suspensio Iude*, printed at the end of the cycle, but which would naturally come immediately before the *Resurrectio*, is in the same metre, and subject to the same hypothesis.

As regards the work of the one real genius of the Towneley cycle, the author of the two plays of the *Shepherds*, and of the others written in the same metre, the converse of the arguments of which we admitted the force as regards the *Isaac* and the *Jacob*, will naturally lead us to assign to them as late a date as possible.

As noted by the Surtees editor, the allusion in the *Judicium* to the head-gear which could make a woman look ‘horned like a cow,’ enables us to be sure that this play-wright was a younger contemporary of Chaucer. We must not, indeed, like the cataloguer of the auction-room, argue that because Stow writes that in the days of Anne of Bohemia ‘noble women used high attire on their heads, piked like hornes,’ therefore these plays may be assigned approximately to the date of her arrival in England. I imagine that in those days as in these the fashions in the Yorkshire countryside were apt to be a little behind those of London; the piked head-gear is found in manuscripts as late as about 1420 (*e.g.* Harl. 2897, f. 188<sup>b</sup>, and Harl. 4431, f. 2, kindly pointed out to me by Sir E. M. Thompson),<sup>1</sup> and the other allusions of these plays, *e.g.* the reference to tennis (*Sec. Past.* 736), the frequent

<sup>1</sup> See also Lydgate’s 15th century ‘Dyté of Womenhis Hornys’ in his *Minor Poems*, Percy Soc. p. 46-9, and Harl. MSS. 2255, 2251, etc. Horns were in fashion in the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries; see Fairholt’s *Costume in England*, ed. Dillon, 1885, ii. 224-5, and Planché’s paper therein named.—F. J. F.

and rather learned talk about music (*Sec. Past.* 186—89, 656—60, *Judicium* 537, 538), and the general talk of Shepherds and Devils about the state of the country<sup>1</sup>—all agree very well with the early years of the fifteenth century. In a writer so full of allusions, the absence of any reference to fighting tends, I think, to show that the plays were not written during the war with France, and thus everything seems to point to the reign of Henry IV. as the most likely date of their composition. The date of our text is probably about half a century later, but the example of the York Plays shows us that in its own habitat the text of a play could be preserved in tolerable purity for a longer period than this. In the direction of popular treatment it was impossible for any editor, however much disposed towards tinkering, to think he could improve on the play-wright of the 9-line stanzas, while it is reasonable to presume that the hold of these plays on the Yorkshire audience was sufficiently strong to resist the intrusion of didactics.

As regards the only plays not yet mentioned in the survey, the *Capcio* (xx<sup>b</sup>.), *Processus Talentorum* (xxiv.), *Ascension* (xxix<sup>b</sup>.) and *Lazarus*, there has been so much editing and interpolating, and the consequent mixture of metres is so great, that it is difficult to arrive at any clear conclusion about them.<sup>2</sup> But, subject to such corrections as the survey of the dialect now being undertaken by Dr. Matthews may suggest, I think we may fairly regard this Towneley cycle as built up in at least three distinct stages. In the first of these we find the simple religious tone which we naturally assign to the beginning of the cyclical religious drama, the majority of them being written in one of the favourite metres of the fourteenth-century romances which were already going out of fashion in Chaucer's day.<sup>3</sup> In the second

<sup>1</sup> Note especially the allusions to 'maintenance' in *Let. Past.* l. 35, and the claim of Tutivillus to be a 'master lollar' in *Jud.* 213.

<sup>2</sup> The *Lazarus*, for instance, seems to be built up in three layers, the last of them the grim passage on death being strikingly in the style of some of the 9-line stanzas.

<sup>3</sup> A curious reminiscence of these romances is preserved in stanza 26 of the *Processus Prophetarum*:

*Now haue I songen you a fytt ;  
loke in mynd that ye haue it,  
I rede with my myght ;  
He that maide vs with his wytt,  
Sheld vs all from hell pytt,  
And graunt us heuen lyght*

—which might have come straight out of a romance.

stage we have the introduction by some playwright, who brought the knowledge of them from elsewhere, of at least five—possibly seven or eight—of the plays which were acted at York, and the composition of some others in the same style. In the third stage a writer of genuine dramatic power, whose humour was unchecked by any respect for conventionality, wrote, especially for this cycle, the plays in the 9-line stanza which form its backbone, and added here and there to others. Taken together, the three stages probably cover something like half a century, ending about 1410, though subsequent editors may have tinkered here and there, as editors will, and much allowance must be made for continual corruption by the actors.

It may be as well to note here that whatever weight we may be disposed to attach to the tradition that the cycle belonged to the Woodkirk monks and was acted at Woodkirk Fair, it is impossible to believe that the plays noted in the MS. as connected with Wakefield form in any way a group by themselves. The Barkers' play of the Creation, however much edited, belongs in its origin to our first stage; the *Pharaoh*, played by the Wakefield Litsters, but based on York XI., to our second, to which also I should assign the *Peregrini* played by the Fishers, written in the metre of the York *Resurrectio*. Lastly, the *Noah*, against which Wakefield is written, is in the 9-line stanza of the Shepherds' Plays, and the Glovers' play of *Abel*, whether re-written by the same author or not, is, in its present form, certainly late work. With the exception of the *Fishers*, we might say, without much exaggeration, that all the three crafts named, Dyers, Tanners, and Glovers, had some connection with the sheep, their hides and wool, which were probably the chief commodities sold at the Woodkirk fair,<sup>1</sup> and so might have taken a special interest in any pageant likely to bring customers to it. But we are bound to remember that the connection with Woodkirk is a mere tradition, and that it is quite possible that the whole cycle belongs to Wakefield, which is the only place with which it is authoritatively connected.

To bring literary criticism to bear on a cycle built up, even approximately, in the manner which I have suggested, is no easy

<sup>1</sup> If the Fishers, as at York, were allied with the Mariners, they too might be dragged in as concerned with the export trade. If they were *Fishers*, 'purs et simples,' one is tempted to say that they may have lent a hand at play-acting for the lack of sufficient employment in an inland town!

task. The plays were not written for our reading, but for the edification and amusement of the uncritical audience of their own day; and we can certainly say of them that, whatever effect the playwright aimed at, he almost always attained. Of the simply devotional plays the *Annunciation* seems to me the finest. The whole of this play, indeed, is full of tenderness; and there are touches in it in which Rossetti, if he knew it, must have delighted. The reconciliation between Joseph and the Blessed Virgin is delightful; and the passage in which Joseph describes his enforced marriage is really poetically written. One verse is especially quotable:

Whan I all thus had wed hir thare,  
We and my madyns home can fare,  
That kyngys daughters were ;  
All wroght thay sylk to find them on,  
*Marie wroght purpyll, the oder none*  
*bot othere colers sere.*

If this touch had been entirely of the dramatist's own invention he must, indeed, have been Rossetti's spiritual forbear; but it is needless to say that it comes from the apocryphal gospel of Mary, though he deserves all credit for bringing together two widely separated verses.<sup>1</sup>

The plays which I have put into my second group are on the whole very dull. The dramatist of the *Abraham* could not fail to attain to some pathos in the treatment of the scene between Isaac and his father; but though he avoids the mistake of the York playwright who represented Isaac as a man of thirty, his handling of the scene is distinctly inferior to that of the Brome Play and the Chester cycle. The general characteristic, indeed, of the group is, that the playwright plods perseveringly through his subject, but never rises above the level of the honest journeyman.

Between the dull work and the abounding humour and constant

<sup>1</sup> Chap. vi. 7: "But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been appointed to attend her by the priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee;" and Chap. iv. 1—4: "And it came to pass, in a council of the priests it was said, 'Let us make a new veil for the temple of the Lord.' And the high-priest said, 'Call together to me seven undefiled virgins of the tribe of David.' And the servants went and brought them unto the temple of the Lord; and the high-priest said unto them, 'Cast lots before me now, who of you shall spin the golden thread, who the blue, who the scarlet, who the fine linen, and who the true purple.' Then the high-priest knew Mary, that she was of the tribe of David; and he called her, and the true purple fell to her lot to spin, and she went away to her own house." (Hone's *Apocryphal Gospels*, 1820.)

allusiveness of the author of the plays in the 9-line stanza, the distance can only be measured by the two words respectability and genius. It is all the more pleasant to use the first to denote the dull level from which he keeps aloof, in that I have a strong suspicion that during his life the author of our 9-line stanza plays may have been censured for the lack of this very quality. His sympathy with poor folk, and his dislike of the "gentlery men" who oppressed them, seem something more than conventional; and his satire is sometimes as grim as it is free. From his frequent allusions to music, his scraps of Latin and allusions to Latin authors, his dislike of Lollards, and the daring of some of his phrases, which seems to surpass what would have been permitted to a layman, it is probable that he was in orders; and the vision of the Friar Tuck of Peacock's *Maid Marian* rises up before me as I read his plays. As a dramatist it is difficult to praise him too highly, if we remember the limitations under which he worked, and the feeble efforts of his contemporaries and successors.

The *Secunda Pastorum*, the survival of which "in Archie Armstrong's Aith" Prof. Kölbing has so pleasantly illustrated (see his Appendix), is really perfect as a work of art; and if in the *Prima Pastorum* our author was only feeling his way, and in the *Noah*, *Herod*, etc., was cramped by the natural limitation of his subject, we have the more reason to regret that a writer of such real power had no other scope for his abilities than that offered by the cyclical miracle play. Even within these limits, however, he had room to display other gifts besides those of dramatic construction and humour. The three speeches of the Shepherds to the little Jesus are exquisite in their rustic tenderness, and even if we may not attribute to him the really terrific picture of corruption in the *Lazarus*, there is contrast enough between these and the denunciation of the usurers and extortioners in the *Judicium*. Without his aid, the Towneley cycle would have been interesting, but not more interesting than any of its three competitors. His additions entitle it to be ranked among the great works of our earlier literature.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

## APPENDIX.

THE *SECUNDA PASTORUM* OF THE TOWNELEY PLAYS (p. 116 ff.) AND  
ARCHIE ARMSTRANG'S AITH.

BY PROF. E. KÖLBING, PH.D.

So far as I know, nobody has yet discovered that the leading incident in the Second Play of the Shepherds is repeated in quite another department of English Literature, viz. in *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, by the Rev. John Marriott, printed in 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' 5th ed. vol. iii. Edinb., 1821, p. 481 ff. Archie Armstrong was, as we learn from the Notes of this poem, p. 487 f., "a native of Eskdale, and contributed not a little towards the raising his clan to that pre-eminence which it long maintained amongst the Border thieves . . . and there distinguished himself so much by zeal and assiduity in his professional duties, that at length he found it expedient to emigrate. . . . He afterwards became a celebrated jester in the English Court. . . . He was dismissed in disgrace in the year 1637. . . . The exploit detailed in this ballad has been preserved, with many others of the same kind, by tradition, and is at this time current in Eskdale."

The story runs as follows :—

Archie has stolen a sheep, and is pursued by the shepherds, but manages to reach his house, where, with the assistance of his wife, he skins the sheep, throws its entrails and hide into the river, and stuffs the body into a child's cradle. Then he sits down by it and sings a lullaby. At this very moment the pursuers enter the house and declare him to be the thief. But Archie protests, wants them to be quiet, because his child is dying, and swears an oath, that, if he has ever lessened the herds of his neighbour, he will eat the flesh that is now lying in the cradle. Besides, he gives them leave to ransack every corner of his house in order to find the sheep which they say he has stolen. So they search—naturally without result,—and the shepherds conclude that it was either the devil himself, that they saw running off with the sheep, or that they mistook the culprit, and that Maggie Brown is the real thief. As to Archie, when the shepherds are gone, he piques himself not a little on his ability in representing a nurse; and, at the same time, says that nobody is entitled to call him a perjurer, for he really eats up the sheep in the cradle.

We see at once the striking point in the story, that the thief and his wife hide the stolen sheep from the suspicious shepherds in a cradle, is common to both versions. Besides, I ask my readers to compare the following single passages.

When the thief returns to his house, his wife is afraid that he will be discovered and tied up; he wants her to be quiet and to help him. *Towneley*, p. 126—

*Uxor*: By the nakyd nek art thou lyke for to hyng.

*Mak*: Do way . . . .

*Uxor*: It were a fowth blott to be hanged for the case.

*Mak*: I have skapyd, Jelott, oft as hard a glase.

*Uxor*: Bot so long goys the pott to the water, men says  
At last

Comys it home broken.

*Mak*: We'll knowe I the token,  
Bot let it never be spoken,  
Bot com and help fast.  
I wold he were slayn, etc.

corresponds to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 6 ff.

And oh! when he st-pp'd o'er the door,  
His wife she look'd aghast.

“A, wherefore, Archie, wad ye slight  
Ilk word o' timely warning?  
I trow ye will be ta'en the night,  
And hangit i' the morning.”

“Now hawd your tongue, ye prating wife,  
And help me as ye dow;  
I wad be laith to lose my life  
For ae poor silly yowe.”

In *Town.*, p. 130, the thief's wife gives the following advice—

Harken ay, when thay calle: thay will com anone.  
Com and make redy alle, and syng by thyn coone,  
Syng lullay thou shalle . . . .  
Syng lullay on fast,  
When thou heris at the last.

According to *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 13 f., Archie performs this skilful service—

And down sat Archie daintillie,  
And rock'd it wi' his hand;  
Siccan a rough nourice as he  
Was not in a' the land.  
And saftlie he began to croon,  
“Hush, hushabye, my dear.”  
He hadna sang to sic a *tunc*,  
I trow, for mony a year.

For the rhyme *croon : tune* we may compare the following lines in the conversation of the shepherds in front of Mak's hut (p. 131)—

*Tertius Pastor* : Wit ye here how thay hak ? Oure syre, lyst, *croyne* !

*Primus Pastor* : Hard I never none crak so clere out of *toyne*.

In *Towneley*, p. 133, Uxor says—

I pray to God so mylde,  
If ever I you begyld,  
That I ete this chylde,  
That lygys in this credyH.

Likewise in *Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 18, the husband—

If e'er I did sae fause a feat,  
As thin my neebor's faulds,  
May I doom'd the flesh to eat  
This vera cradyl halds !

In both versions the shepherds, not having found anything, believe they have made a mistake ; *Town.*, p. 134—

*Primus Pastor* : We have merkyd amys : I hold us *begyld*.

*Archie Armstrong's Aith*, st. 22—

Or aiblins Maggie's ta'en the yowe,  
And thus *beguiled* your e'e.

The principal difference between the two versions of the same story is, that in the play the thief, in spite of this trick, is finally discovered and punished by lynch-law, whilst according to the ballad the thief and his wife succeed in their plot, and the suspicion falls upon another. It is in harmony with this difference that the seemingly not realizable oath is only of a secondary interest in the play, while in the ballad it forms the centre of the whole.

Now the only MS. of the Towneley Plays seems to have been written in the beginning of the fifteenth century, whilst Archie Armstrong's Aith, belonging to the "Imitations of the ancient ballad," was scarcely composed long before 1802, in which year the 'Minstrelsy' made its first appearance in the literary world. It is most unlikely that John Marriott,—who, according to Allibone's Dictionary, was Curate of Broad Clift, Devon, and Rector of Church Liford, Warwickshire, and in 1820 and 1836 published some collections of sermons,—borrowed this story from the then unprinted MS. of the Towneley Plays and transferred it, of his own authority, to Archie Armstrong, so that the whole of his notes were a forgery.<sup>1</sup> It is much

<sup>1</sup> It is perhaps worth noting that the *Secunda Pastorum* was printed in the *Collection of English Miracle Plays* published at Basel in 1838 by a Dr. William Marriott, who may possibly have been a relation of the Rev. John Marriott of Prof. Kölbing's ballad.—A. W. P.

more credible that this funny tale was preserved by oral traditions, possibly in a metrical form. The tale was first brought into the Christmas story by the author of the Towneley Play, and afterwards, in the seventeenth century, transferred to the famous thief and jester, Archie Armstrang.

Whether the happy or unhappy end of the story is to be considered as the original one, is a question, which, in the want of other materials, we shall perhaps never be able to solve with any certainty.<sup>1</sup>

This little paper is englisht from the original in the *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte*, herausgegeben von M. Koch. Neue Folge. Elfter Band, p. 137 ff.—E. K.

<sup>1</sup> As "bang went saxpence" would have been the result of the Shepherds kissing the babe in the cradle, I suggest that Scotch shepherds, at any rate, would never have thought of incurring such an awful liability.—F. J. F.

### CORRECTIONS.

p. 70, Stage-directions to l. 200, and sidenotes to st. 32 :—for *Boys* read *Israelites*, as *pueri* plainly means Children of Israel.

p. 71, l. 332 :—vnys = v[y]nys, vines.

p. 77. l. 397 :—*now* should be *new*.

See also 'couandys' and 'stenen' in the Index.



# THE TOWNELEY PLAYS.

## (I.)

[267 lines, in stanzas and couplets. Stanzas 12—15 have 10 (aabab aabab), 7 (aab ab ab), 5 and 5 (aabab) lines respectively, the rest 6 (aab ccb).]

### [Dramatis Personae.

<i>Deus.</i>		<i>Angeli Mali</i> 1 et 2. <sup>1</sup>		<i>Demones</i> 1 et 2. <sup>1</sup>
<i>Cherubyn.</i>		<i>Angeli Boni</i> 1 et 2.		<i>Adam.</i>
<i>Lucifer.</i>				<i>Eua.</i> ]

IN dei nomine amen.

Assit Principio, Sancta Maria, Meo. Wakefeld.

### [SCENE I. Heaven.]

[ <i>Deus</i> ]	(1)	BARKERS.	[Fol. 1, a.]
<b>E</b> go sum alpha et o,			God declares
I am the first, the last also,			His nature
Oone god in mageste ;		3	& might.
Meruelus, of myght most,			
ffader, & son), & holy goost,			
On god in trinyte.		6	
(2)			
I am without begynnyng,			
My godhede hath none endyng,			
I am god in troue ;		9	
Oone god in persons thre,			
Which may neuer twynnyd be,			
ffor I am god alone.		12	
(3)			
AH maner thyng is in my thoght,			
Withoutten me ther may be noght,			
ffor ah is in my sight ;		15	Nothing may
hit shaH be done after my wiH,			exist with-
that I haue thoght I shaH fulfih			out Him.
And manteyn with my myght.		18	

<sup>1</sup> These may be the same.

## (4)

God begins  
the work of  
creation.  
The 1st day :  
the parting  
of darkness  
& light.

At the begynnynge of oure dede  
make we heuen & erth, on brede,  
and lyghtys fayre to se,  
ffor it is good to be so ;  
darknes from light we parte on two,  
In tyme to serue and be.

21

24

## (5)

Darknes we call the nyght,  
and liht also the bright,  
It shall be as I say ;  
after my wiht this is furth broght,  
Euen and morne both ar thay wroght,  
and thus is maid a day.

27

30

## (6)

The 2nd day :  
the firma-  
ment divides  
the waters.

In medys the water, bi oure assent,  
be now maide the firmament,  
And parte ather from othere,  
Water aboue, I-wis ;  
Euen and morne maide is this  
A day, [so was] the tothere.

33

36

## (7)

The 3rd day :  
the division  
of earth &  
sea.

Waters, that so wyde ben) spred,  
be gedered to geder in to one stede,  
that dry the erth may seym) ;  
that at is dry the erth shall be,  
the waters also I call the see ;  
this warke to me is queme.

39

42

## (8)

The earth to  
bring forth  
fruit.

Out of the erth herbys shal spryng,  
Trees to florish and frute furth bryng,  
thare kynde that it be kyd.  
This is done after my wiht ;  
Euen & morn maide is ther tiht  
A day, this is the thryd.

45

[MS. thryd.] 48

## (9)

The 4th day :  
creation of  
sun & moon.

Son & moyne set in the heuen,  
With starnes, & the planettyes seuen,  
To stand in thare degre ;

51

The son) to serue the day lyght,  
The moyne also to serue the nyght;  
The fourte day shaH this be. 54

(10)

The water to norish the fysh swymand,  
The erth to norish bestys crepeand,  
That fly or go may. 57  
Multiplie in erth, and be  
In my blyssyng, wax now ye;  
This is the fyft day. 60.

The 5th day:  
the creation  
of fish &  
"creeping  
beasts that  
may fly or  
go." [Cp.  
ll. 162, 163.]

(11)

*Cherubyn*. Oure lord god in trynnye,  
Myrth and lovyng be to the,  
Myrth and lovyng ouer al thyng;  
ffor thou has made<sup>1</sup>, with thi bidyng,  
Heuen, & erth, and aH that is,  
and giffen vs Ioy that neuer shaH mys.  
Lord, thou art fuH mych of myght,  
that has maide lucifer so bright; 64  
we loue the, lord, bright ar we,  
bot none of vs so bright as he:  
He may weH hight lucifere,  
ffor lufly light that he doth bere. 68  
He is so lufly and so bright  
It is grete ioy to se that sight;  
We lose the, lord, with aH oure thoght,  
that sich thyng can make of noght. 72  
76

[Fol. 1, b.]  
Cherubim  
praise God.

He has made  
all of them  
bright, but  
Lucifer  
brightest.

*hic deus recedit à suo solio & lucifer sedebit in eodem solio.*

(12)

*Lucifer*. Certys, it is a semely sight, 77  
Syn that we ar aH angels bright,  
and euer in blis to be;  
If that ye wiH behold me right,  
this mastre longys to me. 81  
I am so fare and bright,  
of me commys aH this light,  
this gam and aH this gle;

Lucifer  
prides him-  
self on his  
brightness &  
strength.

<sup>1</sup> The words "has made" are in a later hand, the originals having been obliterated.

Agans my grete myght<sup>t</sup>  
<sup>1</sup> may [no]thyng<sup>t</sup> stand [ne] be. 86  
 (13)

And ye weH me behold  
 I am a thowsand fold  
 bright<sup>r</sup> then<sup>d</sup> is the son<sup>d</sup>;  
 my strengthe may not be told,  
 my myght may no thyng<sup>t</sup> kon<sup>d</sup>;  
 In heuen, therfor<sup>t</sup>, wit I wold<sup>t</sup>  
 Above me who shuld won<sup>d</sup>.

Who shall be  
 above him in  
 heaven?

93

(14)

ffor<sup>t</sup> I am lord of blis,  
 ouer aH this warld<sup>t</sup>, I-wis,  
 My myrth is most of<sup>t</sup> aH;  
 the[r]for<sup>t</sup> my wiH is this,  
 master<sup>t</sup> ye shaH me caH.

98

(15)

And ye shaH se, fuH sone onone,  
 How that me semys to sit<sup>t</sup> in trone  
 as kyng<sup>t</sup> of blis;  
 I am<sup>d</sup> so semely, blode & bone,  
 my sete shaH be ther<sup>t</sup> as was his.

103

(16)

Say, felows, how semys now me  
 To sit in seyte of trynyte?  
 I am so bright<sup>t</sup> of<sup>t</sup> ich<sup>t</sup> a lym<sup>d</sup>  
 I trow me seme as weH as hym<sup>d</sup>.

107

*primus angelus malus.* Thou<sup>t</sup> art<sup>t</sup> so fayre vnto my  
 syght,

thou<sup>d</sup> semys weH to sytt on<sup>d</sup> high<sup>t</sup>;  
 So thynke me that thou doyse.

*primus bonus angelus.* I rede ye leyfe that vanys  
 royse, 111

ffor<sup>t</sup> that seyte may non<sup>d</sup> angeH seme  
 So weH as hym<sup>d</sup> that<sup>t</sup> aH shaH deme.

*Secundus bonus angelus.* I reyde ye sese of that ye sayn<sup>d</sup>,  
 ffor<sup>t</sup> weH I wote ye carpe in vayne;  
 hit semyd hym<sup>d</sup> neuer, ne neuer shaH,  
 So weH as hym<sup>d</sup> that has maide aH. 115

<sup>1</sup> MS. may thyng<sup>t</sup> stand then<sup>d</sup> be.

*Secundus malus angelus.* Now, and bi oght that I can witt,  
 he semys fuH weH theron to sytt; 119 The bad angels think him as fit to sit in God's seat as God Himself.  
 He is so fayre, withoutten les,  
 he semys fuH weH to sytt on des.  
 therfor, fellow, hold thi peasse,  
 and vmbithynke the what thou saysse. 123  
 he semys as weH to sytt there  
 as god hymself, if he were here.  
*Lucifer*<sup>1</sup>. leyf fellow, thynk the not so? 126  
*primus malus angelus.* Yee, god wote, so dos othere mo. [Fol. 2, a.]  
*primus bonus [Angelus].* Nay, forsoth, so thynk not vs.  
*lucifer*<sup>1</sup>. Now, therof a leke what rekys vs?  
 Syn I my self am so bright  
 therfor wiH I take a flyght.<sup>1</sup> 131 Lucifer says he will take a flight.<sup>1</sup>

*Tunc exhibunt demones clamando, & dicit primus,*

[SCENE II. *Hell.*]

*primus demon*<sup>1</sup>. Alas, alas, and wele-wo!  
*lucifer*, whi feH thou so? The devils reproach Lucifer.  
 We, that were angels so fare,  
 and sat so hie aboue the ayere, 135  
 Now ar' we waxen blak as any coyH,  
 and vgly, tatyrd as a foyH. They are waxen black as coal.  
 What alyd the, *lucifer*, to faH?  
 was thou not farist of angels aH? 139  
 Brightist, and best, & most of luf  
 With god hym self, that syttys aboyf?  
 thou has maide [neyn,<sup>2</sup>] there was [ten,<sup>3</sup>]  
 thou art fouH comyn from thi kyn; 143 He has made nine where there were ten [i.e. a tenth part of each order of angels has fallen. Cp. ll. 256, 257].  
 thou art fallen, that was the teynd,  
 ffrom an angeH to a feynd.  
 thou has vs doyn a vyle dispyte,  
 and broght thi self to sorow and sitt. 147  
 Alas, ther is noght els to say  
 bot we ar' tynt for now and ay. 149

*Secundus demon.*—Alas, the ioy that we were In  
 haue we lost, for oure syn.

<sup>1</sup> A scribe has mistaken Lucifer's boastful flight for his fall. One or more stanzas containing either a speech of Deus (cp. *Chester* and *Coventry Plays*) or the exclamations of the devils as they fall (cp. *York Plays*) must have been omitted.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ix.

<sup>3</sup> MS. x.

alas, that euer cam pride in thoght,  
ffor it has broght vs aH to noght. 153

We were in myrth and Ioy enogh  
When lucifer to pride drogh.

We may  
curse our  
wicked  
pride: "so  
may ye all  
that stand  
beside."

Alas, we may warrie wikkyd pride,  
so may ye aH that standys be side; 157

We held with hym ther' he saide leasse,  
and therfor' haue we aH vnpeasse.

Alas, alas, oure Ioye is tynt,  
We mon haue payne that neuer shaH stynt. 161

[SCENE III. *Earth.*]

(17)

God pro-  
ceeds to  
make man.

*Deus.*—Erthly bestys, that may crepe and go,  
bryng ye furth and wax ye mo,

I se that it is good; 164

now make we man to oure liknes,  
that shaH be keper of more & les,

of fowles, and fysh in flood. *Et tanget eum.* 167

(18)

spreyte of life I in the blaw,  
good and ih both shaH thou know;

rise vp, and stand bi me. 170

AH that is in water or land,

It shaH bow vnto thi hand,  
and sufferan shaH thou be; 173

(19)

He gives  
him know-  
ledge,  
strength, the  
government  
of the world,  
& paradise  
to dwell in.

I gif the witt, I gif the strenght,  
of aH thou sees, of brede & lengthe;

thou shaH be wonder wise. 176

Myrth and Ioy to haue at wiH,

AH thi likyng to fulfih,  
and dwell in paradise. 179

(20)

This I make thi wonnyng playce,  
ffull of myrth and of solace,

and I seasse the therin. 182

It is not good to be alone,  
to walk here in this worthely wone,

In aH this welthly wyn; 185

(21)

therfor, a rib I from the take,  
therof shaH be [maide] thi make,

God makes  
woman to  
be man's  
helping.

And be to thi helpyng.

188

Ye both to gouerne that here is,  
and euer more to be in blis,

ye wax in my blissyng.

191

(22)

ye shaH have Ioye & blis therin,  
whils ye wiH kepe you out of syn,

I say without[ten] lese.

194

Ryse vp, myn angeH cherubyn),

[Fol. 2, b.]

And bids an  
angel lead  
them to  
paradise.

Take and leyd theym both in,

And leyf them there in peasse.

197

*Tunc capit cherubyn adam per manum, & dicit eis  
dominus,*

(23)

Heris thou adam, and eue thi wife,  
I forbede you the tre of life,

God forbids  
Adam and  
Eve the  
tree of life.

And I commaund, that it be gat,

Take which ye wiH, bot negh not that.

201

Adam, if thou breke my rede,

thow shaH dye a dulfuH dede.

*Cherubyn.* Oure lord, oure god, thi wiH be done ;

I shaH go with theym fuH sone.

205

ffor soth, my lord, I shaH not sted

tiH I haue theym theder led.

we thank the, lord, with fuH good chere,

that has maide man to be oure feere. [*Exit Deus.*]

209

Com furth, adam, I shaH the leyd ;

take tent to me, I shaH the reyd.

The Angel  
instructs  
Adam.

I rede the thyнк how thou art wroght,

and luf my lord in aH thi thoght,

213

That has maide the thurgh his wiH,

angels ordir to fulfiH.

Many thyngys he has the giffen,

and maide the master of aH that liffen ;

217

He has forbed the bot a tre ;

look that thou let it be,

ffor' if' thou breke his commaundment,  
thou) skapys not' bot' thou be shent. 221

Weynd here in to paradise,  
and luke now that' ye be wyse,  
And kepe you) weH, for' I must' go  
vnto my lord, ther' I cam) fro. [*Exit Cherubyn*.] 225

Adam and  
Eve con-  
gratulate  
themselves  
& thank  
God.

*Adam*). Almyghty lord, I thank' it the  
that' is, and was, and shaH be,  
Of thi luf' and of thi grace,  
ffor' now is here a mery place ; 229  
Eue, my felow, how thynk the this?

*Eua*. A stede me thynk of Ioye and blis,  
That' god has giffen) to the and me ;  
Withoutten) ende blissyd be he. 233

*Adam*). Eue, fellow, abide me thore,  
ffor' I wiH go to viset more,  
To se what trees that' here been) ;  
here ar' weH moo then) we have seen), 237  
Gresys, and othere smaH floures,  
that' smeH fuH swete, of seyr' coloures.

*Eua*. Gladly, sir, I wiH fuH fayne ;  
When) ye haue sene theym), com) agane. 241

Adam bids  
Eve keep  
away from  
the Tree of  
Life.

*Adam*). Bot' luke weH, eue, my wife,  
that' thou negh not the tree of life ;  
ffor' if' thou do he bese iH paide ;  
then be we tynt', as he has saide. 245

*Eua*. Go furth and play the aH aboute,  
I shaH not' negh it' while thou art' oute ;  
ffor' be thou sekyl' I were fuH loth  
ffor' any thyng that' he were wroth. [*Exeunt Adam & Eve*.]

[SCENE IV. *Hell*.]

*Lucifer*). Who wend euer this tyme haue seyn)?  
We, that in sich myrth haue beyn),  
That we shuld suffre so mych wo?  
Who wold euer trow it' shuld be so ? 253

The tenth  
order of  
angels is  
fallen.

[<sup>1</sup> Ten] orders in heuen were  
of angels, that' had offyce sere ;  
Of ich order', in thare degre,  
the [<sup>2</sup> teynd] parte feH downe with me ; 257

ffor' thay held *with* me that tyde,  
 and mantenyd me in my pride;  
 Bot herkyns, felows, what I say—  
 the Ioy that we haue lost for ay, 261  
 God has maide man *with* his hend,  
 to haue that blis *with*outten end,  
 The <sup>1</sup> neyn ordre to fulfilH,  
 that' after' vs left, sich is his wiH. 265  
 And now ar' thay in paradise;  
 bot' thens thay shaH, if we be wise. 267

God has  
 made man  
 to fill its  
 place.

The MS. has apparently lost 12 leaves here, containing (no doubt) the Temptation of Eve and the Expulsion of her and Adam from Paradise.

(II.)

Mactacio abel. Secunda pagina.

[Fol. 3, a.]

[473 lines in thirteens (aaab ccccb bbbd, no. 1), twelves (aaab cccb bbbd, no. 3), elevens (aab cccb, no 2—*or* aaab ccb, no. 7—bbbd), nines, eights (aaab bebc, no. 6, or cccb, no. 10; aaa bbb cc, no. 14), sevens (aaab ccb, no. 4; aab ab cc, no. 16), sixes, fives (aa bbb, no. 5), fours (ab ab, no. 13), threes and twos.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Garcio.

Cayn.

Abel.

Deus.]

Garcio.

(1)

Glover Pag.<sup>2</sup>...

**A** H hayH, aH hayH, both blithe and glad,  
 ffor' here com I, a mery lad;  
 be peasse youre dyn, my master' bad,  
 Or' els the dwiH you spede.

Garcio  
 makes a  
 ranting  
 speech.

4

Wote ye not I com before?

Bot who that' Ianglis any more  
 He must' blaw my blak hoiH bore,  
 both behynd and before,

TiH his tetHe blede.

9

ffelows, here I you forbede

To make nother nose ne cry;

Who so is so hardy to do that' dede

The dwiH<sup>3</sup> hang hym vp to dry.

13

<sup>1</sup> MS. ix.

<sup>2</sup> In a later hand.

<sup>3</sup> MS. dewill; the "e" having been overlined by a later hand.

(2)

His master  
is a good  
yeoman :

Gedlyngis, I am a fulle grete wat,

A good yoman my master' hat,

ffuH weH ye aH hym ken);

16

ill to quarrel  
with.Begyn he *with* you for to stryfe,

certis, then mon ye neuer thryfe ;

Bot I trow, bi god on life,

Som of you ar' his men.

20

Bot let youre lippis couer youre ten,

harlottis, euerichon !

ffor if my master' com, welcom hym then).

ffareweH, for I am gone.

[Exit Garcio.] 24

[Enter Cain, ploughing.]

(3)

Cain calls to  
his mare.*Cayn*. Io furth, greyn-horne ! and war' oute, gryme !

Drawes on ! god gif you iH to tyme !

Ye stand as ye were fallen in swyme ;

What ! wiH ye no forther', mare ?

28

Pull on a bit,  
you shrew.

War ! let me se how down wiH draw ;

Yit, shrew, yit, puH on a thraw !

What ! it semys for me ye stand none aw !

I say, donnyng, go fare !

32

A, ha ! god gif the soro &amp; care !

You're the  
worst mare  
I ever had  
in plough.

Io ! now hard she what I saide ;

now yit art thou the warst mare

In plogh that euer I haide.

36

(4)

He calls the  
Boy.

How ! pike-harnes, how ! com heder belife !

[Enter Garcio.]

They  
wrangle.*Garcio*. I fend, godis forbot, that euer thou thrife !*Cayn*. What, boy, shal I both hold and drife ?

39

heris thou not how I cry ?

*Garcio*. Say, maH and stott, wiH ye not go ?

Lemyng, moreH, white-horne, Io !

now wiH ye not se how thay hy ?

43

(5)

*Cayn*. Gog gif the sorow, boy ; want of mete it gars.*Garcio*. thare prouand, sir, for thi, I lay behynd thare ars,

And tyes them fast bi the nekis,

With many stany in thare hekis.

Fol. 3, b.]

*Cayn*. That shaH bi thi fals chekis.

48

(6)

- Garcio.* And haue agane as right. 49 Cain offers to fight him.
- Cayn.* I am thi master, wilt thou fight?
- Garcio.* Yai, with the same mesure and wegh̃t 52 The Boy is quite ready.
- That I boro wiH I qwite.
- Cayn.* We! now, no thyng̃t, bot̃ caH on tyte, that we had ployde this land.
- Garcio.* harrer̃, moreH, iofurth̃, hyte! and let the plogh stand. 56

[Enter Abel.]

(7)

- AbeH.* God, as he both̃ may and can, 57 Abel bids them God speed.
- Spede the, brother̃, & thi man.
- Cayn.* Com kis myne ars, me list not ban, As welcom standis ther̃ oute. 60 Cain tells him he isn't wanted.
- Thou shuld haue bide til thou were cald ; Com nar̃, & other̃ drife or̃ hald, and kys the dwillis toute. 63
- Go grese thi shepe vnder̃ the toute, ffor that̃ is the moste lefe.
- AbeH.* broder̃, ther̃ is none here aboute that̃ wold the any grefe ; 67

(8)

- bot̃, leif̃ brother̃, here my sawe— It̃ is the custom of̃ oure law, AH that̃ wyrk as the wise shaH worship god with sacrifice. 71 Abel exhorts him to come & make burnt-offerings of his tenths of corn & cattle.
- Oure fader̃ vs bad, oure fader̃ vs kend, that̃ oure tend shuld be brend.
- Com furth̃, brothere, and let vs gang To worship god ; we dweH fuH lang̃t ; 75
- Gif̃ we hym parte of oure fee, Come or̃ cataH, wheder̃ it̃ be. 77

(9)

- And therfor̃, brother̃, let vs weynd, And first̃ clens vs from the feynd or̃ we make sacrifice ; Then blis withoutten end get we for̃ oure seruyce, 82

(10)

Of hym that is oure saulis leche. 83

Cain will  
none of his  
sermoning.

*Cayn*! How! let furth youre geyse, the fox wið preche;

How long wilt thou me appech

*With* thi sermonyng? 86

Hold thi tong, yit I say,

Euen ther' the good wife strokid the hay;

Or sit downe in the dwið way,

*With* thi vayn carpyng. 90

(11)

He won't  
leave his  
plough & his  
work. God  
only gives  
him sorrow  
& woe.

Shuld I leife my plogh & aȝ thyng

And go *with* the to make offeryng?

Nay! thou fyndys me not so mad!

Go to the dwið, and say I bad! 94

What gifys god the to rose hym so?

me gifys he noght bot soro and wo. 96

[Fol. 4, a.]

(12)

*AbeH*. Caym, leife this vayn carpyng,

ffor' god giffys the aȝ thi lifyng.

*Cayn*! Yit boroed I neuer a farthyng 99

of hym, here my hend.

Abel says  
their elders  
have told  
them they  
must tithe &  
make burnt-  
offering.

*AbeH*. Brother', as elders haue vs kend,

ffirst shuld we tend *with* oure hend,

and to his lofyng sithen be brend. 103

(13)

*Cayn*! My farthyng is in the preest hand  
syn last tyme I offyrd.

*AbeH*. leif brother', let vs be walkand;

I wold oure tend were profyrd. 107

(14)

Cain replies  
he is worse  
off each year.

*Cayn*! We! wherof shuld I tend, leif brothere?

ffor' I am ich yere wars then othere,

here my trouȝh it is none othere; 110

My wynnyngis ar' bot meyn,

No wonder if that I be leyn;

ffuȝ long tiȝ hym I may me meyn, 113

ffor' bi hym that me dere boght,

I traw that he wiȝ leyn me noght. 115

(15)

*AbeH.* Yis, aH the good thou has in wone  
Of godis grace is bot a lone.

*Cayn*<sup>1</sup>. Lenys he me, as com thrift' upon the so?

ffor' he has euer yit' beyn my fo ;

119 God has  
always been  
his foe.

ffor' had he my freynd' beyn,

Other' gat'is it' had beyn seyn.

When aH mens corñ was fayre in feld'

Then was myne not' worth' a neld<sup>1</sup> ;

123 His own  
corn is the  
worst of  
anybody's.

When I shuld saw, & wantyd seyde,

And of corñ had fuH grete neyde,

Then gaf' he me none of' his,

No more with I gif hym of' this.

127

hardely hold me to blame

bot' if' I serue hym of the same.

*AbeH.* Leif' brother', say not' so,

bot let vs furth' togeder go ;

131

Good brother, let vs weynd sone,

no longer' here I rede we hone.

*Cayn*<sup>1</sup>. Yei, yei, thou Iangyls waste ;

the dwiH me spede if' I haue hast,

135 He is in no  
haste to give.

As long as I may lif',

to dele my good or' gif'

Ather to god or' yit' to man),

of' any good that' euer I wan) ;

139

ffor' had I giffen away my goode,

then myght I go with a ryffen hood,

And it is better' hold that' I haue

then go from doore to doore & craue.

143 If he had  
given away  
his good he  
might go  
with a torn  
hood.  
Better keep,  
than beg.

*AbeH.* Brother', com furth', in godis name,

I am fuH ferd' that' we get blame ;

Hy we fast' that' we were thore.

*Cayn*<sup>1</sup>. We ! ryn on), in the dwiHs nayme Before ! 147

Wemay, man, I hold the mad !

wenys thou now that' I list gad

To gif' away my warldis aght' ?

the dwiH hym spede that me so taght' !

151

what' nede had I my traueH to lose,

to were my shoyñ & ryfe my hose ?

[Fol. 4, b.]  
He thinks  
Abel mad.

<sup>1</sup> MS. an eld.

Abel doesn't  
want to go  
without him.

*Abel.* Dere brother', hit were grete wonder  
that I & thou shuld go in sonder', 155  
Then wold oure fader haue grete ferly ;  
Ar' we not brether', thou & I ?

*Cayn.* No, bot' cry on, cry, whyls the thynk good ;  
Here my trowth, I hold the woode ; 159  
Wheder that' he be blithe or' wroth  
to dele my good is me full lothe.  
I haue gone oft' on softer' wise  
ther' I trowed som prow wold rise. 163

I see I must  
come then.  
Go on be-  
fore.

Bot' weH I se go must' I nede ;  
now weynd before, iH myght' thou spede !  
syn that' we shaH algat's go.

*Abel.* leif' brother', whi sais thou so ? 167

Let us go  
together,  
says Abel.

Bot' go we furth both togeder ;  
blissid' be god we haue fare weder.

*Cayn.* lay downe thi trusseH apon this hiH.  
*Abel.* fforsoth broder, so I wiH : 171

Gog of' heuen, take it' to good.

You tithe  
first, says  
Cain.

*Cayn.* Thou shaH tend first if thou were wood.

*Abel.* God that' shope both erth and heuen),  
I pray to the thou here my steven), 175

And take in thank, if thi wiH be,  
the tend that I offre here to the ;  
ffor' I gif' it' in good entent'  
to the, my lord, that aH has sent. 179

Abel burns  
his tithes.

I bren it now, with stedfast thoght,  
In worship of' hym that' aH has wroght.

Cain begins  
tithing.

*Cayn.* Ryse ! let' me now, syn thou has done ;  
lord of' heuen, thou here my boyne ! 183

And ouer, god's forbot', be to the  
thank or' thew to kun me ;  
ffor', as browke I thise two shankys,  
It is full sore, myne vnthankys, 187

The teynd that' I here gif' to the,  
of' corn, or' thyng, that' newys me ;  
Bot now begyn wiH I then,  
syn I must' nede my tend to bren). 191

Oone shefe, oone, and this makys two,  
bot' nawder of' thise may I forgo :

- Two, two, now this is thre,  
 yei, this also shaH leif with me :  
 ffor I wiH chose and best haue,  
 this hold I thrift of aH this thrafe ;  
 Wemo, wemo, foure, lo, here !  
 better groved me no this yere. 195
- At yere tyme I sew fayre corn,  
 yit was it sich when it was shorne,  
 Thystyls & brerys, yei grete plente,  
 And aH kyn wedis that myght be. 199
- ffoure shefis, foure, lo, this makis fyfe—  
 deyH I fast thus long or I thrife—  
 ffyfe and sex, now this is sevyn,  
 bot this gettis neuer god of heuen ;  
 Nor none of thise foure, at my myght,  
 shaH neuer com in godis sight. 203
- Sevyn, sevyn, now this is aght,  
 AbeH. Cain, brother, thou art not god betaght. 207
- Cayn. We ! therfor is it that I say,  
 ffor I wiH not deyle my good away :  
 Bot had I gyffen hym this to teynd  
 Then wold thou say he were my Freynd ;  
 Bot I thynk not, bi my hode,  
 To departe so lightly fro my goode.  
 we ! aght, aght, & neyn, & ten is this,  
 we ! this may we best mys. 211
- Gif hym that that ligis thore ?  
 It goyse agans myn hart fuH sore. 215

He chooses  
& keeps the  
best for  
himself,  
grumbling  
all the time.

Cain keeps  
on counting.  
[The repeti-  
tion of the  
numbers  
may mean  
that he  
counts 20  
sheaves as  
10, so as to  
pay a 20th  
instead of a  
10th.]

[Fol. 5, a.  
Sig. C.1.]

We may best  
do without  
this one.

(16)

- AbeH. Cam ! teynd right of aH bedeyn.  
 Cayn. we ! lo twelve, fyfteyn, sexteyn <sup>1</sup>  
 AbeH. Caym, thou tendis wrang, and of the warst.  
 Cayn. we ! com nar, and hide myne een ;  
 In the wenyand wist ye now at last, 226  
 Or els wiH thou that I wynk ?  
 then shaH I doy no wrong, me thynk. 228

Abel tells  
him he is  
tithing  
wrongly &  
of the worst.

(17)

- let me se now how it is—  
 lo, yit I hold me paide ;  
 I teyndyd wonder weH bi ges,  
 And so euen I laide. 232

<sup>1</sup> MS. xij, xv, xvi.

(18)

*AbeH.* Came, of god me thynke thou has no drede.

Devil speed  
me if he get  
a sheaf more.

*Came.* Now and he get more, the dwiH me spede !

As mych as oone reepe,  
ffor' that cam hym fuH light chepe ; 236

Not as mekiH, grete ne smaH,  
as he myght wipe his ars with aH.  
ffor' that, and this that lyys here,  
haue cost me fuH dere ; 240

I had many  
a weary back  
in getting  
this.

Or' it was shorne, and broght in stak,  
had I many a very bak ;  
Therfor' aske me no more of this,  
ffor' I haue giffen that my wiH is. 244

*AbeH.* Cam, I rede thou tend right  
ffor' drede of hym that sittis on hight.

Never you  
mind how  
I'm tithing.

*Cayn.* How that I tend, rek the neuer a deiH,  
bot' tend thi skabbid shepe wele ; 248  
ffor' if thou to my teynd tent take,  
It bese the wars for' thi sake.

Here are two  
sheaves, and  
that must  
do.

Thou wold I gaf hym this shefe, or' this sheyfe ;  
na, nawder of thise [two<sup>1</sup>] wil I leife ; 252

Bot take this, now has he two,  
and for' my sauH now mot' it go,  
Bot' it gos sore agans my wiH,  
and shal he like fuH iH. 256

*AbeH.* Cam, I reyde thou so teynd  
that god of heuen be thi freynd.

*Cayn.* My freynd ? na, not' bot' if he wiH !  
I did hym neuer yit' bot' skiH. 260  
If he be neuer so my fo,  
I am avisid gif hym no mo ;  
Bot' chaunge thi conscience, as I do myn,  
yit' teynd thou not' thi mesel swyne ? 264

*AbeH.* If thou teynd right thou mon' it fynde.

*Cayn.* Yei, kys the dwiHs ars behynde ;  
The dwiH hang the bi the nek !  
how that I teynd, neuer thou rek. 268

Cease your  
jangling.

WiH thou not' yit hold thi peasse ?  
of this Ianglyng I reyde thou seasse.  
And teynd I weH, or' tend I iH,  
bere the euen & speke bot' skiH. 272

Bot now syn thou has teyndid thyne,

[Fol. 6, a.  
Sig. C. 2.]<sup>1</sup>

He sets fire  
to his offer-  
ing.

Now wiH I set fyr' on myne.

We! out! haro! help to blaw!

It wiH not' bren for' me, I traw;

276

Puf! this smoke dos me mych shame—

now bren, in the dwiHys name!

A! what' dwiH of heH is it?

Almost had myne breth beyn dit.

280

had I blawen oone blast more

I had beyn choked right' thore;

It stank like the dwiH in heH,

that longer ther' myght I not dweH.

284

Abel. Cam, this is not' worth oone leke;

Abel says it  
is no good.

thy tend shuld bren withoutten smeke.

Caym'. Com kys the dwiH right' in the ars,

for' the it' brens bot' the wars;

288

Cain reviles  
him.

I wold that it were in thi throte,

ffyr', & shefe, and ich a sprote.

[God appears above.]

Deus. Cam, whi art' thou so rebeH

Agans thi brother' abel?

292

God reproves  
Cain. As he  
tithes so  
shall he  
receive.

Thar' thou nowther' flyte ne chyde,

if' thou tend right' thou gettis thi mede;

And be thou sekir', if' thou teynd fals,

thou bese alowed ther' after als.

[Exit Deus ] 296

(19)

Caym'. Whi, who is that hob-ouer-the-wall?

we! who was that that piped so smaH?

Com go we hens, for' perels aH;

Cain scoffs  
at God.  
"Who is that  
hob-over-  
the-wall?"

God is out' of' hys wit.

300

Com furth, abel, & let' vs weynd;

Me thynk that' god is not' my freynd,

on land then wiH I flyt.

303

(20)

Abel. A, Caym, brother', that' is it done.

Abel is  
shocked.

Caym'. No, bot' go we hens sone;

<sup>1</sup> The writer of MS. has by mistake continued his lines on Fol. 6 a, instead of fol. 5 b, and has made a note in red ink on top of fol. 5 b; as follows;—" [M]d' that' this syde of' the leyfe [sh]uld' folow the other next' syde [ac]cording to the tokyns here maide, [an]d' then after al stondyng in ordre."

- And if I may, I shaH be  
ther' as god shaH not me see. 307
- He says he  
will go to his  
beasts.      *AbeH.* Dere brother', I wiH fayre  
on feld ther' oure best's ar',  
To looke if thay be holgh or' fuH.
- Cain stops  
him and  
says it is  
time to pay  
Abel what  
he owes him.      *Caym*'. Na, na, abide, we haue a craw to puH ; 311  
Hark, speke *with* me or' thou go ;  
what ! wenys thou to skape so ?  
we ! na ! I agh't the a fowH dispyte,  
and now is tyme that I hit qwite. 315
- Why did  
your tithe  
burn & not  
mine ?      *Abel.* Brother', whi art thou so to me in Ire ?  
*Caym*'. we ! theyf', whi brend thi tend so shyre ?  
Ther' myne did bot' smoked  
right' as it wold vs both haue choked. 319
- I will take  
your life for  
it with this  
cheek bone.      *Abel.* Godis wiH I trow it were  
that' myn brended so clere ;  
<sup>1</sup> If thyne smoked am I to wite ?  
*Caym*'. we ! yei ! that shal thou sore abite ; 323  
with cheke bon, or' that I blyn,  
shal I the & thi life twyn ;      [*Cain kills Abel.*]  
So lig down ther' and take thi rest,  
thus shaH shrewes be chastysed best. 327
- (21)
- Abel cries  
for venge-  
ance.      *AbeH.* Veniance, veniance, lord, I cry !  
for' I am slayn, & not' gilty.  
*Cayn*'. Yei, ly ther' old shrew, ly ther', ly ! 330
- (22)
- If any one  
thinks he  
did amiss,  
Cain will  
make things  
worse.      And if any of' you thynk I did amys  
I shal it' amend wars then it' is,  
that' aH men may it' se : 333  
weH wars then it' is  
right' so shaH it' be. 335
- (23)
- [Fol. 5, b.]  
But now  
that Abel is  
brought to  
sleep he  
would fain  
creep into a  
hole for 40  
days.      Bot' now, syn he is Broght on Slepe,  
Into Som' hole fayn wold I crepe ;  
ffor ferd I qwake and can no rede,  
ffor be I taken, I be bot dede ; 339

<sup>1</sup> Originally written "I am not to wite"; "I" and "not" have been struck out with red ink, and "I" placed after "am."

here wið I lig thise fourty dayes,

And I shrew hym that me fyrst rayse.

*Deus.* Caym, Caym! [*God appears above.*]

God calls to Cain.

*Caym.* who is that that callis me?

I am yonder, may thou not se?

343

*Deus.* Caym, where is thi brother' abeH?

Where is thy brother?

*Caym.* what askis thou me? I trow at heH :

At heH I trow he be—

who so were ther' then myght he se—

347

Or' somewhere fallen on slepyng ;

Cain answers he may be in hell or asleep.

when was he in my kepyng?

*Deus.* Caym, Caym, thou was wode ;

The voyce of thi brotheris blode

351

That thou has slayn, on fals wise,

from erth to heuen venvyance cryse.

God curses him.

And, for' thou has broght thi brother' downe,

here I gif the my malison.

355

*Caym.* Yei, dele aboute the, for' I wiH none,

or' take it the when I am gone.

Cain says since he has lost God's grace he will hide himself.

Syn I haue done so mekiH syn,

that I may not thi mercy wyn,

359

And thou thus dos me from thi grace,

I shaH hyde me fro thi face ;

And where so any man may fynd me,

Let hym slo me hardely ;

363

And where so any man may me meyte,

Ayther' bi sty, or' yit' bi strete ;

And hardely, when I am dede,

If any man find him, let him slay him : and bury him "in gude-boure at the quarell head."

bery me in gudeboure at the quareH hede,

367

ffor', may I pas this place in quarte,

bi aH men set I not a fart.

*Deus.* Nay, caym, it' bese not so ;

I wiH that no man other' slo,<sup>1</sup>

371

God will not let him be slain.

ffor' he that sloys yong or' old

It shaH be punyshid sevenfold.

[*Exit Deus.*]

*Caym.* No force, I wote wheder I shaH ;

In heH I wote mon be my staH.

375

Cain knows that hell will be his place.

It' is no boyte mercy to craue,

ffor' if I do I mon none haue ;

377

<sup>1</sup> Opposite this line a later hand has added in the margin, "& that shaH do thy boddy der."

- He wants to  
hide the  
body. Bot this cors I wold were hid, 378  
ffor som man myght com at vngayn,  
'ffle fals shrew,' wold he bid,
- If Pike-  
harnes were  
there they  
would bury  
it together. And weyn I had my brother' slayn. 381  
Bot were pike-harnes, my knafe, here,  
we shuld bery hym both in fere.  
How, pyke-harnes, scape-thryft! how, pike-harnes, how!  
*Garcio*. Master', master'! 385
- Cain calls  
Pyke-  
harnes and  
hits him. *Cayn*'. harstow, boy? ther' is a podyng' in the pot;  
take the that, boy, tak *the that*!  
*Garcio*. I shrew thi baH vnder thi hode,  
If thou were my syre of flesh & blode; 389  
Ah the day to ryn and trott',  
And euer amang thou strykeand,  
Thus am I comen bofettis to fott.
- to keep his  
hand in. *Cayn*'. Peas, man, I did it bot to vse my hand; 393
- (24)
- [Fol. 6, b.]  
He tells him  
he has slain  
Abel. Bot Harke, boy, I haue a counseH to the to Say—  
I slogh my brother' this same day;  
I pray the, good boy, and thou may,  
to ryn away *with* the bayn. 397
- The boy  
cries out  
upon him. *Garcio*. We! out apon the, thefe!  
has thou thi brother' slayn?  
*Caym*. Peasse, man, for' godis payn! 400
- (25)
- I saide it for' a skaunce.  
*Garcio*. Yey, bot for' ferde of grevance  
here I the forsake;  
we mon haue a mekiH myschaunce  
and the bayles vs take. 405
- (26)
- We shall  
come off ill  
if the bailies  
catch us. *Caym*'. A, sir, I cry you mercy; seasse!  
and I shaH make you a releasse.  
*Garcio*. what, wilt thou cry my peasse 408
- (27)
- thrughout this land?  
*Cayn*'. Yey, that I gif god a vow, belife.  
*Garcio*. how wilt thou do long or thou thrife?  
*Caym*'. Stand vp, my good boy, belife,  
and thaym peasse both man & [w]ife; 412

(28)

And who so wiſh do after me  
fuſh ſlape of thrift then ſhal he be.  
Bot thou muſt be my good boy,  
and cry oyes, oyes, oy!

He bids him  
cry *Oyez.*

*Garcio.* Browes, browes, to thi boy. 417

(29)

*Caym*. I commaund you in the kyng's nayme,  
*Garcio.* And in my masteres, fals Cayme,  
*Caym*. That no man at thame fynd fawt ne blame.  
*Garcio.* Yey, cold roſt is at my masteres hame. 421

Cain makes  
proclama-  
tion of  
pardon for  
himself &  
his boy.  
The boy  
mocks him  
in audible  
'asides.'

(30)

*Caym*. Nowther with hym nor with his knafe,  
*Garcio.* What, I hope my master rafe.  
*Caym*. ffor thay ar trew, fuſh many fold;  
*Garcio.* My master ſuppys no coyle bot cold. 425  
*Caym*. The kyng wrytis you vntiſh.  
*Garcio.* Yit ete I neuer half my fiſh. 427

(31)

*Caym*. The kyng wiſh that thay be ſafe,  
*Garcio.* Yey, a draght of drynke fayne wold I hayfe.  
*Caym*. At thare awne wiſh let tham wafe;  
*Garcio.* My stomak is redy to receyfe. 431

(32)

*Caym*. Loke no man ſay to theym, on nor other;  
*Garcio.* This ſame is he that ſlo his brother. 433  
*Caym*. Byd euery man thaym luſt and lowt,  
*Garcio.* Yey, iſh ſpon weſt ay comes foule out.  
*Caym*.<sup>1</sup> long or thou get thi hoyſe and thou go thus  
about. 436

(33)

Byd euery man theym pleaſſe to pay.  
*Garcio.* Yey, gif don, thyne hors, a wiſp of hay.  
*Caym*. we! com downe in twenty dwiſh way,  
The dwiſh I the betake; 440  
ffor bot it were abeſh, my brothere,  
yit knew I neuer thi make. 442

Cain curses  
the boy.  
He has never  
known his  
equal ſince  
Abel.

[Fol. 7, a.  
Sig. C, 3.]

<sup>1</sup> This line ſhould probably be *Garcio's*.

(34)

The boy  
wishes the  
spectators  
the blessing  
God gave  
Cain.

*Garcio.* Now old and yong<sup>t</sup>, or<sup>t</sup> that ye weynd, 443

The same blissyng withoutten end,

AH sam then shaft ye haue, 445

That god of heuen my master has giffen);

Browke it weH, whils that ye liffen),

he vowche it full weH safe. 448

(35)

Cain makes  
the boy go  
to the  
plough.

*Caym*<sup>l</sup>. Com downe yit in the dwiH<sup>is</sup> way,

And angre me no more;

And take yond plough, I say,

And weynd the furth fast before; 452

And I shaft, if I may,

Tech the another lore;

I warn the lad, for ay,

ffro now furth, euermore,

If he angers  
him he will  
hang him  
on it.

That thou greue me noght; 457

ffor<sup>t</sup>, bi God<sup>is</sup> syd<sup>is</sup>, if thou do,

I shaft hang the apon this plo,

with this rope, lo, lad, lo!

By hym that me dere boght. 461

(36)

Now fayre weH, felows aH,

ffor I must ned<sup>is</sup> weynd,

And to the dwiH be thraH,

ward<sup>t</sup> withoutten end. 465

His own  
place must  
be in hell.

Ordand ther<sup>t</sup> is my staH,

with sathanas the feynd,

Euer ih myght hym befaH

that theder me commend<sup>t</sup>,

This tyde. 470

ffare weH les, & fare weH more,

ffor<sup>t</sup> now and euer more,

I wiH go me to hyde. 473

*Explicit Mactacio AbeH.*

*Sequitur<sup>l</sup> Noe.*

(III.)

Processus Noe cum filiis. Wakefeld.

[Fol. 7, b.]

[In 62 nine-line stanzas, aaaab ccb, with central rymes in aaaa, markt here by bars.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Noe.		Primus filius.		Prima Mulier.
Deus.		Secundus filius.		Secunda Mulier.
Vxor Noe.		Tercius filius.		Tercia Mulier.]

Noe. (1)

**M**yghtfuH god veray / Maker of aH that is,  
Thre persons withoutten nay / oone god in  
endles blis,  
Thou maide both nyght & day / beest, fowle,  
& fysh,

Noah praises  
God for His  
work of  
creation.

AH creatures that lif may / wroght thou at thi wish,

As thou wel myght ; 5

The son, the moyne, verament,

Thou maide ; the firmament,

The sternes also fuH feruent,

To shyne thou maide ful bright. 9

(2)

Angels thou maide ful euen / aH orders that is,

To haue the blis in heuen / this did thou more & les,

ffuH mervelus to neuen / yit was ther' vnkyndnes,

More bi foldis seuen / then I can welH expres ;

ffor' whi? 14

Of aH angels in brightnes

God gaf lucifer' most lightnes,

Yit prowdly he flyt his des,

And set hym euen hym by. 18

(3)

He thoght hymself as worthi / as hym that hym made,

In brightnes, in bewty / therfor' he hym degrade ;

put hym in a low degre / soyn after, in a brade,

hym and aH his menye / wher' he may be vnglad

ffor euer. 23

shaH thay neuer wyn away

hence vnto domysday,

Bot burne in bayle for ay,

shaH thay neuer dysseuer. 27

and the fall  
of Lucifer.

## (4)

Noah recalls  
the creation  
of Adam &  
Eve

Soyne after that gracyous lord / to his liknes maide  
man), 28

That place to be restord / euen as he began),  
Of the trinite bi accord / Adam & eue that woman),  
To multiplie without discord / In paradise put he thaym),  
And sithen to both 32

Gaf in commaundement,  
On the tre of life to lay no hend ;  
Bot yit the fals feynd  
Made hym with man wroth, 36

## (5)

and their  
Fall.

Entysyd man to glotony / styrd him to syn in pride ;  
Bot in paradise securly / myght no syn abide,  
And therfor man full hastily / was put out, in that tyde,  
In wo & wandreth for to be / In paynes full vnrid

To knowe,<sup>1</sup> 41  
ffyrst in erth, in sythen in heh  
with feyndis for to dweh,  
Bot he his mercy meh  
To those that with hym trawe. 45

## (6)

[Fol. 8, a.  
Sig. C, 4.]

All living  
people now  
sin boldly.

Oyle of mercy he Hus hight / As I haue Hard red,  
To euery lifyng wight / that wold luf hym and dred ;  
Bot now before his sight / euery liffyng leyde,  
Most party day and nyght / syn in word and dede  
ffull bold ; 50

Som in pride, Ire, and enuy,  
Som in Couet[yse]<sup>2</sup> & glotyny,  
Som in sloth and lechery,  
And other wise many fold. 54

## (7)

So that he  
dreads God's  
vengeance.

Therfor I drede lest god / on vs will take veniance,  
ffor syn is now alod / without any repentance ;  
Sex hundreth yeris & od / haue I, without distance,  
In erth, as any sod / liffyd with grete grevance  
Ah way ; 59

<sup>1</sup> MS. knowe.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Couetous.

And now I wax old,  
seke, sory, and cold,  
As muk apon mold  
I widder away;

Noah him-  
self is old.

63

(8)

Bot yit wiH I cry / for' mercy and caH;  
Noe thi seruant, am I / lord ouer aH!  
Therfor' me and my fry / shal *with* me faH;  
saue from velany / and bryng to thi haH

He calls to  
God for  
mercy.

In heuen;

68

And kepe me from syn,  
This world within;

Comly kyng' of' mankyn,

I pray the here my stevyn! [*God appears above.*]

(9)

*Deus.* Syn I haue maide aH thyng / that is liffand,  
Duke, emperour, and kyng / *with* myne awne hand,  
ffor to haue thare likyng / bi see & bi sand,  
Euery man to my bydyng / shuld' be bowand

God solilo-  
quizes. He  
has made all  
men & they  
should love  
Him &  
repent.

ffuH feruent;

77

That maide man sich a creatoure,  
ffarest of' favoure,

Man must luf me *paramoure*,

by reson, and repent.

81

(10)

Me thoght I shewed man luf / when I made hym to be  
aH angels abuf / like to the trynyte;

And now in grete reprufe / fuH low ligis he,

In erth hymself to stuf / *with* syn that displeasse me

But they lie  
sunk in sin,  
for which He  
will take  
vengeance.

Most of' aH;

86

Veniance wiH I take,

In erth for syn sake,

My grame thus wiH I wake,

both of grete and smaH.

90

(11)

I repente fuH sore / that euer maide I man),

Bi me he settis no store / and I am his soferan;

I wiH distroy therfor' / Both beest, man, and woman,

aH shaH perish les and more / that bargan may thay

He repents  
He ever  
made man.

[Fol. 8, b.]

ban,

The earth is  
full of sin. That iH has done. 95  
In erth I se right<sup>t</sup> noght<sup>t</sup>  
Bot<sup>t</sup> syn that is vnsoght<sup>t</sup>;  
Of<sup>t</sup> those that weH has wroght  
ffynd<sup>t</sup> I bot<sup>1</sup> a fone. 99

(12)

God will  
destroy it  
with floods, Therfor' shaH I fordo / AH this mediH-erd  
with floodis that shaH flo / & ryn with hidous rerd<sup>t</sup>;  
I haue good cause therto / ffor' me no man is ferd<sup>t</sup>,  
As I say shal I do / of<sup>t</sup> veniance draw my swerd<sup>t</sup>,  
& make end<sup>t</sup> And make end<sup>t</sup> 104  
of every thing living,  
save Noah  
& hys wife. of<sup>t</sup> all that beris life,  
Sayf<sup>t</sup> noe and his wife,  
ffor' thay wold neuer stryfe

With me [ne] me offend<sup>t</sup>. [MS. then.] 108

(13)

He will  
warn Noah  
quickly. hym to mekiH wyn / hastily wiH I go,  
To noe my seruand, or<sup>t</sup> I blyn / to warn hym of his wo.  
In erth I se bot<sup>t</sup> syn / reynand to and fro,  
Emang<sup>t</sup> both more & myn / ichon other fo ;  
With aH thare entent ; 113

AH shaH I fordo  
with floodis that shall floo,  
wirk shaH I thaym wo,  
That wiH not repent. [God descends & comes to Noah.]

(14)

God bids  
Noah build  
a ship Noe, my freend, I thee commaund / from cares the to  
keyle, 118  
A ship that thou ordand / of nayle and bord<sup>t</sup> ful wele.  
Thou was alway weH wirkand / to me trew as stele,  
To my bydyng obediand / frendship shal thou fele  
To mede ; 122

of lennth<sup>e</sup> thi ship be  
Thre hundreth cubettis, warn I the,  
Of heght euen thrirte,  
of fyfty als in brede. 126

(15)

Anoynt thi ship with pik and tar<sup>t</sup> / without<sup>t</sup> & als within,  
The water out to spar<sup>t</sup> / this is a noble gyn ;

<sup>1</sup> MS. bot.

look no man the mar' / thre chese<sup>1</sup> chambres begyn,  
 Thou must spend many a spar' / this wark or' thou wyn  
 To end fully. 131

How the ark  
 is to be  
 fitted.

Make in thi ship also,  
 parloures oone or' two,  
 And houses of offyce mo,  
 ffor' beestis that ther must be. 135

(16)

Oone cubite on hight / A wyndo shal thou make ;  
 on the syde a doore with slyght' / be-neyth shal thou take ;  
 With the shal no man fyght' / nor' do the no kyn wrake.  
 When aH is doyne thus right / thi wife, that is thi make,

[Fol. 9, a.]

Take in to the ; 140  
 Thi sonnes of good fame,  
 Sem, Iaphet, and Came,  
 Take in also hame,  
 Thare wifis also thre. 144

Noah is to  
 take his  
 wife, his  
 three sons &  
 their wives,

(17)

ffor' aH shal be fordone / that lif in land bot' ye,  
 with floodis that from abone / shal faH, & that plente ;  
 It shaH begyn fuH sone / to rayn vncessantle,  
 After dayes seuen be done / and induyr' dayes fourty,  
 withoutten fayH. 149

to escape the  
 rain that  
 shall last  
 40 days.

Take to thi ship also  
 of ich kynd beestis two,  
 MayH & femayH, bot no mo,  
 Or' thou puH vp thi sayH. 153

He is to take  
 in the ark  
 two beasts  
 of every  
 kind,

(18)

ffor' thay may the awayH / when al this thyng is wroght' ;  
 Stuf' thi ship with vitayH, / ffor' hungre that ye perish  
 noght' ;

and to  
 victual it  
 well.

Of beestis, fouH, and catayH / ffor' thaym haue thou in  
 thoght,  
 ffor thaym is my counsayH / that som socour' be soght,  
 In hast ; 158

Thay must haue corn and hay,  
 And oder' mete alway ;  
 Do now as I the say,  
 In the name of the holy gast. 162

<sup>1</sup> MS. "cheffe." Compare line 281.

(19)

Noah asks  
who it is  
who speaks.      *Noe.* A ! benedicite ! / what art<sup>t</sup> thou that thus      163  
Tellys afore that<sup>t</sup> sha<sup>l</sup>t be ? / thou art fu<sup>l</sup>l mervelus !

Te<sup>l</sup>l me, for<sup>t</sup> charite / thi name so gracios.

God declares  
Himself.      *Deus.* My name is of dignyte / and also fu<sup>l</sup>l glori<sup>u</sup>s  
To knowe.<sup>1</sup>      167

I am god most myghty,

Oone god in trynty,

Made the and ich<sup>e</sup> man to be ;

To luf me we<sup>l</sup>l thou awe.      171

(20)

Noah thanks  
Him for  
appearing to  
a simple  
knave like  
himself, &  
begs His  
blessing.      *Noe.* I thank the, lord, so dere / that wold<sup>e</sup> vowch say<sup>t</sup>  
Thus low to appere / to a symple knafe ;  
Blis vs, lord, here / for charite I hit crafe,  
The better may we stere / the ship that<sup>t</sup> we sha<sup>l</sup>t hafe,  
Certayn<sup>l</sup>.      176

God blesses  
him.      *Deus.* Noe, to the and to thi fry  
My blyssyng graunt I ;  
Ye sha<sup>l</sup>t wax and multiply,  
And fi<sup>l</sup>l the erth agane,      180

(21)

When a<sup>l</sup>l thise floodis ar<sup>t</sup> past<sup>t</sup> / and fully gone away.

Noah says  
he will go  
tell his wife.      *Noe.* lord, homward wi<sup>l</sup>l I hast<sup>t</sup> / as fast as that I may ;  
My [wife] wi<sup>l</sup>l I frast<sup>t</sup> / what she wi<sup>l</sup>l say, [*Exit Deus.*]  
And I am agast<sup>t</sup> / that we get som fray  
Betwixt vs both ;      185

ffor<sup>t</sup> she is fu<sup>l</sup>l tethee,

ffor<sup>t</sup> liti<sup>l</sup> oft<sup>t</sup> angre,

If any thyng<sup>t</sup> wrang be,

Soyne is she wroth<sup>e</sup>.      *Tunc perget ad uxorem<sup>l</sup>.*      189

(22)

[Fol. 9, b.]      God spede, dere wife / how fayre ye ?  
Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Now, as cuer myght I thryfe / the wars

She wants to  
know what  
he has been  
doing.      I thee see ;  
Do te<sup>l</sup>l me belife / where has thou thus long be ?  
To dede may we dryfe / or<sup>t</sup> lif<sup>t</sup> for<sup>t</sup> the,  
ffor<sup>t</sup> want<sup>t</sup>.      194

<sup>1</sup> MS. knowe.

When we swete or' swynk,  
thou dos what thou thynk,  
Yit of mete and of drynk  
haue we veray skant.

We sweat  
while you  
play.

198

(23)

Noe. Wife, we ar' hard' sted / with tythyngis new.

Noah has  
bad news.

Vxor'. Bot' thou were worthi be cled / In stafford blew ;  
ffor' thou art alway adred / be it fals or' trew ;

His wife says  
he should be  
"clad in  
stafford  
blew," for  
he is always  
afraid.

Bot god knowes I am led / and that' may I rew,

203

ffuH ih ;

ffor I dar' be thi borow,

ffrom euen vnto morow,

Thou spek'is euer of' sorow ;

God send the onys thi fiH !

207

(24)

We women may wary / aH ih husband'is ;

Women may  
curse all ill  
husbands,  
but she  
knows how  
to pay out  
hers.

I haue oone, bi mary ! / that lowsyd me of my band'is ;

If he teyn I must tary / how so euer it stand'is,

With seymland fuH sory, / wryngand both my hand'is

212

ffor' drede.

Bot' yit other while,

What with gam & with gyle,

I shaH smyte and smyle,

And qwite hym his mede.

216

(25)

Noe. We ! hold' thi tong, ram-skyt / or I shaH the stiH.

Vxor'. By my thryft, if' thou smyte / I shal turne the  
vntiH.

Noe. We shaH assay as tyte / haue at the, giH !  
Apon the bone shal it byte. /

Noah bids  
her hold her  
tongue.  
She dares  
him. He  
strikes her.

Vxor'. A, so, mary ! thou smyt'is ih !

221

Bot I suppose

I shal not' in thi det,

She hits  
back,

fflyt' of' this flett !

Take the ther' a langett

To tye vp thi hose !

225

(26)

Noe. A ! wilt thou so ? / mary, that' is myne.

& promises  
three blows  
for two.

Vxor'. Thou shal thre for' two / I swere bi god'is pyne.

Noah promises to pay her back.

Noe. And I shaH qwyte the tho / In fayth or' syne. 228  
Vxor'. Out' apone the, ho ! /

Noe. Thou can both byte and whyne,  
with a rerð ; 230

There is no wife like her on earth.

ffor aH if' she stryke,  
yit' fast' wiH she skryke,  
In fayth I hold' none slyke  
In aH mediH-erð ; 234

(27)

She says she will go spin.

Bot' I wiH kepe charyte / ffor' I haue at do.  
Vxor'. Here shal no man tary the / I pray the go to !  
ffuH weH may we mys the / as euer haue I ro ;  
To spyn wiH I dres me. /

Noah bids her pray for him.

Noe. We ! fare weH, lo ; 239  
Bot wife,  
Pray for me besele,  
To eft I com vnto the.

Vxor'. Euen as thou prays for' me,  
As euer myght' I thrife. [Exit Vxor'.] 243

(28)

[Fol. 10, a.]  
Noah begins work on the ark,

Noe. I tary fuH Lang / Fro my warke, I traw ;  
Now my gere wiH I fang / and thederward draw ;  
I may fuH iH gang / the soth for to knaw,  
Bot if god help amang / I may sit' downe daw  
To ken ; 248

first invoking the Trinity.

Now assay wiH I  
how I can of wrightry,  
In nomine patris, & filii,  
Et spiritus sancti, Amen. 252

(29)

He gets the ark of the right dimensions.

To begyn of this tree / my bonys wiH I bend,  
I traw from the trynyte / socoure wiH be send ;  
It fayres fuH fayre, thynk me / this wark to my hend ;  
Now blissid be he / that this can amend.

lo, here the lenght, 257  
Thre hundreth cubettis euenly,  
of breed lo is it fyfty,  
The heght is euen thyrtty  
Cubettis fuH strenght. 261

(30)

Now my gowne wiH I cast / and wyrk in my cote,	262	Takes off his gown to work at the mast, but finds it hard work for his old bones.
Make wiH I the mast / or I flyt oone foote,		
A! my bak, I traw, wiH brast! / this is a sory note!		
hit is wonder that I last / sich an old dote		

AH dold,	266	
----------	-----	--

To begyn sich a wark!

My bonys ar so stark,

No wonder if thay wark,

ffor I am fuH old.	270	
--------------------	-----	--

(31)

The top and the sayH / both wiH I make,		He makes top & sail, helm & castle, & drives in the nails.
The helme and the casteH / also wiH I take,		
To drife ich a nayH / wiH I not forsake,		
This gere may neuer fayH / that dar' I vndertake		

Onone.	275	
--------	-----	--

This is a nobuH gyn,

Thise nayles so thay ryn,

Thoro more and myn,

Thise bordis ichon ;	279	
----------------------	-----	--

(32)

wyndow and doore / euen as he saide,		He makes window & door, & three rooms.
Thre ches chambre / thay ar' weH maide,		
Pyk & tar' fuH sure / ther apon laide,		
This wiH euer endure / therof am I paide ;		

ffor why?	284	
-----------	-----	--

It is better wroght

Then I coude haif thoght ;

hym that maide aH of' noght

I thank oonly.	288	
----------------	-----	--

(33)

Now wiH I hy me / and no thyng be leder',		Then comes to his wife & bids her flee.
'My wife and my meneye / to bryng euen heder.		
Tent hedir tydely / wife, and consider,		

hens must vs fle / AH sam togeder'

In hast.	293	
----------	-----	--

Vxor'. Whi, syr', what alis you?

Who is that asalis you?

To fle it aualis you,

And ye be agast.	297	
------------------	-----	--

[Fol. 10, b.1  
She asks what ails him.

(34)

Noah tells  
his wife of  
the coming  
flood.

Noe. Ther is garñ on the reyH / other, my dame. 298

Vxor. TeH me that ich a deyH / els get ye blame.

Noe. He that cares may keiH / blissid be his name!  
he has for oure seyH / to sheld vs fro shame,

And sayd, 302

AH this world aboute

With floodis so stoute,

That shaH ryn on a route,

ShaH be ouerlaide. 306

(35)

All are to be  
slain save  
themselves,  
their sons,  
and their  
son's wives.

he saide aH shaH be slayn / bot oonely we,

Oure barnes that ar' bayn / and thare wifis thre;

A ship he bad me ordayn / to safe vs & oure fee,

Therfor' with aH oure mayn / thank we that fre

Beytter of bayH; 311

hy vs fast, go we thedir'.

Vxor. I wote neuer whedir',

She is afraid  
at his tale.

I dase and I dedir

tfor' ferd of that tayH. 315

(36)

Noah bids  
wife & sons  
help get  
together  
their goods.  
They all  
promise.

Noe. Be not aferd, haue done / trus sam oure gere,

That we be ther' or none / without more dere.

primus filius. It shaH be done fuH sone / brether', help  
to bere.

Secundus filius. fluH long shaH I not hoyne / to do my  
devere,

Brether sam. 320

Tercius filius. without any yelp,

At my myght shaH I help.

Vxor. Yit for drede of a skelp

help weH thi dam. 324

(37)

The gear  
must be got  
into the ark.

Noe. Now ar' we there / as we shuld be;

Do get in oure gere / oure cataH and fe,

In to this vesseH here / my chylder fre.

Vxor. I was neuer bard ere / As euer myght I the,

In sich an oostre as this. 329

In fath I can not fynd  
 which is before, which is behynd ;  
 Bot shal we here be pynd,  
 Noe, as haue thou blis ?

333

The wife  
 complains of  
 the ark.  
 She can't  
 tell fore from  
 aft.

(38)

Noe. Dame, as it is skiH / here must vs abide grace ;  
 Therfor, wife, with good wiH / com into this place.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Sir, for Iak nor for giH / wiH I turne my face  
 TiH I haue on this hiH / spon a space  
 on my rok ;

338

She won't go  
 in till she  
 has done  
 some  
 spinning.

WeH were he, myght get me,  
 Now wiH I downe set me,  
 Yit reede I no man let me,  
 ffor drede of a knok.

342

(39)

Noe. Behold to the heuen / the cateractes aH,  
 That are open fuH euen / grete and smaH,  
 And the planettis seuen / left has thare staH,  
 Thise thoners and levyn / downe gar' faH  
 ffuH stout,

347

Noah sees  
 the heavens  
 are threaten-  
 ing,

Both halles and bowers,  
 Castels and towres ;  
 ffuH sharp ar' thise showers,  
 that renys aboute ;

[Fol. 11, a.]

351

(40)

Therfor, wife, haue done / com into ship fast.

and bids her  
 come in.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Yei, noe, go cloute thi shone / the better wiH  
 thai last.

prima mulier<sup>l</sup>. Good moder, com in sone / ffor aH is ouer  
 cast,

Her sons'  
 wives  
 entreat her.

Both the son and the mone. /

Secunda mulier<sup>l</sup>. and many wynd blast  
 ffuH sharp ;

356

Thise floodis so thay ryn,  
 Therfor moder come in.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. In fayth yit wiH I spyn ;  
 AH in vayn ye carp.

360

She says she  
 will spin on.

(41)

Tercia Mulier<sup>l</sup>. If ye like ye may spyn / Moder, in the  
 ship.

"Why not  
 spin in the  
 ship?"

She will  
spin out her  
spindle on  
the hill  
where she is.

Noe. Now is this twyys com in / dame, on my frenship.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Wheder I lose or I wyn / In fayth, thi felow-  
ship,

set I not at a pyn / this spyndiH wiH I slip

Apon this hiH,

365

Or I styr' oone fote.

Noe. Peter ! I traw we dote ;

without any more note

Come in if ye wiH.

369

(42)

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Yei, water nyghys so nere / that I sit not dry,  
Into ship with a byr' / therfor' wiH I hy  
ffor' drede that I drone here. /

Noe. dame, securly,

It bees boght fuH dere / ye abode so long by  
out' of ship.

374

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. I wiH not, for thi bydyng,  
go from doore to mydyng.

Noah  
threatens  
her with the  
whip.

Noe. In fayth, and for' youre long taryyng

Ye shal lik on the whyp.

378

(43)

She defies  
him,

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Spare me not, I pray the / bot euen as thou  
thynk,

Thise grete wordis shaH not flay me. /

Noe. Abide, dame, and drynk,

ffor' betyn shaH thou be / with this staf to thou stynk ;

Ar' strokis good ? say me. /

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. what say ye, wat wynk ?

Noe. speke !

383

Cry me mercy, I say !

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Therto say I nay.

Noe. Bot thou do, bi this day,

Thi hede shaH I breke.

387

(44)

& wishes she  
were a  
widow. She  
wouldn't  
grudge a  
penny dole  
for his soul  
then, & sees  
other wives  
who think  
the same.

Vxor<sup>l</sup>. Lord, I were at ese / and hertely fuH hoylle,  
Might I onys haue a measse / of wedows coyH ;

ffor' thi sauH, without lese / shuld I dele penny doyH,  
so wold mo, no frese / that I se on this sole

of wifis that ar' here,

392

ffor the life that thay leyd,  
Wold thare husbandis were dede,  
ffor, as euer ete I brede,  
So wold I oure syre were.

Wives have  
such a bad  
life.

396

(45)

Noe. Yee men that has wifis / whyls they ar' yong,  
If ye luf youre lifis / chastice thare tong :  
Me thynk my hert ryfis / both levyr' and long,  
To se sich stryfis / wedmen emong ;

Noah bids  
husbands  
chastise  
their wives'  
tongues  
early.

Bot I,

401

As haue I blys,  
shaH chastyse this.

[Fol. 11, b.]  
He will set  
an example.

Vxor'. Yit may ye mys,

NichoH nedy !

405

(46)

Noe. I shaH make pe stiH as stone / begynnar' of  
blunder' !

He threaten  
& beats her.

I shaH bete the bak and bone / and breke aH in sonder'.

[*They fight.*]

Vxor'. Out, alas, I am gone ! / oute apou the, mans  
wonder !

She cries out  
& beats him  
back.

Noe. Se how she can grone / and I lig vnder ;

Bot, wife,

410

In this hast let vs ho,  
ffor my bak is nere in two.

Vxor'. And I am bet so blo

That I may not thryfe. [*They enter the Ark.*]

414

(47)

Primus filius. A ! whi fare ye thus ? / ffader and moder  
both !

Their sons  
reproach  
them.

Secundus filius. Ye shuld not be so spitus / standyng  
in sich a woth.

Tercius filius. Thise ar' so hidus / with many a cold coth.

Noe. we wiH do as ye bid vs / we wiH no more be  
wroth,

Dere barnes !

419

Now to the helme wiH I hent,  
And to my ship tent.

Noah takes  
the helm.

Vxor'. I se on the firmament,

Me thynk, the seven starnes.

423

(48)

The flood  
rises,*Noe.* This is a grete flood / wife, take hede. 424*Vxor'.* So me thoght, as I stode / we ar' in grete  
drede ;

Thise wawghes ar' so wode. /

Noah calls  
on God.*Noe.* help, god, in this nede !

As thou art' stere-man good / and best, as I rede,

Of aH ; 428

Thou rewle vs in this rase,

As thou me behete hase.

*Vxor'.* This is a perlous case :

help, god, when we caH ! 432

(49)

Noah bids  
his wife take  
the helm  
while he  
sounds.*Noe.* Wife, tent the stere-tre / and I shaH asay

The depnes of the see / that we bere, if I may.

*Vxor'.* That shaH I do ful wysely / now go thi way,  
ffor' upon this flood haue we / flett many day,

with pyne. 437

*Noe.* Now the water wiH I sownd :

A ! it is far to the grownd ;

This traueH I expownd

had I to tyne. 441

(50)

The waters  
are 15 cubits  
above the  
hills, but  
now they  
will abate,  
after the 40  
days' rain.

Aboue aH hillys bedeyn / the water is rysen late

*Cubettis fyfteyn*,<sup>1</sup> / bot in a higher state

It may not be, I weyn / for this weH I wate,

This forty dayes has rayn beyn / It wiH therfor' abate

FuH lele. 446

This water in hast,

eft wiH I tast ;

He sounds  
again.

Now am I agast,

It is wanyd a grete dele. 450

(51)

Now are the weders cest / and cateractes knyrt,

Both the most and the leest. /

The wife sees  
the sun  
shining in  
the east.*Vxor'.* Me thynk, bi my wit,

The son shynes in the cest / lo, is not yond it'?

we shuld haue a good feest / were thise floodis flyt

So spytus. 455

Noe. we haue been here, aH we,  
thre hundreth<sup>1</sup> dayes and fyfty.

They haue  
now been  
350 days in  
the ark.

Vxor'. Yei, now wany's the see;  
lord, weH is vs!

459

(52)

Noe. The thryd tyme wiH I prufe / what depnes we  
bere.

[Fol. 12, a.]  
Noah takes  
soundings a  
third time, &  
touches  
ground.

Vxor'. Now long shaH thou hufe / lay in thy lyne there.

Noe. I may towch with my lufe / the grownd evyn  
here.

Vxor'. Then begynnys to grufe / to vs mery chere;

Bot, husband,

464

What grownd may this be?

Noe. The hyllys of armonye.

They are on  
the hills of  
Armenia.

Vxor'. Now blissid be he

That thus for vs can ordand!

468

(53)

Noe. I see toppys of hyllys he / many at a sygh't,  
No thyng to let me / the wedir' is so bright.

Vxor'. Thise ar of mercy / tokyns full right.

Noe. Dame, thi counsell me / what fowH best myght,

And Cowth,

473

with flight of wyng

bryng, without taryying,

Of mercy som tokynyng

Ayther' bi north or southe?

477

(54)

ffor this is the fyrst day / of the tent moyne.

Vxor'. The ravyn, durst I lay / wiH com agane sone;

She suggests  
the raven.

As fast as thou may / cast hym furth, haue done,

He may happyn to day / com agane or' none

With grath.

482

Noe. I wiH cast out also.

Dowfys oone or' two:

Go youre way, go,

God send you som wathe!

486

He lets loose  
a dove or  
two also.

(55)

Now ar' thise fowles flone / Into seyr' countre;

Pray we fast ichon / kneland on our kne,

Noah and  
his family  
pray to God  
that the  
birds may  
return with  
good news.

To hym that is alone / worthiest of degre, 489  
That he wold send anone / oure fowles som fee  
To glad vs. 491  
*Vxor*<sup>1</sup>. Thai may not fayH of land,  
The water is so wanand.  
*Noe*. Thank we god aH weldand,  
That lord that made vs. 495

## (56)

He wonders  
why they  
tarry so  
long.

It is a wonder thyng / me thynk sothle,  
Thai ar' so long taryng / the fowles that we  
Cast out in the mornynge. /  
*Vxor*<sup>1</sup>. Syr, it may be  
Thai tary to thay bryng. /  
*Noe*. The ravyn is a hungrye  
A H way ; 500  
He is without any reson,  
And he fynd any caryon,  
As peraventure may befon,  
he wiH not away ; 504

## (57)

He hopes  
most from  
the dove.  
The wife sees  
her coming  
with an  
olive-branch  
in her bill.

The dowfe is more gentiH / her' trust I vntew,  
like vnto the turtiH / for' she is ay trew.  
*Vxor*<sup>1</sup>. hence bot a litiH / she commys, lew, lew !  
she bryngys in her biH / som novels new ;  
Behald ! 509  
It is of an olif tre  
A branch, thynkys me.  
*Noe*. It is soth, perde,  
right so is it cald. 513

## (58)

[Fol. 12, b.]  
Noah blesses  
the dove.

Doufe, byrd fuH blist / ffayre myghH the befaH !  
Thou art trew for' to trist / as ston in the waH ;  
FuH weH I it wist / thou wold com to thi haH,  
*Vxor*<sup>1</sup>. A trew tokyn ist / we shaH be sau yd aH :  
ffor' whi ? 518  
The water, syn she com,  
Of depnes plom,  
Is fallen a fathom,  
And more hardely. 522

(59)

*Primus filius.* Thise floodis ar' gone / fader, behold.

*Secundus filius.* Ther' is left right' none / and that be  
ye bold.

Noah's sons  
exclaim that  
the floods  
are gone &  
the ark rests  
quietly.

*Tercius filius.* As stiH as a stone / oure ship is stold.

*Noe.* Apon land here anone / that we were, fayn I wold ;

My childer dere, 527

Sem, Japhet and Cam,

with gle and with gam,

Com go we aH sam,

we wiH no longer abide here. 531

Noah bids  
them come  
all together  
out of the  
ark.

(60)

*Vxor'.* here haue we beyn / noy long enogh,  
with tray and with teyn / and dreed mekiH wogh.

*Noe.* behald' on this greyn / nowder cart' ne plogh  
Is left, as I weyn / nowder tre then bogh,

Ne other thyng', 536

Bot aH is away ;

Many castels, I say,

Grete townes of' aray,

flitt has this flowyng'. 540

There is  
neither cart  
nor plough,  
tree nor  
bough, to be  
seen on the  
land. Castles  
& towns are  
all swept  
away.

(61)

*Vxor'.* Thise floodis not' afright / aH this world' so wide  
has mevid with myght / on se and bi side.

*Noe.* To dede ar' thai dyght' / prowdist of' pryde,  
Euer-ich a wyght' / that euer was spyde,

With syn, 545

AH ar' thai slayn,

And put vnto payn.

*Vxor'.* ffrom thens agayn

May thai neuer wyn ? 549

The proudest  
of pride are  
slain and in  
torment,

(62)

*Noe.* /wyn ? no, I-wis / bot' he that myght hase  
Wold myn of' thare mys / & admytte thaym to grace ;

As he in bayH is blis / I pray hym in this space,

In heven hye with his / to purvaye vs a place,

That we, 554

never to  
escape  
thence, save  
God admit  
them to  
grace.

May God  
bring Noah  
& his family  
to heaven  
with His  
saints!

with his *santis* in sight,  
And his angels bright,  
May com to his light:  
Amen, for charite.

558

*Explicit processus Noe, sequitur Abraham.*

## (IV.)

[Fol. 13, a.  
Sig. D. 1.]

## Sequitur Abraham.

[*Incomplete. 35½ eight-line stanzas, ab ab ab ab.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Abraham.*

*Deus.*

*Secundus Puer.]*

*Primus Puer.*

*Isaac.*

*Abraham.*

(1)

Abraham  
prays to God  
for mercy.

**A** donay, thou god veray,  
Thou here vs when we to the caſſ,  
As thou art he that beſt may,  
Thou art moſt ſocoure and help of aſſ;  
Mightfuſſ lord! to the I pray,  
Let onys the oyle of mercy faſſ,  
Shaſſ I neuer abide that day,  
Truly yit I hope I ſhaſſ.

4

8

(2)

He muses  
on the fate  
of his fore-  
fathers,  
ſince firſt  
Adam ate  
the apple in  
Paradiſe.

Mercy, lord omnipotent!  
long ſyn he this worlde has wrought;  
Wheder ar' aſſ oure elders went?  
This muſys mekiſſ in my thoght.  
ffrom adam, vnto eue aſſent,  
Ete of that appyſſ ſparid he noght,  
ffor aſſ the wiſdom that he ment  
ffuſſ dere that bargan has he boght,

12

16

(3)

Adam lived  
long in  
ſorrow.

ffrom) paradiſe thai bad hym gang;  
He went mowrnyng with ſymple chere,  
And after liffyd he here fuſſ lang,  
More then *thre hundreth*<sup>1</sup> yere,

20

<sup>1</sup> MS. ccc.

In sorow and in traueH strang,  
 And euery day he was in were ;  
 his childre angred<sup>d</sup> hym amang ;  
 Caym slo abeH, was hym fuH dere. 24

Cain slew  
 Adam's dear  
 son Abel.

(4)  
 Sithen Noe, that was trew and good,  
 his<sup>1</sup> and his chyldre thre,  
 was saued when aH was flood :

Noah was  
 saved from  
 the Flood

That<sup>t</sup> was a wonder thyng to se. 28  
 And loth fro sodome when he yode,<sup>2</sup>  
 Thre cytees brent, yit eschapyd<sup>d</sup> he ;  
 Thus, for thai menged my lordis mode,  
 he vengid syn through his paustè. 32

and Lot  
 from Sodom.

(5)  
 when I thynk of oure elders aH,  
 And of the mervels that has been),  
 No gladnes in my hart may faH,  
 M[y] comfort goys away fuH cleyn. 36

Abraham  
 himself is  
 sad at heart.

[Fol. 13, b.]

lord, when shaH dede make me his thraH ?  
 An hundreth<sup>3</sup> yeris, certis, haue I seyn) ;  
 Ma fa ! sone I hope he shaH,  
 ffor' it were right hie tyme I weyn). 40

He is an  
 hundred  
 years old.  
 When will  
 death take  
 him ?

(6)  
 Yit adam is to heH gone,  
 And ther' has ligen many a day,  
 And<sup>4</sup> aH oure elders, euerychon,  
 Thay ar gone the same way, 44

His fore-  
 fathers lie in  
 hell till God  
 release them.

Vnto god wiH here thare mone ;  
 Now help, lord, adonay !  
 ffor', certis, I can no better wone,  
 And ther' is none that better may. 48

He can do  
 no better.

(7) [God appears above.]  
 Deus. I wiH help adam and his kynde,  
 Might I luf and lewte fynd ;  
 Wold thay to me be trew, and blyn  
 Of thare pride and of thare syn : 52  
 My seruand I wiH found & frast,  
 Abraham, if he be trast ;

God desires  
 to help  
 Adam and  
 his kind.  
 He will  
 prove  
 Abraham's  
 faith.

<sup>1</sup> Query "he."

<sup>3</sup> MS. c.

<sup>2</sup> MS. yede.

<sup>4</sup> MS. And and.

On certan wise I wiſſ hym proue,  
If he to me be trew of louf. 56

(8)

God calls  
to Abraham.

Abraham! Abraham! 57

*Abraham.* Who is that? war'! let me se!

I herd oone neven my name.

*Deus.* It is I, take tent to me, 60

That fourmed thi fader adam,

And euery thyng in it degre.

*Abraham.* To here thi wiſſ, redy I am,

And to fulfiſſ, what euer it be. 64

(9)

He has heard  
his prayers,  
& now bids  
him take his  
son Isaac to  
'the land of  
Visyon' &  
there sacri-  
fice him.

*Deus.* Of mercy haue I herd thi cry,

Thi devoute prayers haue me bun;

If thou me luf, look þat thou hy

Vnto the land of Visyon;

And the thryd day be ther', bid I,

And take with the, Isaac, thi son,

As a beest to sacryfy,

To slo hym look thou not shon, 72

(10)

And bren hym ther' to thyn offerand.

Abraham  
cheerfully?  
promises  
obedience.

*Abraham.* A, lovyd be thou, lord in throne!

hold ouer me, lord, thy holy hand,

ffor certis thi bidyng shaſſ be done. 76

Blissyd be that lord in euery land

wold viſet his seruand thus so soyn.

ffayn wold I this thyng ordand,

ffor it profettis noght to hoyne; [Exit Deus.] 80

(11)

He must  
obey God  
whatever it  
costs him,  
even if he be  
bidden to  
slay wife and  
child.

This commaundement must I nedis fulfiſſ,

If that my hert wax hevy as leyde;

Shuld I offend my lordis wiſſ?

Nay, yit were I leyffer my child were dede. 84

What so he biddis me, good or iſſ,

That shaſſ be done in euery steede;

Both wife and child, if he bid spiſſ;

I wille not do agans his rede. 88

(12)

Abraham  
calls Isaac.

wist Isaac, wher<sup>3</sup> so he were,  
he wold be abast now,  
how that he is in dangere.

Isaac, son, wher art<sup>t</sup> thou?

92

Isaac. Aȝ redy, fader, Lo me here;

[Fol. 14, a.  
Sig. D. 2.]

Now was I commyng vnto you;

I luf<sup>t</sup> you mekiȝ, fader dere.

Abraham. And dos thou so? I wold wit how

96

Isaac comes  
to him. 'I  
love you  
much, dear  
father.'

(13)

lufis thou me, son, as thou has saide.

Isaac. Yei, fader<sup>t</sup>, with aȝ myn hart,

More then aȝ that<sup>t</sup> euer was maide;

God hold<sup>t</sup> me long youre life in quart!

100

Abraham. Now, who would not be glad that had

A child so lufand as thou art?

Thi lufly chere makis my hert glad,

And many a tyme so has it gart.

104

Abraham  
rejoices in  
his son's  
love,

(14)

Go home, son; com sone agane,

And tel<sup>t</sup> thi moder I com ful fast;

[*hic transsiet Isaac à patre,*

and bids him  
tell his  
mother he is  
coming  
quickly.

So now god the saif and sayne!

Now weȝ is me that he is past!

108

Alone, right here in this playn,

Might I speke to myn hart brast,

I wold<sup>t</sup> that aȝ were weȝ ful fayn,

Bot<sup>t</sup> it<sup>t</sup> must<sup>t</sup> nedis be done at last<sup>t</sup>;

112

Now he is  
alone he  
could speak  
till his heart  
break.

(15)

And it is good that I be war<sup>t</sup>,

To be avised fuȝ good it were.<sup>1</sup>

But he must  
prepare for  
his three  
days'  
journey.

The land of<sup>t</sup> vision is ful far<sup>t</sup>,

The thrid day end must I be there;<sup>1</sup>

116

Myn ase shaȝ with vs, if<sup>t</sup> it thar<sup>t</sup>,

To bere oure harnes les & more,

ffor<sup>t</sup> my son may be slayn no nar<sup>t</sup>;

A swerd must<sup>t</sup> with vs yit therfore,

120

<sup>1</sup> The rhyme needs 'wore, thore.'

Abraham  
will start  
this night,  
for God's  
will must be  
done.

(16)

And I shaH found to make me yare ; 121

This nyght wiH I begyn my way,  
þof Isaac be neuer so fayre,

And myn awn son, the soth to say, 124

And thof he be myn right haire,

And aH shuld weld after my day,

God's bydyng shaH I not spare ;

shuld I that ganstand? we, nay, ma fay! 128

(17)

He calls  
Isaac, & tells  
him to pre-  
pare for a  
journey to  
sacrifice in a  
far country.  
He is to take  
wood & fire.

Isaac !

*Isaac.*—sir !

*Abraham.*—luke thou be bowne ;

ffor certan, son, thi self and I,

we two must now weynd furth of towne,

In far country to sacrifice, 132

ffor certan skyllys and encheson.

Take wod and fyere with the, in hy ;

Bi hillys and dayllys, both vp & downe,

son, thou shal ride and I wiH go bi. 136

Isaac shall  
ride & he  
will walk.

(18)

looke thou mys noght þat thou shuld nede ;

Do make the redy, my darlyng !

Isaac is  
ready at his  
word.

*Isaac.* I am redy to do this dede,

And euer to fulfilh youre bydyng. 140

*Abraham.* My dere son, look thou haue no drede,

We shal com home with grete lovyng ;

Both to & fro I shal vs lede ;

Com now, son, in my blyssyng. 144

(19)

[They come  
near the hill  
of sacrifice.]  
Abraham  
tells the  
servants to  
stay behind.

Ye two here with this asse abide,

[To the Servants.

ffor Isaac & I wiH to yond hiH ;

It is so hie we may not ride,

therfor ye two shal abide here stiH. 148

*primus puer*<sup>1</sup>. sir, ye ow not to be denyed :

we ar redy youre bydyng to fulfilh.

*secundus puer*<sup>1</sup>. What so euer to vs betide

To do youre bidyng ay we wiH. 152

(20)

*Abraham.* Godis blyssyng<sup>t</sup> haue ye bot<sup>h</sup> in fere ;  
I sha<sup>ll</sup> not tary long you fro.

Abraham  
blesses  
them. He  
will soon be  
back.

[Fol. 14, b.]

*primus puer*<sup>l</sup>. Sir<sup>l</sup>, we shal abide you here,  
Oute of this stede sha<sup>ll</sup> we not<sup>t</sup> go.

156

*Abraham.* Childre, ye ar<sup>e</sup> ay to me fu<sup>ll</sup> dere,  
I pray god kepe [you] euer fro wo.

*Secundus puer*<sup>l</sup>. we wi<sup>ll</sup> do, *sir*, as ye vs lere.

*Abraham.* Isaac, now ar<sup>e</sup> we bot<sup>h</sup> we two,

160

(21)

we must go a fu<sup>ll</sup> good paase,  
ffor it<sup>t</sup> is farther than I wend<sup>t</sup> ;  
we sha<sup>ll</sup> make myrth<sup>l</sup> & grete solace,

He and  
Isaac come  
to the place.

Bi this thyng be broght to end<sup>t</sup>.  
lo, my son, here is the place.

164

*Isaac.* wod and fyere ar<sup>e</sup> in my hend ;  
Te<sup>ll</sup> me now, if<sup>t</sup> ye haue space,  
where is the beest<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> shuld<sup>t</sup> be brend<sup>t</sup> ?

Isaac asks  
where is the  
beast they  
are to burn.

168

(22)

*Abraham.* Now, son, I may no longer layn.  
sich wi<sup>ll</sup> is into myne hart went ;

Abraham  
tells him he  
is to be  
slain.

Thou was euer to me fu<sup>ll</sup> bayn  
Euer to fulfi<sup>ll</sup> my<sup>n</sup> entent<sup>t</sup>.

172

Bot<sup>t</sup> certanly thou must<sup>t</sup> be slayn,  
And it<sup>t</sup> may be as I haue ment.

*Isaac.* I am hevy and nothyng fayn,  
Thus hastely that sha<sup>ll</sup> be shent.

Isaac is  
heavy at  
heart and  
unwilling.

176

(23)

*Abraham.* Isaac !

*Isaac.* sir ?

*Abraham.* Com heder, bid I ;

Thou shal be dede what so euer betide.

Abraham  
bids him  
take his  
death  
meekly & he  
submits.

*Isaac.* A, fader, mercy ! mercy !

*Abraham.* That<sup>t</sup> I say may not<sup>t</sup> be denyde ;  
Take thi dede therfor<sup>t</sup> mekely.

180

*Isaac.* A, good *sir*, abide ;  
ffader !

*Abraham.* What son ?

*Isaac.* to do youre wi<sup>ll</sup> I am redy,  
where so euer ye go or<sup>e</sup> ride,

184

(24)

Isaac says  
since he has  
trespassed  
he would be  
beaten.

If I may oght ouertake youre wiht,  
syn I haue trepa[s]t I wold be bet.

185

Abraham. Isaac!

Isaac. What, sir?

Abraham. good son, be stiht.

Isaac. ffader!

Abraham. what, son!

But what  
has he done?

Isaac. think on thi get!

188

what haue I done?

"Truly, no  
ill," Abra-  
ham an-  
swers, yet  
that may not  
help him.

Abraham. truly, none ih.

Isaac. And shaht be slayn?

Abraham. so haue I het.

Isaac. sir, what may help?

Abraham. certis, no skiht.

Isaac. I ask mercy.

Abraham. that may not let.

192

(25)

His ques-  
tions wring  
Abraham's  
heart, but  
he bids him  
lie still.

Isaac. when I am dede, and closed in clay,  
who shaht then be youre son?

Abraham. A, lord, that I shuld abide this day!

Isaac. sir, who shaht do that I was won?

196

Abraham. speke no sich wordis, son, I the pray.

Isaac. shaht ye me slo?

Abraham. I trow I mon);

lyg stiht! I smyte!

Isaac. sir, let me say.

Abraham. Now, my dere child, thou may not shon. 200

(26)

[Fol. 15, a.  
Sig. D. 3.]

Isaac quakes  
at the sight  
of the sword.  
He is placed  
on his face  
that he may  
not see it.

Isaac. The shynynge of youre bright blayde

It gars me quake for ferde to dee.

Abraham. Therfor' groflyngis thou shaht be layde,

Then when I stryke thou shal not se.

204

Isaac. What haue I done, fader, what haue I saide?

Abraam. Truly, no kyns ih to me.

Isaac. And thus gyltles shaht be arayde.

Abraham. Now, good son, let sich wordis be.

208

(27)

Isaac. I luf you ay.

Abraham. so do I the.

Isaac. ffader!

Abraham. what, son?

Isaac. let now be seyn.

Isaac im-  
plores Abra-  
ham by his  
mother's  
love.

ffor my moder luf.

Abraham. let be, let be!

It wiH not help that thou wold meyn;

212 Abraham  
turns aside,  
blinded by  
tears.

Bot ly styH tiH I com to the,

I mys a lytyH thyng, I weyn.

he spek's so rufully to me

That water shot's in both myn eeyn,

216

(28)

I were leuer than aH wardly wyn,

That I had fon hym onys vnkynde,

If only he  
had found  
Isaac once  
unkind!

Bot no defawt I faund hym in:

I wold be dede for hym, or pynde;

220

To slo hym thus, I thynk grete syn,

So rufuH word's I with hym fynd;

I am fuH wo that we shuld twyn,

ffor he wiH neuer oute of my mynd.

224

(29)

What shal I to his moder say?

ffor "where is he," tyte wiH she spyr;

What shall  
he say to his  
mother? She  
will not  
believe Isaac  
has run  
away.

If I tell hir, "ron away,"

hir' answe're bese belife—"nay, sir!"

228

And I am ferd hir' for to slay;

I ne wote what I shal say tiH hir'.

he lyys fuH stiH ther' as he lay,

ffor to I com, dar' he not styr.

232

(30)

[God appears above.]

Deus. Angeth, hy with aH thi mayn!

To abraham thou shaH be sent;

God bids an  
angel tell  
Abraham to  
spare his  
son.

say, Isaac shaH not be slayn;

he shaH lif, and not be brent.

236

My bydyng stand's he not agane,

Go, put hym out of his intent;

Byd hym go home agane,

I know weH how he ment.

240

(31)

[Fol. 15, b.]  
The Angel  
rejoices in  
his errand.

*Angelus.* Gladly, Lord, I am redy :  
thi bidyng shaH be magnyfyed ;  
I shaH me spede ful hastely,  
the to obeye at euery tyde ; 244  
Thi wiH, Thi name, to glorifye,  
Ouer aH this warld so wide ;  
And to thi seruand now in hy,  
good, trew, abraham, wiH I glyde. 248

(32)

Abraham  
says to him-  
self he must  
run up sud-  
denly & slay  
Isaac where  
he lies.

*Abraham.* Bot myght I yit of wepyng sese,  
tiH I had done this sacrifice ;  
It must nedis be, withoutten lesse,  
thof aH I carpe on this kyn wise, 252  
The more my sorow it wiH increas ;  
when I look to hym, I gryse ;  
I wiH ryn on a res,  
And slo hym here, right as he lyse. 256

(33)

The Angel  
bids him  
hold his  
hand.

*Angelus.* Abraham ! Abraham ! [Seizes him.]  
*Abraham.* Who is ther' now ?  
War' ! let the<sup>1</sup> go.

*Angelus.* stand vp, now, stand ;  
Thi good wiH com I to alow,  
Therfor I byd the hold<sup>t</sup> thi hand. 260

*Abraham.* say, who bad<sup>t</sup> so ? any bot<sup>t</sup> thou ?

Abraham  
doubts  
which is  
God's final  
order.

*Angelus.* Yei, god ; & sendis this beest to thyn offerand<sup>t</sup>.

*Abraham.* I speke with god latter, I trow,  
And doying he me commaund. 264

(34)

The Angel  
assures him,  
& he thanks  
God for His  
goodness.

*Angelus.* He has persauyd thy mekenes  
And thi good wiH also, Iwis ;  
he wiH thou do thi son no distres,  
ffor' he has graunt to the his blys. 268

*Abraham.* Bot wote thou weH that it is  
As thou has sayd ?

*Angelus.* I say the yis.

*Abraham.* I thank the, lord<sup>t</sup>, weH of goodnes,  
That aH thus has relest<sup>t</sup> me this ; 272

<sup>1</sup> Query "me."

(35)

To speke with the haue I no space,  
with my dere son til I haue spokyn.

My good son, thou shal haue grace,

On the now with I not be wrokyn;

Ryse vp now, with thi frely face.

Isaac. sir, shaft I lif?

Abraham. yei, this to tokyn.

*Et osculatur eum.*

Abraham  
tells Isaac  
he is not to  
be killed.  
Bids him  
arise,

276

son thou has skapid a full hard grace,

Thou shuld haue beyn both brent & brokyn.

280

(36)

Isaac. Bot, fader, shaft I not be slayn?

Abraham. No, certis, son.

Isaac. then am I glad;

Good sir, put vp youre sword agayn.

Abraham. Nay hardely, son, be thou not adrad.

284

Isaac. Is aft for geyn?

Abraham. yei, son, certan.

Isaac. ffor ferd, sir, was I nere-hand mad.

286

and kisses  
him.

Isaac bids  
him put up  
his sword  
again.

He was  
almost mad  
for fear.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Two leaves of the MS. are wanting here, sigs. d 4 and d 5. They contained the end of *Abraham* and the beginning, almost all, of *Isaac*.]

(V.)

[Fol. 16, a.]

[Isaac.]

[Incomplete. The last 35 couplets only left.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Isaac. Jacob. Esaw. Rebecca.]

\* \* \* \* \*

[Isaac.] Com nere son and kys me,  
that I may feyle the smeft of the.

The smeft of my son is lyke

to a feld with flouris, or hony bike.

where art thou, Esaw, my son?

Jacob. here, fader, and askis youre benyson.

Isaac bids  
Esau come  
near that he  
may smell  
him.

4

Jacob comes  
instead and  
asks his  
blessing.

Isaac blesses  
Jacob in  
mistake for  
Esau.

*Isaac*. The blyssyng my fader gaf to me,  
god of heuen & I gif the ;

8

God gif the plente grete,  
of wyne, of oyH, and of whete ;

And graunt thi childre aH

to worship the, both grete and smaH ;

12

who so the blyssys, blyssed be he ;

who so the waris, wared be he.

Now has thou my grete blyssyng,

loue the shaH aH thyne ofspryng ;

16

Go now wheder thou has to go.

*Iacob*. Graunt mercy, sir, I wiH do so.

*recedet iacob.*

[*Esau advances.*]

Esau brings  
Isaac the  
venison he  
has prepared  
and asks his  
blessing.

*Esau*. haue, ete, fader, of myn huntynge,

And gif me sythen your blyssyng.

20

*Isaac*. Who is that ?

*Esau*.

I, youre son

*Esau*, bryngis you venyson.

*Isaac*. Who was that was right now here,

And broght me bruet of a dere ?

24

I ete weH, and blyssyd hym ;

And he is blyssyd, ich a lym.

*Esau*. Alas ! I may grete and sob.

Isaac sees  
how he has  
been  
beguiled by  
Jacob.

*Isaac*. Thou art begyld thurgh iacob,

28

That is thyne awne german brother.

*Esau*. haue ye keypd me none other

Blyssyng then ye set hym one ?

He gives  
Esau the  
best blessing  
he can.

*Isaac*. sich another haue I none ;

32

Bot god gif the to thyn handband

the dew of heuen & frute of land ;

Other then this can I not say.

Esau vows  
to slay Jacob  
if he meet  
him.

*Esau*. Now, alas, and walo-way !

36

May I with that tratoure mete,

my faders dayes shaH com with grete,

And my moders also ;

may I hym mete, I shaH hym slo.

40

[*Esau retires. Rebecca advances.*]

*Rebecca*. Isaac, it were my deth

If Iacob weddeth in kynd of heth ;

I wiȝ send hym to aran,  
there my brothere dwellys, laban ;  
And there may he *serue* in peasse  
tiȝ his brother's wrath wiȝ seasse.

44 Rebecca and  
Isaac resolve  
to send  
Jacob to his  
uncle Laban  
till Esau's  
wrath cease.

why shuld I apon a day  
loyse both my sonnes? better nay.

48

*Isaac*. Thou says soȝh, wife ; caȝ hym heder,  
And let vs teȝh hym where & wheder  
That he may fle esaw,  
that vs both hetis bale to brew.

52

[*Iacob advances.*]

*Rebecca*. Iacob, son ! thi fader & I  
wold speke *with* the ; com, stand vs by !  
Out of contry must thou fle,  
that Esaw slo not the.

Rebecca  
tells Jacob  
he must flee  
from Esau.

56

*Iacob*. Whederward shuld I go, dame ?

*Rebecca*. To mesopotamean ;  
To my brothere, and thyn eme,  
that dwellys besyde Iordan streme ;  
And ther' may thou with hym won,  
to Esaw, myne other' son),  
fforget, and aȝh his wrath be dede.

[Fol. 16, b.]

60

*Iacob*. I wiȝ go, fader, at youre rede.

64

*Isaac*. Yei, son, do as thi moder says ;  
Com kys vs both, & weynd thi ways.

He kisses his  
father &  
mother, &  
goes his way  
with their  
blessing.

*et osculatur.*

*Iacob*. Haue good day, *sir* and dame !

*Isaac*. God sheld the, son, from syn and shame !

68

*Rebecca*. And gif the grace, good man to be,  
And send me glad tythyng's to the.

*Explicit Isaac.*

(VI.)

## Sequitur iacob.

[71 couplets aa.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

Jacob.  
Deus.  
RacheH.

Lya. [Leah.]  
Turmae.

Joseph.  
Benjamin.  
Esaw.]

Iacob.

Jacob prays  
God to be  
his guide on  
his way.

**H**elp me lord, adonay,  
And hald me in the right way  
To mesopotameam;  
ffor I cam neuer or now where I am; 4  
I cam neuer here in this contre;

lord of heuen, thou help me!  
ffor I haue maide me, in this strete,  
sore bonys & warkand feete. 8

The son is downe, what is best?  
her purpose I aH nyght to rest;  
Vnder my hede this ston shal ly;  
A nyght's rest take with I. 12

He lies down  
to sleep with  
a stone for a  
pillow.

God appears  
to him and  
blesses him.

Deus. Iacob, iacob, thi god I am; [Deus appears above.]  
Of thi forbader abraham,  
And of thi fader Isaac;  
I shaH the blys for thare sake. 16  
This land that thou slepys in,  
I shaH the gif, and thi kyn;  
I shaH thi seede multiply,  
As thyk as powder on erth may ly. 20  
The kynd of the shaH sprede wide,  
ffrom eest to west on euery syde,  
ffrom the south vnto the north;  
AH that I say, I shaH forth; 24  
And aH the folk's of thyne ofspryng,  
shal be blyssyd of thy blyssyng.  
Iacob, haue thou no kyns drede!  
I shaH the clethe, I shaH the fede. 28  
WhartfuH shaH I make thi gate;  
I shal the help erly and late;

And all in quart' shall I bryng the  
home agane to thi countre.  
I shall not fayn, be thou bold,  
Bot I shall do as I haue told.

32 God pro-  
mises him a  
peaceful  
return home.

*hic vigilet.*

*Iacob.* A! lord! what may this mene?  
what haue I herd in slepe, and sene?  
That god leynyd hym to a stegh,  
And spake to me, it is no leghe;  
And now is here none othere gate,  
bot god's howse and heuens yate.  
lord, how dredful is this stede!  
ther I layde downe my hede,  
In god's lovyng I rayse this stone,  
And oyh with I putt theron).  
lord of heuen, that all wote,  
here to the I make a hote:  
If thou gif me mete and foode,  
And close to body, as I behoued,  
And bryng me home to kyth and kyn,  
by the way that I walk in,  
withouth skathe and in quarte,  
I promyse to the, with stedfast hart,  
As thou art lord and god myne,  
And I Iacob, thi trew hyne,  
This stone I rayse in sygne to day  
shall I hold holy kyrk for ay;  
And of all that newes me  
rightwys tend shall I gif the.

36 Jacob  
awakes, &  
sets up a  
stone in  
praise of  
God, pouring  
oil thereon.

40

44

The stone is  
his witness,  
that if God  
provides for  
him & brings  
him home in  
peace he will  
hold to his  
holy Church  
for ever.

48

52

[Fol. 17, a.]

56

*hic egrediatur iacob de aran in terram natiuitatis sue.*

A, my fader, god of heuen,  
that saide to me, through thi steven,  
when I in aran was dwelland,  
that I shuld turne agane to land  
Ther I was both fed and borne,  
warnyd thou me, lord, beforene,  
As I went toward aran  
with my staff, and passyd Iordan:

60 On his return  
from Aran,  
Jacob  
remembers  
God's pro-  
mise.

64

Jacob is re-  
turning with  
two hosts of  
men.

And now I com agane to kyth,  
with two ostes of men me with.

68

Thou hete me, lord, to do weH *with* me,  
to multiplye my seede as sand of see;

He prays  
God to pro-  
tect him  
from Esau.

Thou saue me, lord, thurgh vertew,  
ffrom veniance of Esaw,

72

That he slo not, for old greme,  
these moders *with* thare barne teme.

*RacheH.* Oure anguysh, sir, is many fold,  
syn that oure messyngere vs told  
That Esaw wold you slo,  
with foure hundreth men and mo.

76

He has sent  
Esau many  
beasts as a  
present, &  
hopes it  
may pacify  
him.

*Iacob.* ffor' soth, *racheH*, I haue hym sent  
of many beestis sere present.

80

May tyde he wiH oure giftis take,  
And right so shaH his wrath slake.

where ar' oure thyngis, ar' thay past Iordan?

*Lya.* Go and look, sir, as ye can.

84

*hic scrutetur superlectile, & luctetur angelus cum eo.*

He wrestles  
with God,  
and will not  
let Him go.

*Deus.* The day spryngis; now lett' me go.

*Iacob.* Nay, nay, I wiH not so,

Bot' thou blys me or' thou gang:

If I may, I shaH hold' the lang.

88

*Deus.* In tokynnyng that thou spekis *with* me,

I shaH toche now thi thee,

That halt shaH thou euermore,

bot' thou shaH fele no sore;

92

What' is thy name, thou me teH?

*Iacob.* Iacob.

God changes  
his name to  
Israel.

*Deus.* nay, bot' IsraeH;

syn thou to me sich strengthe may kythe,

to men of' erth thou must be stythe.

96

*Iacob.* what is thy name?

*Deus.*

whi askis thou it?

Jacobs asks  
God's name,  
and is told  
"Wonder-  
ful."

'wonderfuH,' if' thou wil wyt.

*Iacob.* A, blys me, lord!

*Deus.*

I shaH the blys,

And be to the fuH propyce,

100

And gyf<sup>t</sup> the my blyssyng for<sup>t</sup> ay,  
As lord and he that<sup>t</sup> aH may.

God blesses  
Jacob.

I shaH grayth thi gate,  
And fuH weH ordeyn thi state ; 104

when thou has drede, thynk on me,  
And thou shal fuH weH saynyd be,  
And look thou trow weH my sayes ;  
And fareweH now, the day dayes. 108

*Iacob.* Now haue I a new name, israeH ;  
this place shaH [hight] fanueH,  
ffor<sup>t</sup> I haue seyn in this place,  
god of heuen<sup>t</sup> face to face. 112

Jacob calls  
the place  
"Fanuell,"  
for he has  
seen God  
face to face.

*RacheH.* Iacob, lo we haue tythand<sup>t</sup>  
that<sup>t</sup> Esaw is here at<sup>t</sup> hand. 116

Rachel  
announces  
the approach  
of Esau.

*hic diuidit turmas in tres partes.*

*Iacob.* RacheH, stand thou in the last<sup>t</sup> eschele,  
ffor<sup>t</sup> I wold<sup>t</sup> thou were sauyd wele ; 116  
CaH Ioseph and-beniamin,  
And let<sup>t</sup> theym not<sup>t</sup> fro the twyn.  
If it<sup>t</sup> be so that<sup>t</sup> Esaw

Jacob  
divides his  
hosts into  
three parts,  
placing  
Rachel & her  
sons in the  
third for  
safety.

vs before aH-to-hew, 120  
Ye that<sup>t</sup> ar<sup>t</sup> here the last<sup>t</sup>  
Ye may be sauyd if<sup>t</sup> ye fle fast.

[Fol. 17, b.]

& vadat iacob osculand<sup>t</sup> Esaw ; venit iacob, flectit  
genua exorando deum, & leuando, occurrit illi Esaw  
in amplexibus.

*Iacob.* I pray<sup>t</sup> the, lord, as thou me het,  
<sup>1</sup> thou saue me and<sup>t</sup> my gete. 124

Jacob &  
Esau greet  
each other  
kindly.

*Esaw.* welcom brother<sup>t</sup>, to kyn and kyth,  
thi wife and childre that<sup>t</sup> comes the with.  
how has thou faren in far<sup>t</sup> land<sup>t</sup>?  
teH me now som good tythand<sup>t</sup>. 128

*Iacob.* WeH, my brother<sup>t</sup> Esaw,  
If that<sup>t</sup> thi men no bale me brew.

*dicit seruis suis.*

*Esaw.* wemo ! felows, hold youre hend,  
ye se that I and he ar<sup>t</sup> frend<sup>t</sup>, 132

Esau bids  
his men hold  
their hands.

And frenship here wiH we fulfilH,  
syn that it is godis wiH.

Jacob  
thanks Esau  
for his  
kindness.

*Iacob.* God yeldȝ you, brothere, that it so is  
that thou thi hyne so woldȝ kys.

136

Esau recog-  
nizes him as  
his lord  
"through  
destiny."

*Esau.* Nay, Iacob, my dere brothere,  
I shaH the teH aH anothere ;  
Thou art my lordȝ thugh destynny ;  
go we togeder both thou and I,  
To my fader andȝ his wife,  
thatȝ lofys the, brotherȝ, as thare lyfe.

140

*Explicit Iacob.*

(VII.)

**Processus Prophetarum.**

[*Incomplete : 39 six-lined stanzas, aab ccb, and 4 bits of Latin.*]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Moses.*

*David.*

*Sybilla propheta.*

*Daniel.*]

*Moses.*

(Prolog.)

**P**rophetam excitabit deus de fratribus vestris ;  
Omnis anima, que non audierit prophetam illum,  
exterminabitur de populo suo ;  
Nemo propheta sine honore nisi in patriâ suâ.

(1)

Moses  
reminds the  
people of  
Israel of the  
condemna-  
tion of  
Adam.

AH ye folk ofȝ israeH,  
herkyn to me ! I wiH you teH  
Tythyngis farly goode ;  
AH wote ys how itȝ be feH  
wherforȝ Adam was dampnyȝ to heH,  
he, and aH his blode.

3

6

(2)

God will  
raise up a  
prophet, &  
all who  
believe in  
him shall be  
saved.

Therforȝ wiH godȝ styrȝ and rayse  
A prophete, in som man dayes,  
Ofȝ oure brethere kyn ;  
And aH trowes as he says,  
And wiH walk in his ways,  
ffrom heH he wiH theym twyn.

9

12

(3)

when his tyme begynnys to day,  
I rede no man fro hym dray,

He who will  
not hear him  
shall be as  
an outlaw

In way, ne stand on strut ;

15

ffor he that wiȝt not here his sagh,  
he be shewed as an out-lagh,

And from his folkis be putt.

18

(4)

I warne you weȝt that same prophete  
shaȝ com hereafterward, fuȝ swete,

The prophet  
shall show  
many  
marvels.

And many meruels shew ;

21

Man shaȝ faȝt tiȝt his feete,  
ffor cause he can bales beete,

Thrugȝ his awn thew.

24

(5)

Aȝ that wiȝt in trowth ren  
shaȝ he saue, I warne you then,

He will save  
them who  
walk in  
truth.

Trust shaȝ his name be.

27

Bot aȝ ouer wiȝt man prophete ken  
with worship, amangis men,

But a pro-  
phet ever  
has honour  
save in his  
own  
country.

Bot in his awne countre.

30

(6)

herkyns aȝ, both yong and old !

God that has aȝ in wold,

[Fol. 18, a.]  
Moses de-  
clares God's  
command-  
ments.

Gretys you/bi me ;

33

his commaundementis ar ten ;

Behold, ye that ar his men,

here ye may theym se.

36

(7)

his commaundementis that I haue broght,  
looke that ye holdȝ thaym noght

They are no  
trifles nor  
fables.

ffor tryfys, ne for fables ;

39

ffor ye shaȝ weȝt vnderstandȝ

That god wrote theym with his handȝ

God wrote  
them with  
His own  
hand.

In thyse same tables.

42

(8)

Ye that thyse in hart wiȝt haldȝ,  
vnto heuen shaȝ ye be caldȝ,

They who  
hold them in  
their heart  
shall go to  
heaven;  
those who do  
not, to hell.

That is fyrst to com;  
And ye that wiȝt not do so,  
Tiȝt heȝt pyne mon ye go,  
And byde a bytter dome.

45

48

(9)

The first  
command-  
ment is  
against  
idols.

Do now as I shaȝt you wys;  
The fyrst commaundement is this

That I shaȝt you say;  
Make no god of stok ne stone,  
And trow in none god bot oone,  
That mayde both nyȝt and day.

51

54

(10)

The second,  
against  
swearing  
falsely by  
God's name.

Anothere bydis thou shaȝt not swere,  
ffor no mede, ne for no dere,  
ffalsly, bi godis name;

57

If thou swere wrongwosly,  
Wit thou weȝt and wytterly,  
Thou art worthi grete blame.

60

(11)

The third,  
to keep the  
holy day.

The thyrd is, thou shaȝt weȝt yheme  
Thi holy day, and serue to wheme  
God with aȝt thi hart.

63

The fourth,  
to honour  
father and  
mother.

The fourt commaundement is bi tayȝt,  
ffader and moder worship thou shaȝt,  
In pouert and in qwarte.

66

(12)

The fifth,  
to forsake  
fornication  
& take a  
mate.

The fyft commaundis thou shaȝt forsake  
ffornycacyon, and take the a make,  
And lyf in rightwys state.

69

The sixth,  
to be no  
manslayer.

The sext commaundis thou shal not be  
Man sloer, for gold ne fee,  
Ne for luf, ne for hate.

72

(13)

The seventh,  
not to steal.

The seuenth commaundis that thou shaȝt leue,  
And nather go to stele ne reue,  
ffor more then for les.

75

The eighth,  
to be true of  
tongue.

The aȝt bydis both old and yong,  
That thay be trow of thare tong,  
And bere no fals witnes.

78

(14)

The nenth bydis the, bi thi lif,  
Thou desyre not<sup>t</sup> thi neghbur's wife,  
Ne mayden that<sup>t</sup> is his.

The ninth,  
not to covet  
thy neigh-  
bour's wife.  
81

The tent<sup>t</sup> bidis the, for<sup>t</sup> no case,  
Desyre not<sup>t</sup> wranwosly thyng thi neghbur<sup>t</sup> has;  
Do thus, and do no mys.

The tenth,  
to covet  
nothing of  
thy neigh-  
bour's.  
84

(15)

I am the same man that<sup>t</sup> god chase,  
And toke the ten commaundement<sup>t</sup>s of peasse

[Fol. 18, b.]

In the monte synay;  
Thise word<sup>t</sup>s, I say, ar no les;  
My name is callyd moyses;

87  
These words  
are true.

And haue now aH good day! [Exit Moses.] 90

David. Omnes reges adorabunt eum, omnes gentes  
seruient ei.

(16)

herkyn, aH, that<sup>t</sup> here may,  
And perceyf weH what I shaH say,  
A<sup>t</sup>H with righ[t]wisnes.

David bids  
the people  
think on  
righteous-  
ness.  
93

loke ye put<sup>t</sup> it<sup>t</sup> not<sup>t</sup> away,  
Bot<sup>t</sup> thynk theron<sup>t</sup> both nygh<sup>t</sup>t and day,  
ffor<sup>t</sup> it<sup>t</sup> is sothfastnes.

96

(17)

Iesse son, ye wote I am;  
Dauid is my right<sup>t</sup> name,  
And I bere crowne;  
Bot<sup>t</sup> ye me trow, ye ar to blame;  
Of Israel, both wyld<sup>t</sup> and tame,  
I haue in my bondon.<sup>1</sup>

I am Jesse's  
son, David,  
and have all  
Israel sub-  
ject to me.  
99

102

(18)

As god of<sup>t</sup> heuen has gyffyn me wit,  
shaH I now syng you a fytt,  
With my mynstrelsy;  
loke ye do it<sup>t</sup> weH in wrytt<sup>t</sup>,  
And theron a knot<sup>t</sup> knytt<sup>t</sup>,  
ffor<sup>t</sup> it<sup>t</sup> is prophecy.

He will sing  
a fytt, which  
shall be a  
prophecy.  
105

108

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'bondowne.'

## (19)

David sings  
of the  
coming of  
God's Son

Myrth I make tih aH men,  
with my harp and fyngers ten,  
And warn theym that thay glad ; 111  
ffor god wiH that his son down send,  
That wroght adam with his hend,  
And heuen and erth mayde. 114

## (20)

to be man's  
Saviour. Of  
His coming  
he is glad.

He wiH lyght fro heuen towre,  
ffor to be mans saueyoure,  
And saue that is forlorne ; 117  
ffor that I harp, and myrth make,  
Is for he wiH manhede take,  
I tell you thus beforne ; 120

## (21)

God's Son  
shall return  
to the  
highest seat  
in heaven.

And thider shaH he ren agane,  
As gyant of mych mayne,  
Vnto the hiest sete ; 123  
Ther is nawther kyng, ne swayn,  
Then no thyng that may hym layn,  
Ne hyde from his hete. 126

## (22)

He shall be  
lord of all.  
Kings shall  
kneel to  
Him,

he shaH be lord and kyng of aH,  
TyH hys feete shaH kyng's faH,  
To offre to hym wytterly. 129  
Blyssyd be that swete blome,  
That shaH saue vs at his com !  
IoyfuH may we be. 132

## (23)

and bring  
Him rich  
gifts.

Riche gyft's thay shaH hym bryng,  
And tih hym make offeryng,  
kneland on thare kne ; 135  
weH were hym that that lordyng,  
And that dere derlyng,  
Myght bide on lyfe and se. 138

## (24)

[Fol. 19, a.  
Sig. E. 1.]

Men may know hym bi his marke,  
Myrth and lovyng is his warke,  
that shaH he luf most. 141

lyght shaʒ be born that tyme in darke,  
Both to lawd man and to clark,  
the luf of rightwys gost.

Light shall  
come both  
to layman  
and to clerk.

144

(25)

Therfor, both emperoure and kyng,  
Ryche and poore, both old and ying,  
temper weʒ youre gle,  
Agans that kyng lyght downe,  
ffor to lowse vs of pryson,  
And make vs aʒ free.

Temper  
your glee,  
emperor &  
king, till  
that King  
come to  
free us.

147

150

Ostende nobis domine misericordiam tuam, et salutare  
tuum da nobis.

(26)

Thou shew thi mercy, lord, tyʒ vs,  
ffor to thou com, to heʒ we trus,  
we may not go beside;  
lord, when thi wiʒ is for to dele  
Tyʒ us thi salue and thi hele,  
whom we aʒ abyde.

Till the  
Lord come  
we must all  
go to hell.

153

156

(27)

Now haue I songen you a fytt;  
loke in mynd that ye haue it,  
I rede with my myght;  
he that maide vs aʒ with his wytt,  
sheld vs aʒ from heʒ pytt,  
And graunt vs heuen lyght! [Exit David.]

I have sung  
you a fytt,  
look you  
keep it in  
mind.

159

162

*sibilla propheta.* Iudicii signum tellus sudore madescit,  
E celo rex adueniet per secla futurus,  
Scilicet in carne presens vt iudicet orbem.

(28)

Who so wyʒ here tythyngis glad,  
of hym that aʒ this warld made,  
here me wytterly!  
sibiʒ sage is my name;  
Bot ye me here, ye ar to blame,  
My word is prophecy.

The Sibyl  
calls on men  
to hear her.

165

168

## (29)

A new king  
is coming to  
fight the  
fiend.

AH men was slayn through adam syn,  
And put to pyne that neuer shaH blyn,  
through falsnes of the feynd ; 171  
A new kyng comes from heuen to fyght  
Agans the feynd, to wyn his right,  
so is his mercy heynd. 174

## (30)

He shall  
judge the  
world.

AH the world shaH he deme,  
And that haue seruyd hym to wheme,  
Myrth thaym mon betyde ; 177  
AH shaH se hym with thare ee,  
Ryche and poore, low and hye,  
No man may hym hyde ; 180

## (31)

Every man  
shall rise in  
his flesh, &  
see Him on  
the Judg-  
ment Day.

Bot thay shaH in thare flesh ryse,  
That euery man shaH whake and gryse,  
Agans that ilk dome. 183  
with his santis, many oone,  
he shaH be sene in flesh and bone,  
that kyng that is to com. 186

## (32)

[Fol. 19, b.]  
They shall  
stand before  
Him, and  
the earth  
shall be  
burnt with  
fire.

AH that shaH stand hym before,  
AH shal be les and more,  
Of oone eld ichon. 189  
Angels shaH qwake then for' ferd,  
And fyre shaH bren this mydyH-erd,  
yei, erth and aH ther apon. 192

## (33)

Hill and dale  
shall run  
together &  
all be made  
even.

shaH nothyng here in erth be kend,  
Bot it shaH be strewyd and brend,  
AH waters and the see. 195  
sythen shaH both hiH and dale  
Ryn togeder, grete and smale,  
And aH shaH euen be. 198

## (34)

At hys commyng shaH bemys blaw,  
That men may his commyng know ;  
ffuH sorowfuH shaH be that blast ; 201

Ther is no man that herys it,  
Bot he shaH qwake for' aH his witt,  
Be he neuer so stedfast.

204 Trumpets  
shall blow at  
His coming,  
& men shall  
quake at the  
sound.

(35)

Then shaH heH gape and gryn,  
That men may know thare dome therin,  
Of that hye iustyce ;  
That iH have done, to heH mon go ;  
And to heuen the other' also,  
that has been rightwys.

207 Hell shall  
gape & grin.  
The bad shall  
go there, the  
good to  
heaven.

210

(36)

Therfor', I rede ilk a man,  
kepe, as weH as he can,  
ffro syn and fro mysdede.  
My prophecy now haue I told ;  
God' you saue, both yong and old,  
And help you at youre nede !

213 Therefore let  
each man  
keep him  
from sin.

[Exit Sybil.] 216

*Daniel.* Cum venerit sanctus sanctorum cessabit vncio  
vestra.

(37)

God that maide adam and eue,  
whils thay dyd weH, he gaf thaym leue  
In paradise to dwell ;  
Sone when thay that' appyH ete,  
Thay were dampned, sone and skete,  
Vnto the pyne of heH,

219 Daniel  
recalls the  
fall of Adam.

222

(38)

Thugh sorow and paynes euer new ;  
Therfor wyH god apon vs rew,  
And his son downe send'  
Into erth, flesh to take,  
That' is aH for oure sake,  
oure trespas to amend.

225 God wills  
that His Son  
shall take  
flesh to  
amend our  
trespass.

228

(39)

flesh with fleshe wiH be boght,  
That he lose not that he has wrogHt  
wyth hys awne hend' ;

231

He shall be  
born of a  
maiden to  
save the  
lost.

Of a madyn shal he be borne,  
To saue aH that ar' forlorne,  
Euermore withoutten end.<sup>1</sup>

234

\* \* \* \* \*

## (VIII.)

[Fol. 21, a.  
Sig. E. 3.]

## Incipit Pharao.

[36 *eight-line* stanzas, ab ab ab ab ; 1 *seven-line* (no. 49), ab ab aba ;  
1 *six* (no. 55), ab ab ab ; 32 *fours*, ab ab ; and 2 *single lines*, 109,  
355.]

## [Dramatis Personae

Pharao.  
Primus Miles.  
Secundus Miles.

Moyse.  
Deus.

Primus Puer.  
Secundus Puer.]

Pharao.

(1)

Litsters Pagonn.<sup>2</sup>

Pharaoh  
calls for  
Peace.

**P**Eas, of payn that no man pas ;  
bot kepe the course that I commaunde,  
And take good hede of hym that has  
youre helth aH holy in hys hande ; 4  
ffor kyng pharro my fader Was,  
And led thys lordshyp of thys land ;  
I am hys hayre as age Wyll has,  
Euer in stede to styr or stand. 8

He is king  
as his father  
was before  
him.

(2)

All Egypt is  
his.

aH Egypt is myne awne  
To leede aftyr my law ;  
I Wold my myght Were knowne<sup>3</sup>  
And honoryd, as hyt awe. 12  
ffuH low he shaH be thrawne  
That harkyns not my sawe,  
hanged hy and drawne,  
Therfor no boste ye blaw ; 16

They who  
hearken not  
to his words  
shall be  
hanged high.

<sup>1</sup> This Play is unfinished, the rest of fol. 19 b, and the whole of fol. 20, being left blank.

<sup>2</sup> This is written at top of the page in the margin, in a more recent hand ; but about half-way down (and not in the margin) are the words "lyster play," in yet another hand.

<sup>3</sup> MS. knowne.

(3)

Bot as for kyng I commaund peasse,

To aH the people of thys empyre.

looke no man put hym self in preaase,

Bot that WyH do as I desyre,

20

And of youre Wordis look that ye seasse.

Take tent to me, youre soferand syre,

That may youre comfort most increasse,

And to my lyst bowe lyfe and lyre.

24

(4)

*Primus Miles.* My lord, if any here Were,

That Wold not wyrk youre Wyll,

[Fol. 21, b.]

If We myght com thaym nere,

ffuH soyn we shuld theym spyH.

28

The 1st  
soldier will  
kill any one  
who will  
not work  
Pharaoh's  
will.

(5)

*Pharao.* Thugh out my kyngdom Wold I ken,

And kun hym thak that Wold me teH,

If any Were so Waryd men

That wold my fors downe feH.

32

*Secundus Miles.* My lord, ye haue a maner of men

that make great mastres vs emeH;

The Iues that Won in gersen,

thay ar callyd chyldyr of Israel.

36

The 2nd  
soldier  
thinks the  
Jews in  
'gersen' are  
too strong.

(6)

Thay multyplye fuH fast,

and sothly We suppose

That shaft euer last,

oure lordshyp for to lose.

40

(7)

*Pharao.* Why, how haue thay sych gawdis begun?

ar thay of myght to make sych frayes?

*Primus Miles.* Yei, lord, fuH feH folk ther Was fun

In kyng pharao, youre fader dayes.

44

Thay cam of Ioseph, Was iacob son—

he Was a prince Worthy to prayse—

In sythen in ryst haue thay ay ron;

thus ar thay lyke to lose youre layse,

48

They come  
of Joseph,  
Jacob's son.

## (8)

The Jews  
will con-  
found  
Pharaoh, if  
they go on  
multiplying.

Thay Wyȝ confound you cleyn,  
bot if thay soner sesse.

49

Pharao. What deuȝȝ is that thay meyn  
that thay so fast incesse?

52

## (9)

They were  
but 70 when  
they came,  
and after  
400 years are  
300,000 men.

Secundus Miles. How thay incret full weȝ we ken,  
as oure faders dyd vnderstand;

Thay Were bot sixty and ten  
when thay fyrst cam in to thys land;

56

Sythen haue soierned in gersen

[Fower hundreth]<sup>1</sup> Wynter, I dar warand;

Now ar thay nowmbred of myghty men  
moo then [thre hundreth]<sup>2</sup> thousand,

60

## (10)

Wyȝ outen Wyfe and chyld,  
or hyrdys that kepe thare fee.

Pharao. How thus myȝȝt we be begyld?  
bot shaȝ it not be;

64

## (11)

Pharaoh  
determines  
to crush  
them by  
cunning.

ffor wyȝ quantyse we shaȝ thaym queȝ,  
so þat thay shaȝ not far sprede.

He is told of  
a prophecy,  
& gives  
orders that  
the midwives  
shall kill all  
Hebrew  
babies.

Primus Miles. My lord, we haue hard oure faders teȝ,  
and clerkis that weȝ couȝ rede,

68

Ther shuld a man walk vs ameȝ  
that shuld fordo vs and oure dede.

Pharao. ffy on hym, to the deuȝȝ of heȝ!  
sych destynyn wyȝ we not drede;

72

## (12)

We shal make mydwyfis to spyȝ them  
where any ebrew is borne,

[Fol. 22, a.  
Sig. E. 4.]

And aȝ menkynde to kyȝ them,  
so shaȝ thay soyn be lorne.

76

## (13)

The rest  
shall be kept  
in bondage  
to ditch and  
delve.

And as for elder haue I none awe,  
sych bondage shaȝ I to thaym beyde,  
To dyke and delf, bere and draw,  
and to do aȝ vn honest deyde;

80

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiijc.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ccc.

So shaH these laddis be halden law,  
In thraldom euer thare lyfe to leyde.  
*Secundus Miles.* Now, certis, thys was a soteH saw,  
thus shaH these folk no farther sprede.

The second  
soldier  
thinks this  
a subtle  
saying. 84

(14)

*Pharao.* Now help to hald theym downe,  
look I no fayntnes fynde.  
*Primus Miles.* AH redy, lord, We shaH be bowne,  
in bondage thaym to bynde.

Pharaoh  
says there  
must be no  
faintness. 88

*Tunc Intrat<sup>l</sup> moyses cum virgâ in manu, etc.*

(15)

*Moyes.* Gret god, that aH thys Warld began,  
and growndyd it in good degre,  
Thou mayde me, moyses, vnto man,  
and sythen thou sauyd me from the se ;  
kyng Pharao had commawndyd<sup>t</sup> than,  
ther shuld no man chyld sauyd be ;  
Agans hys WyH away I wan ;  
thus has god<sup>t</sup> shewed hys myght for me.

Moses  
thanks God  
for saving  
him from  
Pharaoh at  
his birth. 92

96

(16)

Now am I sett to kepe,  
vnder thys montayn syde,  
Byshope Iettyr shepe,  
to better may be tyde ;

He is now  
set to keep  
sheep till  
better  
betide. 100

(17)

A, lord, grete is thy myght !  
What man may of yond merueH meyn ?  
Yonder I se a selcowth syght,  
sych on in Warld Was neuer seyn ;  
A bush I se burnand fuH bryght,  
and euer elyke the leyfes are greyn ;  
If it be wark of Warldly Wyght,  
I WyH go wyt wythoutyn Weyn.

He sees a  
strange  
sight, a bush  
burning  
while its  
leaves keep  
green. 104

108

*Deus.* Moyes, Moyes !

*hic properat<sup>l</sup> ad rubum, et dicit<sup>l</sup> ei deus, etc.*

## (18)

God bids  
Moses take  
off his shoes  
for the place  
is hallowed.

Moyeses, com not to nere, 110  
bot styH in that stede thou dweH,  
And harkyn vnto me here ;  
take tent What I the telH. 113  
do of thy shoyes in fere,  
wyth mowth as I the meH,  
the place thou standis in there  
forsothe, is halowd WeH. 117

## (19)

He declares  
himself as  
the God who  
blessed  
Abraham,  
Isaac and  
Jacob.

I am thy lord, Wythouten lak,  
to lengthe thi lyfe euen as I lyst ;  
I am god that som tyme spake  
to thyn elders, as thay Wyst ; 121  
To abraam, and Isaac,  
and iacob, I sayde shuld be blyst,  
And multytude of them to make,  
so that thare seyde shuld not be myst. 125

## (20)

He will not  
suffer  
Pharaoh to  
hurt the  
Jews.

Bot now thys kyng, pharao,  
he hurtys my folk so fast,  
If that I suffre hym so,  
thare seyde shuld soyne be past ; 129  
Bot I WyH not so do,  
in me if thay WyH trast,  
[Fol. 22, b.] Bondage to bryngi thaym fro.  
therfor thou go in hast 133

## (21)

Moses is  
bidden to  
tell Pharaoh  
to let the  
Jews go to  
the Wilder-  
ness to  
worship  
God.

To do my message, haue in mynde,  
to hym that me sych harme mase ;  
Thou speke to hym Wyth wordis heynde,  
so that he let my people pas, 137  
To Wyldernes that thay may Weynde,  
to Worshyp me as I wyH asse.  
Agans my wyH if that thay leynd,  
ful soyn hys song shaH be 'alas.' 141

(22)

*Moyes.* A, lord! pardon me, Wyth thy leyf,  
that lynage luffis me noght;  
Gladly thay Wold me greyf,  
if I sych bodworde broght. 145

Moses begs  
God to send  
somebody of  
more force.

(23)

Good lord, lett som othere frast,  
that has more fors the folke to fere.  
*Deus.* Moyes, be thou nott abast,  
my bydyng shaH thou boldly bere; 149

God bids  
him not be  
abashed.

If thay with wrong away Wold Wrast,  
outt of the way I shaH the Were.  
*Moyes.* Good lord, thay WyH not me trast  
for aH the othes that I can swere; 153

Moses fears  
that without  
a token he  
will not be  
trusted.

(24)

To neuen sych noytis newe  
to folk of Wykyd WyH,  
Wyth outen tokyn trew,  
thay wyH not tent ther tyH. 157

(25)

*Deus.* If that he wyH not vnderstand  
thys tokyn trew that I shaH sent,  
Afore the kyng cast downe thy Wand,  
and it shaH turne to a serpent; 161

A wand that  
shall turn  
into a ser-  
pent & again  
into a wand  
shall be his  
token.

Then take the tayH agane in hand—  
boldly vp look thou it hent—  
And in the state that thou it fand,  
then shal it turne by myne intent. 165

(26)

Sythen hald thy hand soyn in thy barme,  
and as a lepre it shal be lyke,  
And hole agane with outen harme;  
lo, my tokyns shal be slyke. 169

He shall be  
able to make  
his hand  
leprous or  
whole.

(27)

And if he wyH not suffre then  
my people for to pas in peasse,  
I shaH send venyance [neyn]<sup>1</sup> or ten,  
shaH sowe full sore or I seasse. 173

If Pharaoh  
will not let  
the people  
go, God will  
punish him.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ix.

The Hebrews shall escape the plagues. Bot *the* ebrewes, won in Iessen, 174  
 shaH not be merkyd with that measse;  
 As long as thay my lawes WyH ken  
 thare comfortH shaH euer increasse. 177

(28)

*Moyes.* A, lord, to luf the aght vs weH,  
 that makis thy folk thus free;  
 I shaH vnto thaym tell  
 as thou has told to me. 181

(29)

Moses asks by what name he is to speak to Pharaoh of God. Bot to the kyng, lord, when I com,  
 if he aske what is thy<sup>1</sup> name,  
 And I stand styH, both deyf & dom,  
 how shuld I [skape]<sup>2</sup> withoutten blame? 185

God tells him and blesses him. *Deus.* I say the thus, 'Ego sum qui sum,'  
 I am he that is the same;  
 If thou can nother muf nor mom,  
 I shaH sheld the from shame. 189

(30)

*Moyes.* I vnderstand fuH weH thys thyng,  
 I go, lord, with aH the myght in me.

[Fol. 23, a.] *Deus.* Be bold in my blyssyng,  
 thi socoure shaH I be. [Deus retires.] 193

(31)

Moses resolves to tell his friends of this comfort. *Moyes.* A, lord of luf, leyn me thy lare,  
 that I may truly talys tell;  
 To my freyndis now wyH I fare,  
 the chosyn childre of IsraeH, 197  
 To tell theym comfortH of thare care,  
 in dawngere ther as thay dweH.  
 God manteyn you euermare, [*Moses accosts the boys.*]  
 And mekyH myrth be you emeH. 201

(32)

The boys he speaks to complain of their lot. *primus puer.* A, master moyses, dere!  
 oure myrth is aH mowrnyng;  
 ffull hard halden ar we here,  
 as carls vnder the kyng. 205

<sup>1</sup> MS. my.<sup>2</sup> MS. skake.

(33)

*Secundus puer.* We may mowrn, both more and myn,  
ther is no man that oure myrth mase ;  
Bot syn we ar aH of a kyn,  
god send vs comfortH in thys case. 209

They pray  
God send  
them com-  
fort,

*Moses.* Brethere, of youre mowrnyng blyn ;  
god WyH delyuer you through his grace,  
Out' of this wo he wyH you wyn,  
and put you to youre pleassyng place ; 213

(34)

ffor I shaft carp vnto the kyng,  
and fownd fuH soyn to make you free.

*primus puer.* God graunt you good Weyndyng,  
and euermore with you be. 217

& wish  
Moses  
success.

[*Moses approaches Pharaoh.*]

(35)

*Moses.* kyng pharao, to me take tent.

*Pharao.* Why, boy, what tythyngis can thou tell ?

*Moses.* ffrom god hym self hydder am I sent  
to fochie the chyldre of IsraeH ; 221  
To Wyldernes he wold thay went.

Moses asks  
Pharaoh to  
let the  
Israelites  
go to the  
wilderness.

*Pharao.* yei, weynd the to the devyH of heH!  
I gyf no force What he has ment,

In my dangere, herst thou, shaft thay dwell ; 225

Pharaoh  
refuses, with  
threats.

(36)

And, fature, for thy sake,  
thay shalbe put to pyne.

*Moses.* Then wyH god venyance take  
of the, and of aH thyn. 229

(37)

*Pharao.* On me? fy on the lad, out of my land !  
wenys thou thus to loyse oure lay ?

[*To the soldiers.*]

Say, whence is yond warlow with his wand  
that thus wold wyle oure folk away ? 233

*Primus Miles.* Yond is moyses, I dar warand,  
agans aH egypt has beyn ay,

Greatt defawte with hym youre fader fand ;  
now wyH he mar you if he may. 237

The 1st  
soldier says  
Moses has  
ever been a  
foe to Egypt.

(38)

*Pharao.* ffy on hym ! nay, nay, that dawnce is done ;  
lurdan, thou leryd to late.

*Moyes.* God bydis the graunt my bone,  
and let me go my gate. 241

(39)

Pharaoh  
asks Moses  
for a token.

*Pharao.* Bydis god me ? fals loseH, thou lyse !  
What tokyn told he ? take thou tent.

[Fol. 23, b.]

*Moyes.* He sayd thou shuld dyspyse  
both me, and hys commaundement ; 245

He changes  
his wand  
into a  
serpent.

fforthy, apon thys wyse,  
my Wand he bad, in thi present,  
I shuld lay downe, and the avyse  
how it shuld turne to oone serpent ; 249

(40)

And in hys holy name  
here I lay it downe ;  
lo, syr, here may thou se the same.  
*Pharao.* A, ha, dog ! the devyH the drowne ! 253

(41)

Then  
changes it  
back again.

*Moyes.* He bad me take it by the tayH,  
for to prefe hys powere playn ;  
Then he sayde, wythouten fayH,  
hyt shuld turne to a wand agayn. 257  
lo, sir, behold !

Pharaoh  
says these  
gauds shall  
help the  
Israelites  
nothing.

*Pharao.* wyth ylahayH !  
Certis this is a soteH swayn !  
bot thyse boyes shaH abyde in bayH,  
AH thi gawdis shaH thaym not gayn ; 261

(42)

Bot wars, both morñ and none,  
shaH thay fare, for thi sake.  
*Moyes.* I pray god send us venyange sone,  
and on thi Warkis take wrake. 265

(43)

*primus Miles.* Alas, alas ! this land is lorn !  
on lyfe we may [no] longer leynd ;  
Sych myschefe is fallen syn morñ,  
ther may no medsyn it amend. 269

*Pharao.* Why cry ye so, laddis? lyst ye skorn?

*ijus Miles.* Syr kyng, sych care was neuer kend,  
In no mans tyme that euer was borne.

*Pharao.* Telt on, belyfe, and make an end. 273

(44)

*Primus Miles.* Syr, the Waters that were ordand  
for men and bestis foyde,

Thurgh outt all egypt land,  
ar turnyd into reede bloyde; 277

The soldiers  
announce  
the first  
plague: the  
waters are  
turned to  
red blood.

(45)

ffuH vgly and fuH yH is hytt,  
that both fresh and fayre was before.

*Pharao.* O, ho! this is a wonderfuH thyng to wytt,  
of all the warkis that euer wore! 281

*ijus Miles.* Nay, lord, ther is anothere yit,  
that sodanly sowys vs fuH sore;

ffor todis and froskis may no man flyt,  
thay venom vs so, both les and more. 285

The 2nd  
plague:  
venomous  
toads.

(46)

*Primus Miles.* Greate mystis, sir, ther is both morn  
and noyn,

byte vs fuH bytterly;  
we trow that it be doyn  
thurgh moyses, oure greate enmy. 289

The 3rd  
plague:  
great  
'mystis'  
[gnats]  
biting  
bitterly.

(47)

*ijus Miles.* My lord, bot if this menye may remefe,  
Mon neuer myrth be vs amang.

*Pharao.* Go, say to hym we wyH not grefe,  
bot thay shaH neuer the tytter gang. 293

*Primus Miles.* Moyses, my lord gyffys leyfe  
to leyd thi folk to lykyng lang,

So that we mend of oure myschefe.

*Moyeses.* ffuH weH I wote, thyse wordis ar wrang; 297

Pharaoh  
makes  
delusive  
offers to let  
the Jews go  
[Fol. 24, a.]

(48)

But hardely all that I heytt

ffuH sodanly it shaH be seyn;  
vncowth meruels shalbe meyt

And he of malyce meyn. 301

(49)

The 4th  
plague :  
great  
"loppys"  
[fleas].

*Secundus Miles.* A, lord, alas, for doyH we dy ! 302  
we dar look oute at no dowre.

*Pharao.* What, ragyd the dwyH of heH, alys you so  
to cry ?

*Primus Miles.* ffor we fare wars then euer we fowre ; 305  
grete loppys ouer aH þis land thay fly,

And where thay byte thay make grete blowre,  
and in euery place oure bestis dede ly.<sup>1</sup> 308

(50)

The 5th  
plague : a  
murrain on  
the cattle.

*Secundus Miles.* hors, ox, and asse,  
thay faH downe dede, syr, sodanly.

*Pharao.* we ! lo, ther is no man that has  
half as mych harme as I. 312

(51)

*Primus Miles.* yis, sir, poore folk haue mekyH wo,  
to se thare cataH thus out cast.

The Iues in gessen fayre not so,  
thay haue lykyng for to last. 316

Pharaoh  
renews his  
pretended  
permission.

*Pharao.* Then shaH we gyf theym leyf to go,  
to tyme this pereH be on past ;

Bot, or thay flytt oght far vs fro,  
we shaH þem bond twyse as fast. 320

(52)

*Secundus Miles.* Moyses, my lord gyffis leyf  
thi meneye to remeue.

*Moses.* ye mon hafe more myschefe  
bot if thyse talys be trew. 324

(53)

*Primus Miles.* A, lord, we may not leyde thyse lyfys.

*Pharao.* what, dwyH ! is grevance grofen agayn ?

The 6th  
plague :  
boils &  
blains.

*Secundus Miles.* ye, sir, sich powder apon vs dryfys,  
where it abidys it makys a blayn ; 328

MeseH makys it man and wyfe,<sup>2</sup>  
thus ar we hurt with hayH & rayn.

The 7th  
plague :  
hail and  
rain.

Syr, vnys in montanse may not thryfe,  
so has frost & thoner thaym slayn. 332

<sup>1</sup> The following line in—*oure* is left out.

<sup>2</sup> The singular rymes with the plural now and then.

(54)

*Pharao.* yei, bot' how do thay in gessen,  
the Iues, can ye me say?

Pharaoh  
rages when  
he hears the  
Jews are  
unhurt by  
these harms.

*Primus Miles.* Of aȝ thyse cares no thyng thay ken,  
thay feyȝ nogȝt of our afray. 336

(55)

*Pharao.* No ? the ragyd ! the dwyȝ ! sytt thay in peasse ?  
and we euery day in doute & drede ?

*ijus Miles.* My lord, this care wyll euer encrese,  
to moyses haue his folk to leyd ;

Els be we lorȝ, it is no lesse,  
yit were it better that ȝai yede. 342

(56)

*Pharao.* Thes folk shaȝ flyt' no far,  
If he go welland wode.

But still will  
not let them  
go.

*Primus Miles.* Then wiȝ it sone be war ;  
It were better thay yode. 346

(57)

*ijus Miles.* My lord, new harme is comyn in hand.

*Pharao.* Yei, d'wiȝ, wiȝ it' no better be ?

The 8th  
plague : wild  
worms, or  
locusts.

*Primus Miles.* wyld wormes ar layd ouer aȝ this land,  
Thai leyf no floure, nor leyf on tre. 350

*ijus Miles.* Agans that storme may no man stand ;  
And mekyȝ more merueȝ thynk me,

That thise thre<sup>1</sup> dayes has bene durand  
Sich myst, ȝat no maȝ may other se. 354

The 9th  
plague : a  
great mist  
or darkness.

*Primus Miles.* A, my lord !

*Pharao.* hagh !

(58)

*ijus Miles.* Grete pestilence is comyn ;<sup>2</sup>  
It is like ful long to last.

The 10th  
plague : the  
pestilence.

*Pharao.* [pestilence<sup>3</sup>] in the dwilys name !  
then is oure pride ouer past. 359

(59)

*Primus Miles.* My lord, this care lastis lang,  
and wiȝ, to moyses haue his bone ;

The 1st  
soldier says  
care will last  
till Moses  
be satisfied.

let hym go, els wyrk we wrang,  
It may not help to houer ne hone. 363

<sup>1</sup> MS. iij.

<sup>2</sup> Its ryme *name* is assonantal.

<sup>3</sup> MS. pentilence.

Pharaoh  
gives leave  
for the Jews  
to go, but  
hopes to  
catch them  
again.

*Pharao.* Then wiȝ we gif theȝm leyf to gang ; 364

Syn it' must' nedis be doȝn ;

Perchauns we saȝ theȝm fang  
and mar them or to morȝ at none. 367

(60)

*ijus Miles.* Moyses, my lord he says  
thou shaȝ haue passage playn.

*Moyes.* Now haue we lefe to pas,  
my freyndis, now be ye fayn ; 371

(61)

Com furȝ, now saȝ ye weȝnd  
to land of lykyng you to pay.

*Primus puer.* Bot' kyng Pharao, that fals feynd,  
he wiȝ vs eft betray ; 375

The  
Israelites  
doubt, but  
Moses  
assures  
them.

ffuȝ soȝn he wiȝ shape vs to sheȝnd,  
And after vs send his garray.

*Moyes.* Be not' abast', god is oure freynd,  
And aȝ oure foes wiȝ slay ; 379

(62)

Therfor com on *with* me,  
haue done and drede you noght.

*ijus Puer.* That' lord blyst might he be,  
that vs from bayȝ has broght. 383

(63)

*Primus puer.* Siȝh frenship neuer we fand ;  
bot' yit' I drede for perels aȝ,

The reede see is here at hand,  
ther shal we byde to we be thraȝ. 387

He parts the  
Red Sea  
with his  
wand.

*Moyes.* I shaȝ make way ther *with* my wand',  
as god has sayde, to sayf vs aȝ ;

On ayther syde the see mon' stand,  
to we be gone, right' as a waȝ. 391

(64)

[Fol. 25, a.]

Com on wyȝ me, leyf none behynde ;  
lo fownd' ye now youre god to please.

*hic pertransient mare.*

*Secundus puer.* O, lord' ! this way is heynd ;  
Now weȝnd we aȝ at easse. 395

(65)

*primus Miles.* kyng pharao ! thyse folk ar gone.*Pharao.* Say, ar ther any noyes now ?*ijus Miles.* Thise Ebrews ar gone, lord, euer-ichon).*Pharao.* how says thou that ?*Primus Miles.* lord, that tayH is trew. 399*Pharao.* We, out tyte, that they were tain ;

That ryett radly shaH thay rew,

we shaH not seasse to thay be slayn,

ffor to the see we shaH thaym sew ;

403

(66)

So charge youre chariottis swythe,

And fersly look ye folow me.

*ijus Miles.* AH redy, lord, we ar fuH blyth

At youre byddyng to be.

407

(67)

*Primus Miles.* lord, at youre byddyng ar we bowne

Oure bodys boldly for to beyd ;

we shaH not seasse, bot dyng aH downe,

To aH be dede withouten drede.

411

*Pharao.* heyf vp youre hertis vnto mahowne,

he wiH be nere vs in oure nede ;

help ! the raggyd dwyH, we drowne !

Now mon we dy for aH oure dede.

415

*Tunc merget eos mare.*

(68)

*MoySES.* Now ar we won from aH oure wo,

And sauyd out of the see ;

louyng gyf we god vnto,

Go we to land now merely.

419

Moses and  
the Jews  
give thanks  
to God for  
their safe  
passage.

(69)

*primus puer.* lofe we may that lord on hyght,

And euer tell on this merueH ;

Drownyd he has Kyng pharao myght,

louyd be that lord EmanueH.

423

[Fol. 25, b.]

*MoySES.* heuen, thou attend, I say, in syght,

And erth my wordys ; here what I tell.

As rayn or dew on erth doys lyght

And waters herbys and trees fuH weH,

427

(70)

Honoured be  
God in  
Trinity.

Gyf louyng to goddys mageste,  
 hys dedys ar done, hys ways ar trew,  
 honowred be he in trynyte,  
 to hym be honowre and vertew.

428

431

Amen.

*Explicit pharao.*

(IX.)

## Incipit Cesar Augustus.

[40 six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*]*Imperator.**Primus Consultus.**Secundus Consultus.**Nuncius. (Lyghtfote.)**Sirinus.]**Imperator.*

(1)

The  
Emperor  
commands  
silence, and  
magnifies his  
own power.

**B**E styH, beshers, I commawnd yow,  
 That no man speke a word here now  
 Bot I my self alon ;  
 And if ye do, I make a vow,  
 Thys brand abowte youre nekys shaH bow,  
 ffor thy be styH as ston :

3

6

(2)

And looke ye grefe me noght,  
 ffor if ye do it shaH be boght,  
 I swere you by mahowne ;  
 I wote weH if ye knew me oght,  
 To slo you aH how lytyH I roght,  
 Ston styH ye wold syt downe.

9

12

(3)

ffor aH is myn that vp standys,  
 Castels, towers, townys, and landys,  
 To me homage thay bryng ;  
 ffor I may bynd and lowse of band,  
 Euery thyng bowys vnto my hand,  
 I want none erthly thyng.

15

18

[Fol. 26, a.]

(4)

I am lord and syr ouer aH,	He is lord ouer all.
AH bowys to me, both grete and smaH,	
As lord of euery land ;	21
Is none so comly on to caH,	
Whoso this agane says, fowH shaH be faH,	
And therto here my hand.	24

(5)

ffor I am he that myghty is,	All heatheness obeys him.
And hardely aH hathennes	
Is redy at my wyH ;	27
Both ryche, and poore, more & les,	
At my lykyng for to redres,	
whether I wyH saue or spyH.	30

(6)

Cesar august I am cald,	He is called Caesar Augustus, the fairest body on earth.
A fayrer cors for to behald,	
Is not of bloode & bone ;	33
Ryche ne poore, yong ne old,	
Sych an othere, as I am told,	
In aH thys warld is none.	36

(7)

Bot oone thyng doys me full mych care,	One thing troubles him : he needs loyal counsel.
I trow my land wyH sone mysfare	
ffor defawte of counseH lele ;	39
My counsellars so wyse of lare,	
help to comforth me of care,	
No wyt from me ye fele.	42

(8)

As I am man moost of renowne,	
I shaH you gyf youre waryson	
To help me if ye may.	45
primus Consultus. To counseH you, lord, we ar bowne,	The 1st councillor bids him send for his messenger.
And for no man that lyfys in towne	
wyH we not let, perfoy ;	48

(9)

youre messyngere I reede ye caH,  
ffor any thyng that may befaH,

- His messenger shall  
proclaim his  
peace over  
all the land.
- Byd hym go hastily, 51  
Thurgh out youre landys ouer aH,  
Amang youre folk, both grete and smaH  
youre gyrth & peasse to cry ; 54  
(10)  
ffor to commaunde both yong & old,  
None be so hardy ne so bold,  
To hold of none bot you ; 57  
And who so doth, put them in hold,  
And loke ye payn theym many fold.  
*Imperator.* I shaH, I make a vowe ; 60  
(11)  
Of thys counsell weH payde am I,  
It shaH be done fuH hastily,  
wyth outen any respytt. 63  
[Fol. 26, b.] *Secundus Consultus.* My Lord abyde awyle, for why ?  
A word to you I wold cleryfy.  
*Imperator.* Go on, then, telH me tytt. 66  
(12)  
*Secundus Consultus.* AH redy, lord, now permafay,  
Thys haue I herd syn many day,  
ffolk in the contre telH ; 69  
That in this land shuld dweH a may,  
The which saH bere a chylde, thay say,  
That shaH youre force downe feH. 72  
(13)  
*Imperator.* Downe feH ? dwyH ! what may this be ?  
Out, harow, fuH wo is me !  
I am fuH wyH of reede ! 75  
A, fy, and dewyls ! whens cam he  
That thus shuld reyfe me my pawste ?  
Ere shuld I be his dede. 78  
(14)  
ffor certys, then were my worshyp lorne,  
If sych a swayn, a snoke horne,  
Shuld thus be my suffrane ; 81  
may I wyt when that boy is borne,  
In certan, had the dwyH hit sworne,  
that gadlyng shuld agane. 84
- The Emperor  
assents.
- The 2nd  
councillor  
has heard  
that a virgin  
shall bear a  
child who  
shall lay  
low the  
Emperor's  
might.
- The  
Emperor  
rages with  
fear and  
anger.

(15)

*Primus Consultus.* Do way, lord, greyf you not so,  
youre messyngere ye cause furth go

Aftyr youre cosyn dere,

To speke *with* you a word or two,

The best counseH that lad to slo,

ffulH soyn he can you lere ;

The 1st  
Councillor  
bids the  
Emperor  
take counsel  
with his  
cousin  
Sirinus.

87

90

(16)

ffor a wyse man that knyght men know.

*Imperator.* Now I assent vnto thi saw,

of witt art thou *the* weH ;

ffor aH the best men of hym blowys ;

he shaH neuer dystroy my lawes,

were he the dwyH of heH.

The  
Emperor  
assents,

93

96

(17)

Com lyghtfote, lad, loke thou be yare

On my message furth to fare,

go tytt to *sir* syryn ;

Say sorow takys me fulH sare,

pray hym to comforth me of care,

As myn awne dere cosyn ;

and sends  
his messen-  
ger Lyght-  
foot,

99

102

(18)

And bot if thou com agane to nyght,

look I se the neuer in syght,

neuer where in my land.

bidding him  
be back by  
night,

105

*Nuncius.* yis, certys, lord, I am fulH lyght,

or noyn of the day, I dar you hyght,

to bryng hym by *the* hand.

108

(19)

*Imperator.* yai, boy, and as thou luffys me dere,

Luke that thou spy, both far and nere,

Ouer aH in ych place ;

If thou here any saghes sere,

Of any carpyng, far and nere,

Of that lad where that thou gase.

[Fol. 27, a.  
Sig. ff. 1.]  
and keep his  
ears open for  
news.

111

114

(20)

*Nuncius.* AH redy, lord, I am fulH bowne,

To spy and spy in euery towne,

Lyghtfoot  
promises.

After that wykkyd queyd ; 117  
If I here any runk or rowne,  
I shaH fownd to crak thare crowne,  
Ouer aH, in ylk a stede ; 120

(21)

And therfor, lord, haue now good day.

The  
Emperor  
prays  
Mahound to  
speed him.

*Imperator.* Mahowne he wyse the on thi way,  
That weldys water and wynde ; 123  
And specyally, here I the pray,  
To spede the as fast as thou may.

*Nuncius.* yis, lord, that shaH ye fynde. 126

(22)

[To *Sirinus*.]

Lyghtfoot  
greetes  
*Sirinus*  
in the  
Emperor's  
name,

Mahowne the saue and se, *sir* syryne !  
Cesar, my lord, and youre cosyn,  
he gretys you weH by me. 129  
*Sirinus.* Thou art welcom to me and myn ;  
Com nere and teH me tythandys thyn),  
Tyte, what thay may be. 132

(23)

and bids him  
come to hold  
counsel.

*Nuncius.* My lord prays you, as ye luf hym dere,  
To com to hym, if youre wyH were,  
To speke with hym awhyle. 135

*Sirinus*  
promises.

*Sirinus.* Go grete hym weH, thou messyngere,  
say hym I com, and that right nere,  
Behynd the not a myle. 138

(24)

Lyghtfoot  
returns to  
the Em-  
peror,

*Nuncius.* AH redy, lord, at youre byddying. [To *Cesar*.]  
Mahowne the menske, my lord kyng,  
And save the by see and sand. 141

*Imperator.* Welcom, bewshere, say what tythyng,  
Do teH me tyte, for any thyng,  
What herd thou in my land ? 144

(25)

and an-  
nounces the  
approach of  
*Sirinus*.

*Nuncius.* I herd no thyng, lord, bot goode ;  
Syr syryn, that I after yode,  
he wyH be here this nyght. 147

*Imperator.* I thank the by mahownes bloode ;  
Thise tythyngys mekyH amendys my mode ;  
Go rest, thou worthy wyght. 150

(26)

*Sirinus.* Mahowne so semely on to call,  
he saue the, lord of lordis aH,  
Syttyng with thi meneye.

Sirinus and  
the Emperor  
greet each  
other.

153

*Imperator.* Welcom, *sir* syrynne, to this haH,  
Besyde my self here sytt thou shaH,  
Com vp belyf to me.

156

(27)

*Sirinus.* yis, lord, I am at youre talent.

*Imperator.* Wherfor, *sir*, I after the sent,  
I shaH the say fuH right;

The Em-  
peror tells  
Sirinus of  
his danger;  
[Fol. 27, b.]

159

And therfor take to me intent,  
I am in poynt for to be shent.

*Sirinus.* how so, for mahownes myght?

162

(28)

*Imperator.* syr, I am done to vnderstand,  
That a qweyn here, in this land,  
shaH bere a chylde I wene,  
That shaH be crowned kyng lyfand,  
And aH shaH bow vnto his hand;  
Thise tythyngys doth me teyne.

how a quean  
shall bear a  
child who  
shall become  
king.

165

168

(29)

he shaH commaunde both ying and old,  
None be so hardy ne so bold  
To gyf seruyce to me;  
Then wold my hart be cold  
If sich a beggere shold  
My kyngdom thus reyf me;

No one will  
then give  
service to  
himself.

171

174

(30)

And therfor, *sir*, I wold the pray,  
Thy best counseH thou wold me say,  
To do what I am best;

He asks  
counsel from  
Sirinus.

177

ffor securly, if that I may,  
If he be fonden I shaH hym slay,  
Aythere by eest or west.

180

(31)

*Syrinus.* Now wote ye, lord, what that I reede;  
I counseH you, as ete I brede,

Sirinus bids  
the Emperor  
seek out the  
boy & kill  
him,

what best therof may be ; 183  
Gar serche youre land in euery stede,  
And byd that boy be done to dede,  
who the fyrst may hym see ; 186

(32)

and com-  
mand every  
man to  
come to  
him, bring-  
ing a head-  
penny,

And also I rede that ye gar cry,  
To fleme wyth aH that belamy,  
That shuld be kyng with crowne ; 189  
Byd ych man com to you holly,  
And bryng to you a heede penny,  
That dwellys in towere or towne ; 192

(33)

on the third  
day. Thus  
they will  
all pay him  
homage.

That this be done by the thyrde day,  
Then may none of his freyndys say,  
Bot he has mayde homage. 195  
If ye do thus, sir, permafay,  
youre worship shaH ye wyn for ay,  
If thay make you trowage. 198

(34)

The Em-  
peror agrees,  
& rewards  
him.

*Imperator.* I thank you, sir, as myght I the,  
ffor thyse tythyngys that thou tellys me,  
Thy counseH shaH awayH ; 201  
lord and syre of this cowntre,  
wythouten ende here make I the,  
ffor thy good counseH ; 204

(35)

He sends  
out his  
messenger

My messyngere, loke thou be bowne,  
And weynd belyf from towne to towne,  
And be my nobyH swane ; 207  
I pray the, as thou luffys mahowne,  
And also for thy waryson,  
That thou com tytt agane. 210

(36)

[Fol. 28, a.  
Sig. ff. 2.]  
to command  
the folk to  
own none  
but him as  
their lord.

Commaunde the folk holly ichon,  
Ryche ne poore forgett thou none,  
To hold holly on me, 213  
And lowtt me as thare lord alone ;  
And who wyH not thay shaH be slone,  
This brand thare bayH shal be. 216

(37)

Therfor thou byd both old and ying,		
That ich man know me for his kyng,		
ffor drede that I thaym spyH,	219	Old and young must bring their penny and do homage.
That I am lord, and in tokynyng,		
Byd ich man a penny bryng,		
And make homage me tyH.	222	

(38)

To my statutys who wyH not stand,		
ffast for to fle outt of my land,		
Byd thaym, withouten lyte ;	225	Whoso will not keep his statutes must flee from his land.
Now by mahowne, god aH weldand,		He promises the messen- ger knight- hood.
Thou shaH be mayde knyght with my hand,		
And therfor hye the tyte.	228	

(39)

<i>Nuncius.</i> AH redy, lord, it shaH be done ;		
Bot I wote weH I com not sone,		
And therfor be not wroth ;	231	The messen- ger says he cannot be back soon,
I swere you, <i>sir</i> , by son and moyne,		
I com not here by fore eft none,		
wheder ye be leyfe or loth ;	234	

(40)

Bot hafe good day, now wyH I weynd,		
ffor longer here may I not leynd,		and starts off.
Bot grathe me furth my gate.	237	
<i>Imperator.</i> Mahowne that is curtes and heynd,		The Em- peror bids Mahound speed him.
he bryng thi Iornay weH to eynd,		
And wysh the that aH wate.	240	

*Explicit Cesar Augustus.*

(X.)

## Incipit Annunciacio.

[38 couplets aa ; 49½ six-line stanzas aab ccb.]

[Dramatis Personae.

Deus. Gabriel. Maria. Joseph. Angelus.]

(1)

God recalls  
the creation  
of Adam and  
his fall.

Deus. Sythen I haue mayde aH thyng of noght,

And Adam with my handis hath wroght,

Lyke to myn ymage, att my devyse,

And gyffen hym Ioy in paradyse,

To won therin, as that I wend,

To that he dyd that I defend ;

[Fol. 28, b.]

Then I hym put out of that place,

Bot yit, I myn, I hight hym grace .

OyH of mercy I can hym heyt,

The time is  
come to  
redeem him  
from his  
pain,

And tyme also his bayH to beytt.

ffor he has boght his syn full sore,

Thise fyfe<sup>1</sup> thowsand yeris and more,

ffyrst in erthe and sythen in heH ;

Bot long therin shaH he not dwell.

Outt of payn he shaH be boght,

I wyH not tyne that I haue wroght.

I wyH make redempcyon,

As I hyght for my person,

AH wyth reson and with right,

Both through mercy and through myght.

he shaH not, therfor, ay be spylt,

for Adam  
was beguiled  
by the Ser-  
pent & Eve.

ffor he was wrangwysly begylt ;

he shaH out of preson pas,

ffor that he begyled was

Through the edder, and his wyfe ;

Thay gart hym towch the tree of lyfe,

And ete the frute that I forbed,

And he was dampned for that dede.

God's Son  
shall take  
on Him  
manhood.

Ryghtwysnes wyH we make ;

I wyH that my son manhede take,

<sup>1</sup> MS. v.

ffor reson wyth that ther be thre, A man, a madyn, and a tre :	32	There must be man for man, maid for maid, tree for tree.
Man for man, tre for tre, Mady for madyn ; thus shal it be. My son shaft in a madyn light, Agans the feynd of heft to fight ;	36	
wythouten wem), os son through glas, And she madyn as she was. Both god and man shaft he be, And she moder and madyn fre.	40	
To abraham I am in dett To safe hym and his gett ; And I wyth that all prophece Be fulfyllyd here by me ;	44	Abraham & his seed must be saved, and all prophecy fulfilled.
ffor I am lord and lech of heyle, My prophetys shaft be funden leyle ; As moyses sayd, and Isay, Kyng dauid, and Ieromy,	48	
Abacuk, and danieH, SybyH sage, that sayde ay weH, And myne othere prophetis all, As thay haue [said] it shaft befall. <sup>1</sup>	52	
Ryse vp, gabrieH, and weynd vnto a madyn that is heynd, To nazareth in galilee, Ther she dwellys in that cytee.	56	God bids Gabriel go to the Virgin Mary, spouse of Joseph,
To that vyrgyn and to that spouse, To a man of dauid house, Ioseph also he is namyd by, And the madyn name mary.	60	
AngeH must to mary go, ffor the feynd was eue fo ; he was foule and layth to syght, And thou art angeH fayr and bright ;	64	(a good angel to Mary, as a bad angel to Eve)
And hayls that madyn, my lemman, As heyndly as thou can. Of my behalf thou shaft hyr grete, I haue hyr chosen, that madyn swete,	68	and hail her.

<sup>1</sup> The word "said" has been inserted in the MS. by a later hand.

God has  
chosen Mary  
to conceive  
his darling.

She shaH conceyf my derlyng,  
Thruhh thy word and hyr heryng.

In hyr body wyH I lyghit,  
That is to me clenly dyght;

72

She shaH of hyr body bere

God and man wythouten dere.

[Fol. 29, a.  
Sig. ff. 3.]

She shaH be blyssyd wythouten ende;

Grayth the gabrieH, and weynd.

76

(2) [Gabriel goes to Mary.]

Gabriel hails  
Mary, queen  
of virgins.

GabrieH. hayH, mary, gracyouse!

hayH, madyn and god's spouse!

Vnto the I lowte;

79

Of aH vyrgyns thou art qwene,

That euer was, or shaH be seyn,

wythouten dowte.

82

(3)

The Lord of  
heaven is  
with her.

hayH, mary, and weH thou be!

My lord of heuen is wyth the,

wythouten end;

85

hayH, woman most of mede!

Goodly lady, haue thou no drede,

That I commend;

88

(4)

She shall  
conceive a  
child of  
might.

ffor thou has fonden aH thyn oone,

The grace of god, that was out gone,

ffor adam plyght.

91

This is the grace that the betydys,

Thou shaH conceyue wíthin thi sydys

A chyld of myght.

94

(5)

He shall be  
called Jesus.

When he is comen, that thi son,

he shaH take cyrcumsycyon,

CaH hym ihesum.

97

MightfuH man shaH be he that,

And godys son shaH he hat,

By his day com.

100

(6)

My lord also shaH gyf hym tyH

hys fader sete, dauid, at wyH,

Therin to sytt :	103	He shall be King in Jacob.
he shaH be kyng in Iacob kyn, hys kyngdom shaH neuer blyn, lady, weH thou wytt.	106	
(7)		
<i>Maria.</i> What is thi name ?		Mary asks Gabriel's name.
<i>Gabriel.</i> gabrieH ;		
godys strengthe and his angeH, That comys to the.	109	
<i>Maria.</i> fferly gretyng thou me gretys ;		How can all this be ?
A child to bere thou me hetys, how shuld it be ?	112	
(8)		
I cam neuer by man's syde, Bot has avowed my madynhede. ffrom fleshly gett.	115	She is a vowed virgin.
Therfor I wote not how That this be brokyn, as a vow That I haue hett ;	118	
(9)		
Neuer the les, weH I wote, To wyrk thi word and holdt thi hote MightfuH god is ;	121	But God is mighty to fulfill Gabriel's word.
Bot I ne wote of what manere, Therfor I pray the, messyngere, That thou me wysH.	124	
(10)		
<i>GabrieH.</i> lady, this is the preuate ; The holy gost shaH light in the, And his vertue,	127	Gabriel says the Holy Ghost shall light in her.
he shaH vmshade and fulfyH That thi madynhede shaH neuer spyH, Bot ay be new.	130	[Fol. 29, b.]
(11)		
The child that thou shaH bere, madame, ShaH godys son be callid by name ; And se, mary,	133	The child she shall bear shall be God's Son. Her cousin Elizabeth also has conceived a son.
Elesabeth, thi Cosyn, that is cald geldt, She has conceyffed a son in elde, Of zacary ;	136	

(12)

And this is, who wyth late,  
The sext<sup>t</sup> moneth of hyr conceytate,  
That geld is cald. 139

Nothing is  
impossible  
with God.

No word, lady, that I the bryng,  
Is vnmyghtful to heuen kyng,  
Bot aH shaft hald. 142

(13)

Mary praises  
God, &  
believes the  
angel's  
message.

*Maria.* I lofe my lord aH weldand,  
I am his madyn at his hand,  
And in his wold;  
I trow bodword that thou me bryng,  
Be done to me in aH thyng,  
As thou has told. 145  
148

(14)

Gabriel  
takes leave  
of Mary.

*Gabriel.* Mary, madyn heynd,  
me behovys to weynd,  
my leyf at the I take. 151  
*Maria.* ffar to my freynd,  
Who the can send,  
ffor mankynde sake. 154

[*Gabriel retires ; Joseph advances.*]

(15)

Joseph  
marvels at  
the con-  
dition in  
which he  
finds his  
wife.

*Ioseph.* AH-myghty god, what may this be !  
Of mary my wyfe meruels me,  
Alas, what has she wroght ? 157  
A, hyr body is grete and she with childe !  
ffor me was she neuer fylyd,  
Therfor myin is it noght. 160

(16)

He bemoans  
himself that  
ever he  
married one  
so young.

I irke full sore with my lyfe,  
That euer I wed so yong a wyfe,  
That bargan may I ban ; 163  
To me it was a carefuH dede,  
I myght weH wyt that yowthede  
wold haue lykyng of man. 166

(17)

I am old, sothly to say,  
passed I am aH preuay play,

- The gams fro me ar gane. 169
- It is ill cowpled of youth and elde ;  
I wote weH, for I am vnwelde,  
som othere has she tane. 172
- (18)
- she is *with* chyld, I wote neuer how,  
Now, who wold any woman trow ?
- Certys, no man that can any goode ; 175
- I wote not in the world what I shuld do,  
Bot now then wyH I weynd hyr to,  
And wytt who owe that foode. 178
- (19)
- hayH, mary, and weH ye be !  
why, bot woman, what chere *with* the ?
- Maria. The better, *sir*, for you. 181
- Ioseph. So wold I, woman, that ye wore ;  
Bot certys, mary, I rew full sore  
It standys so *with* the now. 184
- (20)
- Bot of a thyng frayn the I shaH,  
who owe this child thou gose *with* aH ?
- Maria. Syr, ye, and god of heuen. 187
- Ioseph. Myne, mary ? do way thi dyn ;  
That I shuld oght haue parte therin  
Thou nedys it not to neuene ; 190
- (21)
- wherto neuyns thou me therto ?  
I had neuer *with* the to do,  
how shuld it then be myne ? 193
- whos is that chylde, so god the spede ?
- Maria. Syr, godys and yowrs, *with* outen drede.
- Ioseph. That word had thou to tyne, 196
- (22)
- ffor it is right full far me fro,  
And I forthynkys thou has done so  
Thise ill dedys bedene ; 199
- And if thou speke thi self to spyH,  
It is full sore agans my wyH,  
If better myght haue bene. 202

It is ill to  
wed youth  
with age.

Joseph  
determines  
to go to  
Mary &  
question her.

He greets  
her,

[Fol. 30, a.  
Sig. ff. 4.]

& asks  
whose is  
the child ?  
She replies  
his & the  
God of  
heaven's.  
Joseph  
denies any  
part therein.

Mary repeats  
it is God's  
& his.

Joseph has  
still mis-  
givings.

(23)

Mary denies  
knowledge  
of any other  
man.

*Maria.* At godys wyH, Ioseph, must' it be,  
ffor certainly bot' god and ye

I know none othere man; 205

ffor fleshly was I neuer fylyd.

*Ioseph.* how shuld thou thus then be *with* chyld?

Excuse the weH thou can; 208

(24)

Joseph does  
not blame  
her; it is but  
the way of  
women.

I blame the not', so god me saue,  
woman maners if that' thou haue,

Bot' certys I say the this, 211

weH wote thou, and so do I,

Thi body fames the openly,

That' thou has done amys. 214

(25)

*Maria.* yee, god he knowys aH my doying.

He knows  
not what to  
do.

*Ioseph.* we! now, this is a wonder thyng,

I can noght' say therto; 217

Bot' in my hart' I haue greatt care,

And ay the longer mare and mare;

ffor doyH what' shaH I do? 220

(26)

He will not  
father the  
child, &  
thinks of  
leaving his  
wife.

Godys and myn she says it' is;

I wyH not' fader it', she says amys;

ffor shame yit' shuld' she let, 223

To excuse hir velany by me;

*with* hir I thynk no longer be,

I rew that' euer we met. 226

(27)

He describes  
the origin  
of their  
betrothal.

And how we met' ye shaH wyt sone;

Men vse yong chyl dren for to done

In temple for to lere; 229

Soo dyd thay hir, to she vex more

Then othere madyns wyse of lore;

then byshopes sayd to hir, 232

(28)

" Mary, the behowfys to take

Som yong man to be thi make,

As thou seys other hane,  
In the temple which thou wyth neuen;”  
And she sayd, none, bot god of heuen,  
To hym she had hir tane;

235 Mary, when  
pressed to  
take a young  
man for her  
husband,  
238 dedicated  
herself to  
God.

(29)

She wold none othere for any sagh;  
Thay sayd she must, it was the lagh,  
She was of age thertith.  
To the temple thay somond old and ying,  
Aȝ of Iuda ofspryng,  
The law for to fulfiȝ.

[Fol. 30, b.]  
She was  
urged again,  
241 & old &  
young were  
summoned  
to the  
temple.

244

(30)

Thay gaf ich man a white wand,  
And bad vs bere them in oure hande,  
To offre with good intent;  
Thay offerd thare yerdys vp in that tyde,  
ffor I was old I stode be syde,  
I wyst not what thay ment;

Each man  
was given a  
white wand  
247 & told to  
offer it.  
Joseph  
stood aside  
& made no  
offering  
because he  
was old.

250

(31)

Thay lakyd oone, thay sayde in hy,  
Aȝ had offerd, thay sayd, bot I,  
ffor I ay withdrogh me.  
ffurth with my wande thay mayd me com,  
In my hand it floryshed with blome;  
Then sayde thay aȝ to me,

253

He was  
made to  
come forth,  
256 & his wand  
blossomed in  
his hand.

(32)

“If thou be old merueȝ not the,  
ffor god of heuen thus ordans he,  
Thi wand shewys openly;  
It florishes so, withouten nay,  
That the behovys wed mary the may;”  
A sory man then was I;

259

This showed  
clearly that  
he was to  
marry Mary.

262

(33)

I was full sory in my thoght,  
I sayde for old I myght nought  
hir haue neuer the wheder;  
I was vnlykely to hir so yong,  
Thay sayde ther helpyd none excusyng,  
And wed vs thus togeder.

He was sad,  
but no ex-  
cuses helped  
265 him, &  
they were  
married.

268

## (34)

After the  
wedding the  
maidens,  
kings'  
daughters,  
worked  
silks; Mary  
alone  
wrought  
purple.

when I aH thus had wed hir thare,  
we and my madyns home can fare,  
That kyngys doghters were ; 271  
A<sup>H</sup> wrought thay sylk to fynd them on,  
Marie wrought<sup>t</sup> purpyH, the oder none  
bot<sup>t</sup> othere colers seré. 274

## (35)

Joseph went  
into the  
country to  
work.

I left<sup>t</sup> thaym in good peasse wenyd I,  
Into the contre I went<sup>t</sup> on hy,  
My craft<sup>t</sup> to vse *with* mayn ; 277  
To gett<sup>t</sup> oure lyfyng I must<sup>t</sup> nede,  
On marie I prayd them take good hede,  
To that I cam agane. 280

## (36)

After nine  
months he  
returns &  
finds her  
with child.  
The women  
say an angel  
visited her,

Neyn <sup>1</sup> monethes was I fro that myld<sup>t</sup> ;  
when I cam home she was *with* chylde<sup>t</sup> ;  
Alas, I sayd, for shame ! 283  
I askyd ther women who that had done,  
And thay me sayde an angeH sone,  
syn that I went from hame ; 286

## (37)

giving this  
excuse for  
her folly.

An angeH spake *with* that wyght<sup>t</sup>,  
And no man els, bi day nor nyght,  
“sir, therof be ye bold<sup>t</sup>.” 289  
Thay excusyd hir thus sothly,  
To make hir clene of hir foly,  
And babyshed<sup>t</sup> me that was old<sup>t</sup>. 292

## (38)

[Fol. 31, a.]

Shuld<sup>t</sup> an angeH this dede haue wrought ?  
Sich excusyng helpys noght,  
ffor no craft that thay can ; 295

It must have  
been some  
earthly man.

A heuenly thyng, for sothe, is he,  
And she is erthly ; this may not be,  
It<sup>t</sup> is som othere man. 298

## (39)

Certys, I forthynk sore of hir dede,  
Bot it is long of yowth-hede,

AH sich wanton playes ;  
ffor yong women wyH nedys play them  
with yong men, if old forsake them,

Thus it is sene always.

(40)

Bot' marie and I playd neuer so sam,  
Neuer togeder we vsid that gam,  
I cam hir neuer so nere ;<sup>1</sup>

(41)

she is as clene as cristah clyfe  
ffor me, and shalbe whyls I lyf,

The law wyH it be so.

And then am I cause of hir dede,  
ffor thi then can I now no rede,

Alas, what I am wo !

(42)

And sothly, if it so befaH,  
Godys son that she be with aH,

If sich grace myght betyde,

I wote weH that I am not he,  
which that is worthi to be

That blyssed body besyde,

(43)

Nor yit to be in company ;  
To wyldernes I wiH for thi

Enfors me for to fare ;

And neuer longer with hir dele,  
Bot' styly shaH I from hir stele,

That mete shaH we no mare.

(44)

Angelus. Do wa, Ioseph, and mend thy thoght,  
I warne the weH, and weynd thou noght,

To wyldernes so wylde ;

Turne home to thi spouse agane,  
look thou deme in hir no trane,

ffor she was neuer ffylde.

(45)

wyte thou no wyrkyng of Werkys wast,  
She hase consauyd the holy gast,

<sup>1</sup> Is half a stanza of the original left out ?

301 Young  
women will  
needs play  
with young  
men.

304

But Mary &  
he never  
played  
together.

307

She is clean  
as crystal  
for him, and  
shall be so  
while he  
lives.

310

313

If it be God's  
Son she has  
for her child,  
then Ioseph  
is not worthy  
to lie beside  
her.

316

319

He will steal  
away to the  
wilderness  
so that they  
meet no  
more.

322

325

An Angel  
warns him  
to mend his  
thoughts and  
return to his  
wife.

328

331

Mary is with  
child of the  
Holy Ghost.

And she shaſt bere godys son;  
ffor thy *with* hir, in thi degre,  
Meke and buxom looke thou be,  
And *with* hir dwell and won.

334

337

(46)

Joseph  
praises God  
for entrust-  
ing him with  
the care of  
the young  
Child.

*Ioseph.* A, lord, I lofe the aſt alon,  
That vowches safe that I be oone  
To tent that chylde so ying;  
I that thus haue vngrathly gone,  
And vntruly taken apon  
Mary, that dere darlyng.

340

343

(47)

He grieues  
for his sus-  
picions, &  
goes to ask  
Mary's  
forgiveness.  
[Fol. 81, b.]

I rewe full sore that I haue sayde,  
And of hir byrdyng hir vpbrade,  
And she not gylty is;  
ffor thy to hir now Wyſt I weynde,  
And pray hir for to be my freynde,  
And aske hir forgyfnes.

346

349

(48)

A, mary, wyfe, what chere?

Mary asks  
where he has  
been.

*Maria.* The better, sir, that ye ar here;  
Thus longt where haue ye lent?

352

*Ioseph.* Certys, walkyd aboute, lyke a fon,  
Thatt wrangwysly hase taken apon;  
I wyst neuer What I ment;

355

(49)

Joseph says  
he has  
sinned  
against God  
& her, and  
asks forgive-  
ness. She  
forgives him  
freely.

Bot I wote weſt, my lemman fre,  
I haue trespassst to god and the;  
fforgyf me, I the pray.

358

*Maria.* Now aſt that euer ye sayde me to,  
God forgyf you, and I do,  
With aſt the myght I may.

361

(50)

He thanks  
her. A man  
may be well  
content with  
a meek wife,  
though she  
have no  
goods.

*Ioseph.* Gramercy, mary, thi good wyſt  
So kyndly forgyfys thatt I sayde yſt,  
When I can the vpbrade;  
Bot weſt is hym hase sich a fode,  
A, meke wyf, withouten goode,  
he may weſt holdt hym payde.

364

367

(51)

A, what I am light as lynde!  
 he that may both lowse and bynde,  
 And euery mys amend,  
 leyn me grace, powere, and myght,  
 My wyfe and hir swete yongt wight  
 To kepe, to my lyfys ende.

Joseph is  
 light of  
 heart. He  
 prays God  
 help him  
 keep wife  
 and child.

370

373

*Explicit Annunciatio beate Marie.*

(XI.)

**Incipit Salutacio Elezabeth.**

[15 six-line stanzas, aab, ccb.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Maria.* *Elezabeth.*]

*Maria.*

(1)

**M**y lord of heuen, that syttys he,  
 And aH thyng seys with ee,  
 The safe, Elezabeth.  
*Elezabeth.* Welcom, mary, blyssed blome,  
 IoyfuH am I of thi com  
 To me, from nazareth.

Mary salutes  
 Elizabeth.

3

6

(2)

*Maria.* how standys it *with* you, dame, of qwart?

*Elezabeth.* weH, my doghter and dere hart,

As can for myn elde.

9

*Maria.* To speke *with* you me thoght fuH lang,

ffor ye *with* childe in elde gang,

And ye be cald geld.

She has long  
 desired to  
 speak with  
 her.

12

(3)

*Elezabeth.* ffuH lang shaH I the better be,

That I may speke my fyH *with* the,

My dere kyns Woman ;

To wytt how thi freyndys fare,

In thi countre where thay ar,

Therof teH me thou can,

Elizabeth is  
 glad to hear  
 about her  
 friends.

15

18

(4)

[Fol. 32, a.] And how thou farys, my dere derlyng.

*Maria.* WeH, dame, gramercy youre askyng,  
ffor good I wote ye spyre.

21

Elizabeth  
asks after  
Mary's  
father and  
mother.

*Elezabeth.* And Ioachym, thy fader, at hame,  
And anna, my nese, and thi dame,  
how standys it with hym and hir?

24

(5)

Mary says  
they are both  
well, &  
thanks her.

*Maria.* Dame, yit ar thay both on lyfe,  
Both ioachym and anna his wyfe.

*Elezabeth.* Els were my hart full sore.

27

*Maria.* Dame, god that aH may,  
yeldt you that ye say,  
Andt blys you therfore.

30

(6)

Elizabeth  
hails Mary  
as the  
mother of  
her Lord.

*Elezabeth.* Blyssed be thou of aH women,  
And the fruyte that I weH ken,  
Within the wombe of the;

33

And this tyme may I blys,  
That my lordys moder is  
Comen thus vnto me.

36

(7)

The child in  
her own  
body makes  
joy.

ffor syn that tyme full weH I wote,  
The stevyn of angeH voce it smote,  
And rang now in myn ere;  
A selcouth thyng is me betyde,  
The chylde makys Ioy, as any byrd,<sup>1</sup>  
That I in body bere.

39

42

(8)

She com-  
mends Mary  
for believing  
the word of  
the Lord.

And als, mary, blyssed be thou,  
That stedfastly woldt trow,  
The wordys of oure heven kyng;  
Therfor aH thyng now shaH be kend,  
That vnto the were sayd or send,  
By the angeH gretynge.

45

48

(9)

*Maria.* Magnificat anima mea dominum;  
My sauH lufys my lord abuf,  
And my gost gladys with luf,

<sup>1</sup> The rhyme requires *bryd*.

In god, that is my hele ; ffor he has bene sene agane, The buxumnes of his bane, And kept me madyn lele.	51	Mary praises God in the <i>Magnificat.</i>
(10)		
Lo, therof what me shaH betyde— aH nacyons on euery syde, Blyssyd shaH me caH ; ffor he that is full of myght, MekyH thyng to me has dyght, his name be blyssed ouer aH ;	57	All nations shall call her blessed.
(11)		
And his mercy is also ffrom kynde to kynde, tyH aH tho That ar hym dredand. Myght in his armes he wroght, And dystroed in his thoght, Prowde men and hygh berand.	63	God's mercy is on them that dread Him.
(12)		
Myghty men furth of sete he dyd, And he hyghtynd in that stede The meke men of hart ; The hungre With aH good he fyld, And left the rich outt shyld, Thaym to Vnquart.	66	He hath upraised the meek.
(13)		
IsraeH has vnder law, his awne son in his awe, By menys of his mercy ; As he told before by name, To oure fader, abraham, And seyde of his body.	69	[Fol. 32, b.]
(14)		
Elezabeth, myn awnt dere, My lefe I take at you here, ffor I dweH now full lang. <i>Elezabeth.</i> wyH thou now go, godys fere ? Com kys me, doghter, with good chere, or thou hens gang ;	72	He fulfils His promise to Abraham.
	75	
	78	
	81	Mary takes leave of Elizabeth.
	84	

(15)

Elizabeth  
bids Mary  
farewell &  
sends greet-  
ing to her  
kinsfolk.

ffareweH now, thou frely foode !

I pray the be of comforth goode,

ffor thou art full of grace ;

87

Grete weH aH oure kyn of bloode ;

That lord, that the with grace infude,

he saue aH in this place.

90

*Explicit Salutacio Elezabeth.*

(XII.)

**Incipit Pagina pastorum.**

[54 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cceb, and 1 seven-line (no. 15), aab cceb.  
The aaaa lines have central rymes markt by bars.]

*[Dramatis Personae.]**Primus Pastor.**Iak Garcio.**Ihesus.**Secundus Pastor.**Angelus.**Maria.]**Tercius Pastor.**Primus Pastor.*

(1)

The 1st  
shepherd  
envies the  
dead who are  
now exempt  
from  
vicissitudes.

**L**Ord, what thay ar weyH / that hens ar past !  
ffor thay noght feyH / theym to downe cast.  
here is mekyH vnceyH / and long has it last,  
Now in hart, now in heyH / now in weytt, now  
in blast,

Now in care,

5

Now in comforth agane,

Now is fayre, now is rane,

Now in hart full fane,

And after full sare.

9

(2)

[Fol. 33, a.]  
In this world  
sorrow  
comes after  
play.

Thus this Warld, as I say / farys on ylk syde,

ffor after oure play / com sorows vnryde ;

ffor he that most may / When he syttys in pryde,

When it comys on assay / is kesten downe wyde,

This is seyn ;	14	After riches comes
When ryches is he,		poverty, &
Then comys pouerte,		Jack Cope
hors-man Iak cope		must walk
		instead of
		riding.
Walkys then, I weyn.	18	

(3)

I thank it <sup>t</sup> god / hark ye what I mene,		He himself
ffor euen or for od / I haue meky <sup>h</sup> tene ;		has much
As heuy as a sod / I grete <i>with</i> myn eene,		trouble.
When I nap on my cod / for care that <sup>t</sup> has bene,		
And sorow.	23	
AH my shepe ar gone,		His sheep
I am not <sup>t</sup> left oone,		are slain
The rott has theym slone ;		with the rot
		& he must
Now beg I and borow.	27	beg.

(4)

My handys may I wryng / and mowrnyng make,		Rents are
Bot <sup>t</sup> if good wi <sup>th</sup> spryng / the countre forsake ;		due & his
ffermes thyk ar comyng / my purs is bot <sup>t</sup> wake,		purse is
I haue nerehand nothyng <sup>t</sup> / to pay nor to take ;		weak.
I may syng <sup>t</sup>	32	
With purs penneles,		
That <sup>t</sup> makys this heuynes,		
Wo is me this dystres !		
And has no helpyng.	36	

(5)

Thus sett <sup>t</sup> I my mynde / truly to neuen,		He has lost
By my wytt to fynde / to cast <sup>t</sup> the world in seuen ;		his sheep &
My shepe haue I tynde / by the moren fu <sup>ll</sup> euen ;		must go to
Now if hap wi <sup>th</sup> grynde / god from his heuen		the fair to
Send grace.	41	buy more.
To the fare wi <sup>th</sup> I me,		
To by shepe, perde,		
And yit <sup>t</sup> may I multyple,		
ffor a <sup>ll</sup> this hard case.	45	

(6)

*Secundus pastor.* Benste, benste<sup>1</sup> / be vs emang,  
And saue a<sup>ll</sup> that<sup>t</sup> I se / here in this thrang,

<sup>1</sup> Benedicite, benedicite !

The 2nd  
shepherd  
comes in  
with a  
benison.

he saue you and me / ouertwhart and endlang,  
That hang on a tre / I say you no wrang ;

Cryst saue vs

ffrom aH myschefys,  
ffrom robbers and thefys,  
ffrom those mens grefys,

That oft ar agans vs.

50

54

(7)

[Fol. 33, b.]  
God keep  
us from  
boasters and  
braggers &  
their  
weapons.  
They will  
bear no  
gainsaying.

Both bosters and braggers / god kepe vs fro,  
That *with* thare long daggers / dos mekyH wo ;  
ffrom aH byH hagers / *with* colknyfys that go ;  
Sich wryers and wragers / gose to and fro  
ffor to crak.

59

Who so says hym agane,  
were better be slane ;

Both ploghe and wane

Amendys wiH not make.

63

(8)

These  
fellows are  
as proud as  
lords, with a  
fine head of  
hair and  
grim  
bearing.

he wiH make it as prowde / a lord as he were,  
*With* a hede lyke a clowde / ffelterd his here ;  
he spekys on lowde / *with* a grym bere,  
I wold not haue trowde / so galy in gere

As he glydys.

68

I wote not the better,

It is hard to  
tell lad from  
master.

Nor wheder is gretter,  
The lad or the master,

So stowtly he strydis.

72

(9)

They will  
have what  
they want.

If he hask me oght / that he wold to his pay,  
ffuH dere bese it boght / if I say nay ;  
Bot god that aH wrought / to the now I say,  
help that thay were brought / to a better way  
ffor thare sawlys ;

77

May God  
mend them  
and end  
them.

And send theym good mendyng

*With* a short endyng,

And *with* the to be lendyng

When that thou callys.

81

(10)

He calls out  
" Good  
mornig.  
Gyb," to  
the 1st  
shepherd.

how, gyb, goode morne / wheder goys thou ?  
Thou goys ouer the corne / gyb, I say, how !

*primus pastor.* Who is that? John horne / I make god  
a vowe!

The 1st  
shepherd  
greet's the  
2nd as John  
Horne.

I say not in skorne / thom, how farys thou?

*Secundus pastor.* hay, ha!

86

Ar ye in this towne?

*primus pastor.* yey, by my crowne.

*ijus pastor.* I thocht by youre gowne

This was youre aray.

90

(11)

*primus pastor.* I am euer elyke / wote I neuer what  
it gars,

Gyb is faring  
as badly as  
any shep-  
herd in the  
kingdom.

Is none in this ryke / a shepard farys wars.

*ijus pastor.* poore men ar in the dyke / and oft tyme  
mars,

Horne says  
poor men  
are in the  
ditch.

The warld is slyke / also helpars

Is none here.

95

*primus pastor.* It is sayde full ryfe,

"a man may not wyfe

And also thryfe,

And all in a yere."

Gyb quotes  
the proverb,  
"A man  
may not  
marry &  
thrive all in  
a year."

99

(12)

*ijus pastor.* ffyrst must vs crepe / and sythen go.

*primus pastor.* I go to by shepe. /

We must  
creep ere  
we go.

*Secundus [pastor].*

nay, not so;

Gyb says he  
is going to  
buy sheep,  
& they  
quarrel as  
to where he  
shall feed  
them.

What, dreme ye or slepe? / where shuld thay go? [Fol. 34, a.]  
here shaH thou none kepe. /

*primus pastor.*

A, good sir, ho!

Who am I?

104

I wyH pasture my fe

where so euer lykys me,

here shaH thou theym se.

*ijus pastor.* Not so hardy!

108

(13)

Not oone shepe tayH / shaH thou bryng hedyr.

*primus pastor.* I shaH bryng, no fayH / A hundreth  
totedyr.

*ijus pastor.* What, art thou in ayH / longys thou oght  
whedir?

Gyb  
imagines he  
has his sheep  
already, &  
tells the  
bell-wether  
to go on.

*primus pastor.* Thay shaH go, saunce fayH / go now,  
beH weder!

The two  
shepherds  
call out con-  
tradictory  
orders to the  
imaginary  
sheep.

*ijus pastor.* I say, tyr ! 113  
*primus pastor.* I say, tyr, now agane !  
 I say skyp ouer the plane.  
*ijus pastor.* wold thou neuer so fane,  
 Tup, I say, whyr ! 117

(14)

*primus pastor.* What, wyll thou not yit / I say, let the  
 shepe go ?  
 Whop !

Gyb  
threatens  
to break  
Horne's  
head.

*Secundus pastor.* abyde yit. /  
*primus pastor.* With thou bot so ?  
 knafe, hens I byd flytt / as good that thou do,  
 Or I shaill the hytt / on thi pate, lo,  
 shaill thou reyH ; 122  
 I say, gyf the shepe space.  
*ijus pastor.* Syr, a letter of youre grace,  
 here comys slaw-pase  
 ffro the myln whele. 126

(15)

The 3rd  
shepherd,  
Slow-pace,  
arrives &  
asks what is  
wrong.  
Gyb says  
Horne won't  
let him drive  
his sheep  
this way.

*Tercius pastor.* What a do, what a do / is this you  
 betweyn ?  
 A good day, thou, and thou. /  
*primus pastor.* hark what I meyn  
 You to say : 129  
 I was bowne to by store,  
 drofe my shepe me before,  
 he says not oone hore  
 shaill pas by this way ; 133

(16)

Slow-pace  
asks where  
the sheep  
are, and  
chaffs him.

Bot and he were wood / this way shaill thay go.  
*ijus pastor.* yey, bot tell me, good / where ar youre  
 shepe, lo ?  
*ijus pastor.* Now, sir, by my hode / yit se I no mo,  
 Not syn I here stode. /  
*ijus pastor.* god gyf you wo  
 and sorow ! 138  
 ye fysh before the nett,  
 And stryfe on this bett,  
 sich folys neuer I mett  
 Evyn or at morow. 142

(17)

It is wonder to wyt / where wytt<sup>t</sup> shuld be fownde ;  
 here ar old knafys yit / standys on this grownde,  
 these wold by thare wytt / make a shyp be drownde ;  
 he were weH qwytt / had sold for a pownde  
 sich two.

Here are  
two old  
knaves not  
worth a  
pound  
between  
them,

147

thay fyght and thay flyte  
 ffor that at comys not tyte ;

fighting for  
nothing.

It is far to byd hyte

To an eg or it go.

151

(18)

Tytter want ye sowH / then sorow I pray ;  
 Ye brayde of mowH / that went by the way—  
 Many shepe can she poH / bot oone had she ay—  
 Bot she happynynd fuH fowH / hyr pycher, I say,  
 Was broken ;

[Fol. 34, b.]  
They are  
like Moll  
who, while  
counting up  
many sheep,  
broke her  
pitcher, and  
had but one  
sheep all the  
time.

156

“ho, god,” she sayde,  
 bot oone shepe yit she hade,  
 The mylk pycher was layde,

The skarthis was the tokyn.

160

(19)

Bot syn ye ar bare / of wysdom to knawe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Take hede how I fare / and lere at my lawe ;  
 ye nede not to care / if ye folow my sawe ;  
 hold ye my mare / this sek thou thrawe

<sup>1</sup> MS. knowe. He makes  
them hold  
his mare  
while he  
shakes his  
sack empty,

On my bak,

165

Whylst I, with my hand,

lawse the sek band ;

Com nar and by stand

Both gyg and Iak ;

169

(20)

Is not aH shakyn owte / and no meyh is therin ?

*primus pastor.* yey, that is no dowte. /

*Tercius pastor.* so is youre wyttys thyn.

and then  
compares it  
to their thin  
wits.

And ye look weH abowte / nawther more nor myn,

So gose youre wyttys owte / evyn as It com In :

Geder vp

174

And seke it agane.

*ijus pastor.* May we not be fane !

he has told vs fuH plane

Wysdom to sup.

178

(21)

Jack the boy  
comes in.  
Save the  
men of  
Gotham he  
thinks they  
bear the bell  
of all fools  
from heaven  
unto hell.

*Iak garcio.* Now god gyf you care / foles aH sam ;  
Sagh I neuer none so fare / bot<sup>t</sup> the foles of gotham.  
Wo is hir that<sup>t</sup> yow bare / youre syre and youre dam,  
had she broght<sup>t</sup> furth<sup>t</sup> an hare / a shepe, or a lam,  
had bene weH.

183

Of aH the foles I can teH,  
ffrom heuen vnto heH,  
ye thre bere the beH ;

God gyf you vnceyH.

187

(22)

Gyb asks  
after his  
sheep and  
then pro-  
poses to sit  
down &  
drink.

*primus pastor.* how pastures oure fee / say me, good pen.

*Garcio.* Thay ar gryssed to the kne. /

*ijus pastor.*

fare faH the !

*Garcio.*

Amen !

If ye wiH ye may se / youre bestes ye ken.

*primus pastor.* Sytt we downe aH thre / and drynk  
shaH we then.

Horne asks,  
"What is  
drink with-  
out meat?"

*ijus pastor.* yey, torde !

192

I am leuer ete ;

what<sup>t</sup> is drynk *withoute* mete ?

Gett<sup>t</sup> mete, gett<sup>t</sup>,

And sett vs a borde,

196

(23)

and wants  
dinner.

Then may we go dyne / oure bellys to fyH.

*ijus pastor.* Abyde vnto syne. /

*ijus pastor.*

be god, *sir*, I nyH !

I am worthy the wyne / me thynk it<sup>t</sup> good skyH ;

[Fol. 35, a.  
Sig. G. 1.]

My seruyse I tyne / I fare fuH yH,

At<sup>t</sup> youre mangere.

201

*primus pastor.* Trus ! go we to mete,

It<sup>t</sup> is best<sup>t</sup> that we trete,

I lyst<sup>t</sup> not<sup>t</sup> to plete

To stand in thi dangere ;

205

(24)

Thou has euer bene curst / syn we met togeder.<sup>1</sup>

*ijus pastor.* Now in fayth, if I durst / ye ar euen my  
broder.

<sup>1</sup> Note the rymes of *-eder*, *-oder*.

*ijus pastor.* Syrs, let vs cryb furst / for oone thyng or  
oder,

That thise wordis be purst / and let vs go foder

Oure mompyns ;

210 Horne produces a  
boar's  
brawn ;

lay furth of oure store,

lo, here ! browne of a bore.

*primus pastor.* Set mustard afore,

oure mete now begyns ;

214

(25)

here a foote of a cowe / weh sawsed, I wene,

The pesteh of a sowe / that powderd has bene,

Two blodyingis, I trow / A leueryng betwene ;

Do gladly, syrs, now / my breder hedene,

Gyb, a cow's  
foot, a sow's  
shank, blood  
puddings,  
&c.

With more.

219

Both befe, and moton

Of an ewe that was roton,

Good mete for a gloton ;

Ete of this store.

223

(26)

*ijus pastor.* I haue here in my mayh / sothen and rost,

Euen of an ox tayh / that wold not be lost ;

ha, ha, goderhayh ! / I let for no cost,

A good py or we fayh / this is good for the frost

Horne has  
in his bag  
an ox tail,  
a pie, two  
swine's jaws  
& part of a  
hare.

In a mornyng ;

228

And two swyne gronys,

Ah a hare bot the lonys,

we myster no sponys

here, at oure mangyng.

232

(27)

*ijus pastor.* here is to recorde / the leg of a goys,

with chekyns endorde / pork, partryk, to roys ;

A tart for a lorde / how thynk ye this doys ?

A calf lyuer skorde / with the veryose ;

Slow-pace  
contributes  
a goose's  
leg, pork,  
partridge,  
tart & calf's  
liver.

Good sawse,

237

This is a restorete

To make a good appete.

*primus pastor.* yee speke ah by clerge[te],

I here by your clause ;

241

(28)

They drink  
good whole-  
some ale as  
a cure for  
their ills.  
As each  
drinks the  
others chaff  
him.

Cowth̃ ye by youre gramery / reche vs a drynk,  
I shuld be more mery / ye wote What I thynk.

*ijus pastor.* haue good ayth̃ of hely / bewar now, I wynk,  
ffor and thou drynk drely / in thy poth̃ wyth̃ it synk.

*primus pastor.* A, so ; 246

This is boyte of oure bayth̃,<sup>1</sup>

good holsom ayth̃.

*ijus pastor.* ye holdt long the skayth̃,

Now lett̃ me go to. 250

(29)

Horne bids  
the others  
leave him  
some.

*Secundus pastor.* I shrew those lyppys / bot̃ thou leyff  
me som parte.

*primus pastor.* be god, he bot̃ syppys / begylde thou art ;

[Fol. 35, b.] Beholdt how he kyppys. /

*Secundus pastor.* I shrew you so smart,

And me on my hyppys / bot̃ if I gart̃

Abate. 255

He will  
drink till  
his breath  
fail.

Be thou wyne, be thou ayth̃,

bot̃ if my brethe fayth̃,

I shaH sett̃ the on sayth̃ ;

God send the good gayte. 259

(30)

*Tercius pastor.* Be my dam sauH, alyce / It̃ was sadly  
dronken.

*primus pastor.* Now, as euer haue I blys / to the  
bothom it is sonken.

*ijus pastor.* yit̃ a boteth̃ here is. /

*Tercius pastor.* that̃ is weH spoken !

By my thryft we must kys. /

*Secundus pastor.* that̃ had I forgotten.<sup>2</sup>

Bot̃ hark ! 264

They sing.

Who so can best̃ syng

ShaH haue the begynnyng.

*primus pastor.* Now prays at the partyng

I shaH sett̃ you on warke ; 268

<sup>1</sup> The MS makes 2 lines of this : 1 A so ; 2 This etc.

<sup>2</sup> Note the assonance *t* and *k*.

(31)

We haue done oure parte / and songyn right weyH,  
I drynk for my parte. /

They drink again, each still anxious for his fair share.

*ijus pastor.* Abyde, lett cop reyH.

*primus pastor.* Godys forbot, thou spart / and thou drynk euery deyH.

*ijus pastor.* Thou has dronken a quart / therfor choke the the deyH.

*primus pastor.* Thou rafys ; 273

And it were for a sogh

Ther is drynk enogh.

*ijus pastor.* I shrew the handys it drogh !

ve be both knafys. 277

(32)

*primus pastor.* Nay ! we knaues aH / thus thynk me best,  
so, sir, shuld ye caH. /

*ijus pastor.* furth let it rest ;  
we wil not braH. /

*primus pastor.* then wold I we fest,  
This mete Who shaH / into panyere kest.

*ijus pastor.* syrs, herys ; 282

Gill proposes to collect the broken meats for the poor.

ffor oure saules lett vs do

Poore men gyf it to.

*primus pastor.* Geder vp, lo, lo !

ye hungre begers ffrerys ! 286

(33)

*ijus pastor.* It draes nere nyght / trus, go we to rest ;  
I am euen redy dyght / I thynk it the best.

They prepare to sleep.

*ijus pastor.* ffor ferde we be fryght / a crosse lett vs kest,  
Cryst crosse, benedyght / eest and west,

ffor drede. 291

Ihesus.<sup>1</sup> onazorus,

Crucyefixus,

Morcus, andreus,

God be oure spede ! 295

(34)

[*They sleep.*]

*Angelus.* herkyn, hyrdes, awake ! / gyf louyng ye shaH,  
he is borne for [y]oure<sup>2</sup> sake / lorde perpetuaH ;

The angels bid them awake.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ihe.

<sup>2</sup> Originally *oure*, the "y" having been added by a later hand.

he is comen to take / and rawnson you aH,  
 youre sorowe to slake / kyng emperiaH,  
 he behestys ; 300

A child is  
 born at  
 Bethlehem.

That chylde is borne  
 At bethleem this morne,  
 ye shaH fynde hym beforne  
 Betwix two bestys. 304

(35)

[Fol. 36, a.  
 Sig. G. 2.]

Gyb  
 wonders  
 what the  
 song was.  
 He supposes  
 it was a  
 cloud  
 whistling in  
 his ear.

*Primus Pastor.* A, godys dere *dominus* ! / What was  
 that sang ?  
 It was wonder curiose / with smaH noytys emang ;  
 I pray to god saue vs / now in this thrang ;  
 I am ferd, by *ihesus* <sup>1</sup> / somewhat be wrang ;  
 Me thoght, 309

Oone scremyd on lowde ;  
 I suppose it was a clowde,  
 In myn eryl it sowde,  
 By hym that me boght ! 313

(36)

Horne is  
 sure it was  
 an angel,  
 speaking of  
 a child.

*Secundus pastor.* Nay, that may not be / I say you  
 certan,  
 ffor he spake to vs thre / as he had bene a man ;  
 When he lemyd on this lee / my hart shakyd than,  
 An angeH was he / telH you I can,  
 No dowte. 318

he spake of a barne,  
 We must seke hym, I you warne,  
 That betokyns yond starne,  
 That standys yonder owte. 322

(37)

Slow-pace  
 remembers  
 the angel  
 bade them  
 go to  
 Bethlehem  
 to worship.

*Tercius pastor.* It was merueH to se / so bright as it  
 shone,  
 I wold haue trowyd, veraly / it had bene thoner fione,  
 Bot I sagH with myn ee / as I lenyd to this stone ;  
 It was a mery gle / sich hard I neuer none,  
 I recorde. 327

As he sayde in a skreme,  
 Or els that I dreme,  
 we shuld go to bedleme,  
 To wyrship that lorde. 331

(38)

<i>primus pastor.</i> That same childe is he / that prophetys of told,	They recall the words of the prophets,
Shuld make them fre / that adam had sold.	
<i>ijus pastor.</i> Take tent vnto me / this is inrold,	
By the wordys of Isae / a prynce most bold	
shaH he be,	336
And kyng with crowne,	
Sett on dauid trone,	of a king who shall sit on David's throne,
Sich was neuer none,	
Seyn with oure ee.	340

(39)

<i>ijus pastor.</i> Also Isay says / oure faders vs told	born of a virgin of the root of Jesse.
That a vyrgyn shuld pas / of Iesse, that wold	
Bryng furth, by grace / a floure so bold ;	
That vyrgyn now has / these wordys vphold	
As ye se ;	345
Trust it now we may,	
he is borne this day,	
Exiet virga	
De radice iesse.	349

(40)

<i>primus pastor.</i> Of hym spake more / SybyH as I weyn,	Sybyl & Nebuchad- nezzar spake of Him.
And nabugodhonor / from oure faythe alyene,	He it was who was with the
In the fornace where thay wore / thre childre sene,	Three
The fourt stode before / godys son lyke to bene.	Children in the Fire.
<i>ijus pastor.</i> That fygure	354
Was gyffen by reualacyon	[Fol. 36, b.]
That god wold haue a son ;	
This is a good lesson,	
Vs to consydure.	358

(41)

<i>Tercius pastor.</i> Of hym spake Ieromy / and moyses also,	Of Him spake Jeremiah & Moses.
Where he sagh hym by / a bushe burnand, lo !	
when he cam to aspy / if it were so,	
Vnburnyd was it truly / at commyng therto,	
A wonder.	363
<i>primus pastor.</i> That was for to se	
hir holy vyrgynyte,	
That she vnfyld shuld be,	
Thus can I ponder,	367

(42)

And shuld haue a chyld / sich was neuer sene.

They marvel  
how a virgin  
may bear a  
son,

*ijus pastor.* pese, man, thou art begyld / thou shaH se  
hym with eene,

Of a madyn so myld / greatt merueH I mene ;  
yee, and she vnfyld / a virgyn clene,

So soyne.

372

*primus pastor.* Nothyng is inpossybyH  
sothly, that god wyH ;

It shalbe stabyH

That god wyH haue done.

376

(43)

and recall  
more pro-  
phecies.

*ijus pastor.* Abacuc and ely / prophesyde so,  
Elezabeth and zachare / and many other mo,  
And dauid as veraly / is witnes therto,  
IoHn Baptyste sewrly / and daniel also.

*ijus pastor.* So sayng,

381

he is godys son alon,

without hym shalbe none,

his sete and his trone

ShaH euer be lastyng ;

385

(44)

Gyb quotes  
Virgil's  
Eclogue,

*primus pastor.* VirgiH in his poetre / sayde in his verse,  
Even thus by gramere / as I shaH rehearse ;

" Iam noua progenies celo demittitur alto,  
Iam rediet virgo, redeunt saturnia regna."

and is  
chaffed by  
Horne on  
his Latin.  
He has  
learnt his  
'Cato.'

*ijus pastor.* weme ! tord ! what speke ye / here in myn  
eeres ?

TeH vs no clerge / I hold you of the freres,  
ye preche ;

390

It semys by youre laton

ye haue lerd youre caton.

*primus pastor.* herk, syrs, ye fon,

I shaH you teche ;

394

(45)

Gyb  
expounds  
Virgil's text.

he sayde from heuen / a new kynde is send,  
whom a vyrgyn to neuene, oure mys to amend,  
ShaH conceyue fuH euen / thus make I an end ;

And yit more to neuene / that samyne shaH bend <sup>1</sup>

[Fol. 37, a.  
Sig. G. 3.]

<sup>1</sup> The first five lines on this leaf having become indistinct, have apparently been touched up by a later hand.

vnto vs,	399	Peace and plenty, love and charity shall come among us,
With peasse and plente,		
with ryches and menee,		
Good luf and charyte		
Blendyd amanges vs	403	

(46)

<i>Tercius pastor.</i> And I hold it trew / ffor ther shuld be,		
When that kyng commys new / peasse by land and se.		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> Now brethere, adew ! / take tent vnto me ;		Horne has made out that the angel was sent from heaven.
I wold that we knew / of this song so fre		
Of the angeH ;	408	
I hard by hys steuen,		
he was send downe ffro heuen.		
<i>primus pastor.</i> It is trouth that ye neuen,		
I hard hym weH speH.	412	

(47)

<i>ijus pastor.</i> Now, by god that me boght / it was a mery song ;		He brought 24 short notes to a long.
I dar say that he broght / foure & twenty to a long.		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> I wold it were soght / that same vs emong.		
<i>primus pastor.</i> In fayth I trow noght / so many he throng		Gyb could not count them, but they were gentle and well toned.
On a heppe ;	417	
Thay were gentyH and smaH,		
And weH tonyd with aH.		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> yee, bot I can thaym aH,		
Now lyst I lepe.	421	

(48)

<i>primus pastor.</i> Brek outt youre voce / let se as ye yelp.		Slow-pace tries to sing over the song, but finds he has a cold. The others must help & take him up.
<i>ijus pastor.</i> I may not for the pose / bot I haue help.		
<i>secundus pastor.</i> A, thy hart is in thy hose ! /		
<i>primus pastor.</i> now, in payn of a skelp		
This sang thou not lose. /		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> thou art an yH qwelp		
ffor angre !	426	
<i>secundus pastor.</i> Go to now, begyn !		
<i>primus pastor.</i> he lyst not weH ryn.		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> God lett vs neuer blyn ;		
Take at my sangre.	430	

(49)

When the  
song is done,  
they think  
of starting  
off, though  
there is no  
moon.

*primus pastor*. Now an ende haue we doyn / of oure  
song this tyde.

*ijus pastor*. ffayr faH thi growne / weH has thou hyde.

*ijus pastor*. Then furth lett vs ron / I wyH not abyde.

*primus pastor*. No lyght makethe mone / that haue

I asspyde ;

Neuer the les

435

lett vs hold oure behest.

*ijus pastor*. That hold I best.

*ijus pastor*. Then must we go eest,

After my ges.

439

(50)

They pray  
that they  
may see this  
Babe, whom  
prophets &  
saints have  
desired to  
see.

[Fol. 37, b.]

*primus pastor*. wold god that we myght / this yong  
bab see !

*ijus pastor*. Many prophetys that syght / desyryd veralee  
to haue seen that bright. /

*ijus pastor*. and god so hee

wold shew vs that Wyght / we myght say, perde,

We had sene

444

That many sant desyryd,

with prophetys inspyryd,

If thay hym requyryd,

yit I-closyd ar thare eene.

448

(51)

A star  
appears to  
guide them.

*ijus pastor*. God graunt vs that grace. /

*Tercius pastor*.

god so do.

*primus pastor*. Abyde, syrs, a space / lo, yonder, lo !

It commys on a rase / yond sterne vs to.

*ijus pastor*. It is a grete blase / oure gate let vs go,

here he is !

[*They go to Bethlehem.*] 453

*ijus pastor*. Who shaH go in before ?

*primus pastor*. I ne rek, by my hore.

*ijus pastor*. ye ar of the old store,

It semys you, Iwys.

[*They enter the stable.*] 457

Gyb is sent  
in first.

(52)

*primus pastor*. hayH, kyng I the caH ! / hayH, most of  
myght !

hayH, the worthyst of aH ! / hayH, duke ! hayH, knyght !

Of greatt and smaH / thou art lorde by right ;

hayH, perpetuaH ! / hayH, faryst wyght !

here I offer !

462

He worships  
the Holy  
Child &  
offers a little  
spruce  
coffer.

I pray the to take—

If thou wold, for my sake,

with this may thou lake,—

This lytyH spruse cofer.

466

(53)

*Secundus pastor.* hayH, lytyH tyn mop / rewarder of  
mede !

Horne offers  
a ball for  
Him to play  
with.

hayH, bot oone drop / of grace at my nede ;

hayH, lytyH mylk sop ! / hayH, dauid sede !

Of oure crede thou art crop / hayH, in god hede !

This baH

471

That thou wold resauē,—

lytyH is that I haue,

This wyH I vowche saue,—

To play the with aH.

475

(54)

*ijus pastor.* hayH, maker of man / hayH, swetyng !

hayH, so as I can / hayH, praty mytyng !

I cowche to the than / for fayn nere gretyng ;

hayH, lord ! here I ordan / now at oure metyng,

This boteH—

480

Slow-pace  
presents a  
bottle, for  
“it is a good  
bourd to  
drink of a  
gourd.”

It is an old by-woorde,

It is a good bowrde,

for to drynk of a gowrde,—

It holdys a mett' poteH.

484

(55)

*Maria.* he that aH myghtys may / the makere of heuen,

That is for to say / my son that I neuē,

Rewarde you this day / as he sett aH on seuen ;

he graunt' you for ay / his blys fuH euen

Contynuyng ;

489

He gyf you good grace,

TeH furth of this case,

he spede youre pase,

And graunt you good endyng.

493

Mary prays  
that her son  
may reward  
them.

[Fol. 38, a.  
Sig. G. 4.]

(56)

The shep-  
herds take  
their leave,  
singing the  
laud of this  
Lamb.

*primus pastor.* ffare weH, fare lorde ! / with thy moder  
also.

*ijus pastor.* we shaH this recorde / where as we go.

*ijus pastor.* we mon aH be restorde / god graunt it be so!

*primus pastor.* Amen, to that worde / syng we therto

On hight ; 498

To Ioy aH sam,

With myrth and gam,

To the lawde of this lam

Syng we in syght. 502

*Explicit Vna p̄gina pastorum.*

(XIII.)

Incipit *Alia eorundem.*

[83 nine-line stanzas, aaaab, cccb, and 1 seven-line (No. 30), aab, cccb.  
The aaaa lines have central rymes markt by bars.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Primus Pastor.*

*Mak.*

*Angelus.*

*Secundus Pastor.*

*GyH, uxor ejus.*

*Jesus.*

*Tercius Pastor.*

*Maria.]*

*Primus Pastor.*

(1)

The first  
shepherd  
comes on,  
complaining  
of the cold  
& bitter  
weather.

**L**ord, what these weders ar cold ! / and I am yH  
happyd ;

I am nere hande dold / so long haue I nappyd ;

My legys thay fold / my fyngers ar chappyd,

It is not as I wold / for I am al lappyd

In sorow. 5

In stormes and tempest,

Now in the eest, now in the west,

wo is hym has neuer rest

Myd day nor morow ! 9

(2)

Bot we sely shepardes <sup>1</sup> / that walkys on the moore,

In fayth we are nere handys / outt of the doore ;

<sup>1</sup> assonant to handys, &c.

No wonder as it standys / if we be poore,  
ffor the tylthe of oure landys / lyys falow as the floore,  
As ye ken.

14

we ar so hamyd,  
ffor-taxed and ramyd,

We ar mayde hand tamyd,  
with thyse gentlery men).

18

(3)

Thus thay refe vs oure rest / oure lady theym wary !  
These men that ar lord fest / thay cause the ploghe tary.  
That men say is for the best / we fynde it contrary ;  
Thus ar husbandys opprest / in po[i]nte to mysmary,

[Fol. 38, b.]  
No wonder  
that shep-  
herds are  
poor, they  
are so  
oppressed  
by the  
gentle folk,

for whose  
exactions  
the plough  
cannot  
speed.

On lyfe.

23

Thus holdt thay vs hunder,  
Thus thay bryng vs in blonder ;  
It were greatte wonder,  
And euer shuld we thryfe.

27

(4)<sup>1</sup>

ffor may he gett a paynt slefe / or a broche now on dayes,  
wo is hym that hym grefe / or onys agane says !  
Dar noman hym reprefe / what mastery he mays,  
And yit may noman lefe / oone word that he says,  
No letter.

32

[1 Stanzas 4  
and 5 should  
be trans-  
posed, as sug-  
gested by  
Prof.  
Kolbing.]

Let an  
upstart get  
fine clothes  
& he will  
do what he  
likes, & be  
backed up  
by greater  
men.

he can make purveance,  
with boste and bragance,  
And all is through maintenance  
Of men that are gretter.

36

(5)<sup>1</sup>

Ther shall com a swane / as prowde as a po,  
he must borow my wane / my ploghe also,  
Then I am full fane / to graunt or he go.  
Thus lyf we in payne / Anger, and wo,  
By nyght and day ;

41

They will  
borrow  
waggon &  
plough, &  
the husband  
men had  
better hang  
than say  
them nay.

he must haue if he langyd,  
If I shuld forgang it,  
I were better be hangyd

Then oones say hym nay.

45

(6)

It dos me good, as I walk / thus by myn oone,  
Of this world for to talk / in maner of mone.

Refreshed  
by this  
grumble he  
goes to look  
after his  
sheep till  
his fellows  
arrive.

To my shepe wyȝ I stalk / and herkyn anone,  
Ther abyde on a balk / or sytt on a stone  
ffull soyne.

50

ffor I trowe, perde,  
trew men if thay be,  
we gett more compane  
Or it be noyne.

54

## (7)

The second  
shepherd  
complains  
of the  
weather.

*Secundus pastor.* Benste and *dominus* ! / what may this  
bemeyne ?

why, fares this warld thus / oft haue we not sene ?  
lord, thyse weders ar spytus / and the weders fuȝ kene.

[Fol. 39, a.]

And the frostys so hydus / thay water myn eeyne,  
No ly.

59

Now in dry, now in wete,  
Now in snaw, now in slete,  
When my shone freys to my fete,  
It is not aȝ esy.

63

## (8)

There is  
mickle woe  
for wedded  
men. Capel,  
their hen,  
cackles to &  
fro ; when  
she croaks,  
the cock  
is in the  
shackles.

Bot as far as I ken / or yit as I go,  
we sely wedmen / dre mekyȝ wo ;  
We haue sorow then and then / it fallys oft so ;  
Sely capyle, oure hen / both to and fro  
She kakyls ;

68

Bot begyn she to crok,  
To groyne or [to clo]k,  
Wo is hym is of oure cok,  
ffor he is in the shekyls.

72

## (9)

A wedded  
man has not  
all his will,  
& must keep  
his sighs to  
himself.

These men that ar wed / haue not aȝ thare wyȝ,  
when they ar fuȝ hard sted / thay syȝh fuȝ styȝ ;  
God wayte thay ar led / fuȝ hard and fuȝ yȝ ;  
In bower nor in bed / thay say noȝht ther tyȝ,

77

This tyde.

The shep-  
herd has  
learnt his  
lesson : he  
that is  
bound must  
abide so.

My parte haue I fun,  
I know my lesson.  
wo is hym that is bun,  
ffor he must abyde.

81

## (10)

Bot now late in oure lyfys / a merueH to me,  
 That I thynk my hart ryfys / sich wonders to see.  
 what that destany dryfys / it shuld so be ;  
 Som men wyH have two wyfys / and som men thre,  
     In store ;

Yet some  
 men will  
 have two  
 wives &  
 some three :  
 some are  
 woe that  
 they have  
 any.

86

Som ar wo that has any,  
 Bot so far can I,  
 wo is hym that has many,  
     ffor he felys sore.

90

## (11)

Bot yong men of wowyng / for god that you boght,  
 Be weH war of wedyng / and thynk in youre thoght,  
 " had I wyst " is a thyng / it seruys of noght ;  
 MekyH styH mowrnyng / has wedyng home broght,  
     And grefys ;

Young men  
 must beware  
 of wedding ;  
 for " had I  
 wist " serves  
 nought.

95

with many a sharp showre,  
 ffor thou may each in an owre  
 That shaH [savour] <sup>1</sup> fulle sowre  
     As long as thou lyffys.

99

## (12)

ffor, as euer red I pystyH / I haue oone to my fere,  
 As sharp as a thystyH / as rugH as a brere ;  
 She is browyd lyke a brystyH / with a sowre loten chere ;  
 had She oones Wett Hyr Whystyll / She couth Syng full  
     clere

The shep-  
 herd has a  
 wife as sharp  
 as thistle.

[Fol. 39, b.]

Hyr pater noster.  
 She is as greatt as a whaH,  
 She has a galon of gaH :  
 By hym that dyed for vs aH,  
     I wald I had ryn to I had lost hir.

104

She is great  
 as a whale  
 with a gallon  
 of gall.

He wishes  
 he had run  
 till he lost  
 her.

108

## (13)

*primus pastor.* God looke ouer the raw / ffuH defly ye  
     stand.  
*ijus pastor.* yee, the dewiH in thi maw / so tariand.  
 sagH thou awro of daw ? /

*primus pastor.*                      yee, on a ley land  
 hard I hym blaw / he commys here at hand,  
     Not far ;

The first  
 shepherd  
 greets him,  
 & says he  
 has heard  
 the third,  
 Daw, blow-  
 ing his pipe :  
 he is near  
 at hand.

113

<sup>1</sup> The word in brackets is illegible in the MS.

Stand styH.

Daw will  
make them  
some lie,  
unless they  
beware.

*ijus pastor.* qwhy?

*primus pastor.* ffor he commys, hope I.

*ijus pastor.* he wyH make vs both a ly

Bot<sup>t</sup> if we be war.

117

(14)

Daw invokes  
Christ's  
cross & S.  
Nicholas, &  
complains of  
the world's  
brittleness.

*Tercius pastor.* Crystys crosse me spede / and sant  
nycholas!

Ther of had I nede / it<sup>t</sup> is wars then it<sup>t</sup> was.

Whoso couthe take hede / and lett<sup>t</sup> the world pas,

It is euer in drede / and brekyH as glas,

And slythys.

122

This world<sup>t</sup> fowre neuer so,

With meruels mo and mo,

Now in weyH, now in wo,

And aH thyng wrythys.

126

(15)

The floods  
now are  
worse than  
ever before.

Was neuer syn noe floode / sich floodys seyn;

Wyndys and ranys so rude / and stormes so keyn;

Som stamerd, som stod<sup>t</sup> / in dowte, as I weyn;

Now god turne aH to good / I say as I mene,

ffor ponder.

131

These floodys so thay drowne,

Both in feyldys and in towne,

And berys aH downe,

And that<sup>t</sup> is a wonder.

135

(16)

They that  
walk at  
night see  
strange  
sights. He  
spies shrews  
peeping.

We that<sup>t</sup> walk on the nyghtys / oure cateH to kepe,

We se sodan<sup>ly</sup> syghtys / when othere men slepe.<sup>1</sup>

yit<sup>t</sup> me thynk my hart lyghtys / I se shrewys pepe;

ye ar two aH wyghtys / I wyH gyf my shepe

A turne.

140

Bot<sup>t</sup> fuH yH haue I ment,

As I walk on this bent,

I may lyghtly repent,

My toes if I spurne.

144

(17)

He greets  
the shep-  
herds &  
wants meat  
& drink.

A, sir, god<sup>t</sup> you saue / and master myne!

A drynk fayn wold I haue / and somewhat to dyne.

<sup>1</sup> Originally "slepys"; altered in red ink.

*primus pastor.* Crystys curs, my knaue / thou art a  
ledyr hyne!

*ijus pastor.* What! the boy lyst' rave; / abyde vnto syne;  
We haue mayde it. 149

yH thryft' on thy pate!

Though the shrew cam late,

yit is he in state

To dyne, if he had it. 153

(18)

*Tercius pastor.* Sich *seruandys* as I / that' swettys and  
swynkys,

Etys oure brede fuH dry / and that me forthynkys;

We ar oft' weytt' and wery / when master-men wynkys,

yit' commys fuH lately / both dyners and drynkys,

Bot' nately. 158

Both oure dame and oure syre,

when we haue ryn in the myre,

Thay can nyp at' oure hyre,

And pay vs fuH lately. 162

(19)

Bot' here my trouth, master / for the fayr that' ye make,

I shaH do therafter / wyrk as I take;

I shaH do a lytyH, *sir* / and emang euer lake,

ffor yit' lay my soper / neuer on my stomake

In feyldys. 167

Wherto shuld' I threpe?

with my staf can I lepe,

And men say "lyght' chepe

letherly for-yeldys." 171

(20)

*primus pastor.* Thou were an yH lad / to ryde on  
wowyng

With a man that' had / bot' lytyH of spendyng.

*ijus pastor.* Peasse, boy, I bad / no more Iangling,

Or I shaH make the fuH rad / by the heuen's kyng!

with thy gawdys;

wher ar oure shepe, boy, we skorne?

*ijus pastor.* Sir, this same day at' morne

I thaym left' in the corne,

when thay rang lawdys; 180

They up-  
braid him  
as a sluggish  
hind, who  
comes late  
& talks  
about  
dinner.

[Fol. 40, a.]

Daw says  
servants  
sweat &  
swink, but  
they eat  
their bread  
dry, & their  
master &  
dame nip at  
their hire.

He tells  
them he will  
work as he  
is paid, for  
a cheap  
bargain  
yields but  
poorly.

The first  
shepherd  
says Daw  
would be an  
ill lad to go  
a-woeing  
with a poor  
master.

The shep-  
herds ask  
after their  
sheep.

(21)

The three  
shepherds  
sing a song,  
taking tenor,  
treble, &  
mean.

Thay haue pasture good / thay can not go wrong.

*primus pastor.* That is right, by the roode! / thyse  
nyghtys ar long,

yit I wold, or we yode / oone gaf vs a song.

*ijus pastor.* So I thoght as I stode / to myrth vs emong.

*ijus pastor.* I grauntt. 185

*primus pastor.* lett me syng the tenory.

*ijus pastor.* And I the tryble so hye.

*ijus pastor.* Then the meyne fallys to me;

lett se how ye chauntt. 189

*Tunc intrat mak, in clamide se super togam vestitus.*

(22)

Mak comes  
on, wishing  
he were in  
heaven,  
where no  
bairns weep.

*Mak.* Now lord, for thy naymes sewyn<sup>1</sup> / that made  
both moyne & starnes

WeH mo then I can neuene / thi wiH, lorde, of me  
tharnys;

[Fol. 40, b.]

I am aH vneuen / that moves oft my harnes,

Now Wold god I were in heuen / for there<sup>2</sup> wepe no barnes

So styH. 194

*primus pastor.* Who is that pypys so poore?

*Mak.* wold god ye wylt how I foore!

lo, a man that walkys on the moore,

And has not aH his wyH! 198

(23)

The 2nd  
shepherd  
asks the  
news. Daw  
bids each  
man look to  
his goods.

*secundus pastor.* Mak, where has thou gon<sup>3</sup>? / teH  
vs tythyng.

*Tercius pastor.* Is he comen? then ylkon / take hede  
to his thyng.

*& accipit clamidem ab ipso.*

Mak says he  
is the king's  
yeoman, &  
must have  
reverence.

*Mak.* what! ich be a yoman / I teH you, of the king;  
The self and the same / sond from a greatt lordyng,

And sich. 203

ffy on you! goyth hence

Out of my presence!

I must haue reuerence;

why, who be ich? 207

<sup>1</sup> MS. vij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. the.

<sup>3</sup> MS. gom.

(24)

*primus pastor.* Why make ye it so qwaynt? / mak, ye  
do wrang.

*ijus pastor.* Bot, mak, lyst ye saynt? / I trow that ye  
lang.

*ijus pastor.* I trow the shrew can paynt, / the dewyH  
myght hym hang!

*Mak.* Ich shaH make complaynt / and make you aH to  
thwang

At a worde,

212

And teH euyn how ye doth.

*primus pastor.* Bot, Mak, is that sothe?

Now take outt that sothren tothe,

And sett in a torde!

216

In spite of  
the shep-  
herds' com-  
ments Mak  
continues to  
boast.

The 1st  
shepherd  
bids him  
take out his  
southern  
tooth.

(25)

*ijus pastor.* Mak, the dewiH in youre ee / a stroke wold  
I leyne you.

*ijus pastor.* Mak, know ye not me? / by god I couthe  
teyn<sup>1</sup> you.

*Mak.* God looke you aH thre! / me thoght I had sene  
you,

ye ar a fare compane. /

*primus pastor.* can ye now mene you?

*secundus pastor.* Shrew, Iape!

221

Thus late as thou goys,

what wyH men suppos?

And thou has an yH noys

of stelyng of shepe.

225

Under  
threats Mak  
recognizes  
the shep-  
herds as a  
fair com-  
pany.

The 2nd  
shepherd  
hints that  
Mak is out  
so late with  
a view to  
sheep-  
stealing.

(26)

*Mak.* And I am trew as steyH / aH men waytt,

Bot a sekenes I feyH / that haldys me fuH haytt,

My belly farys not weyH / it is out of astate.

*ijus pastor.* Seldom lyys the dewyH / dede by the gate.

*Mak.* Therfor

230

fuH sore am I and yH,

If I stande stone styH;

I ete not an nedyH

Thys moneth and more.

234

Mak says all  
men know  
he is true as  
steel, but  
his belly is  
ill at ease  
& he has no  
appetite.

<sup>1</sup> MS. *teyle*; but the letters "le" have been written over the original by a later hand.

(27)

Asked after  
his wife,  
Mak says  
she does  
nought but  
[Fol. 41, a.]  
eat & drink  
& bear  
children.

*primus pastor.* how farys thi wyff? by my hoode /  
how farys sho?

*Mak.* lyys walteryng, by the roode / by the fyere, lo!

And a howse full of brude / she drynkys weht to;  
yh spede othere good / that she wyht do!

Bot so

239

Etys as fast as she can,

And ilk yere thatt commys to man

She bryngys furth a lakan,

And som yeres two.

243

(28)

However  
rich he were  
she would  
eat him out  
of house &  
home.

Bott were I nott more gracyus / and ryche befar,

I were eten outt of howse / and of harbar;

Yitt is she a fowht dowse / if ye com nar:

Ther is none thatt trowse / nor knowys a war,

Then ken I.

248

He would  
give all he  
has would  
she but need  
a mass-  
penny.

Now wyht ye se whatt I profer,

To gyf aht in my cofer

To morne at next to offer

hyr hed mas penny.

252

(29)

The shep-  
herds are  
tired and lie  
down to  
sleep.

*Secundus pastor.* I wote so forwakyd / is none in this  
shyre:

I wold slepe if I takyd / les to my hyere.

*ijus pastor.* I am coldt and nakyd / and wold haue a  
fyere.

*primus pastor.* I am wery, for-rakyd / and run in the  
myre.

wake thou!

257

*ijus pastor.* Nay, I wyht lyg downe by,  
ffor I must slepe truly.

*ijus pastor.* As good a man's son was I

As any of you.

261

(30)

They make  
Mak lie  
between  
them.

Bot, mak, com heder! betwene / shaftt thou lyg downe.

*Mak.* Then myght I lett you bedene / of thatt ye woldt  
rowne,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Possibly 2 lines in -owne are missing in this couplet. But see the like, stanza 15 in the first *Shepherds' Play*, p. 104.

- No drede. 264 Mak says  
a mock  
night-spell.
- fro my top to my too,  
Manus tuas commendo,  
poncio pilato,  
Cryst crosse me spede ! 268
- Tunc surgit, pastoribus dormientibus, & dicit ;*  
(31)
- Now were tyme for a man / that lakkys what he wold,  
To stalk preuely than / vnto a fold,  
And neemly to wyrk than / and be not to bold,  
ffor he might aby the bargan / if it were told  
At the endyng. 273
- Now were tyme for to reyH ;  
Bot he nedys good counseH  
That fayn wold fare weyH,  
And has bot lytyH spendyng. 277
- (32)
- Bot abowte you a serkyH / as rownde as a moyn,  
To I haue done that I wyH / tyH that it be noyn,  
That ye lyg stone styH / to that I haue doyne,  
And I shall say thertyH / of good wordys a foyne.  
On hight 282
- Ouer youre heydys my hand I lyft,  
Outt go youre een, fordo your syght,  
Bot yit I must make better shyft,  
And it be right. 286
- (33)
- lord ! what thay slepe hard ! / that may ye aH here ;  
was I neuer a shepard / bot now wyH I lere.  
If the flok be skard / yit shaH I nyp nere,  
how ! drawes hederward ! / now mendys oure chere  
ffrom sorow : [MS. ffron.] 291
- A fatt shepe I dar say,  
A good flese dar I lay,  
Eft whyte when I may,  
Bot this wiH I borow. [Mak goes home.] 295
- (34)
- how, gyH, art thou In ? / gett vs som lyght.  
*Vxor eius.* Who makys sich dyn / this tyme of the  
nyght? He knocks,  
& his wife  
Gyll asks  
"Who is it?"

Gyll says she  
is spinning  
& can't be  
interrupted  
for nothing.

I am sett<sup>t</sup> for to spyn / I hope not I myght  
Ryse a penny to wyn, / I shrew them on hight!

So farys

300

A huswyff that has bene  
To be rasyd thus betwene :  
here may no note be sene

ffor sich smaH charys.

304

(35)

When she  
recognizes  
Mak's voice  
she let's him  
in; "his  
sheep-  
stealing will  
end in his  
being  
hanged."

*Mak.* Good wyff, open the hek! / says thou not what  
I bryng?

*Vxor.* I may thole the dray the snek. / A, com in,  
my swetyng!

*Mak.* yee, thou thar not<sup>t</sup> rek / of my long standyng.

*Vxor.* By the nakyd nek / art<sup>t</sup> thou lyke for to hyng.

*Mak.* Do way :

309

I am worthy my mete,  
ffor in a strate can I gett  
More then thay that<sup>t</sup> swynke and swette  
AH the long day,

313

(36)

Mak has  
done it  
before, but  
"so long  
goes the pot  
to the water  
that it is  
broken at  
last!"

Thus it<sup>t</sup> feH to my lott / gyH, I had sich grace.

*Vxor.* It<sup>t</sup> were a fowH blott / to be hanged for the case.

*Mak.* I haue skapyd, Ielott / oft<sup>t</sup> as hard a glase.

*Vxor.* Bot<sup>t</sup> so long goys the pott / to the water, men says,

At last

318

Comys it<sup>t</sup> home broken.

*Mak.* weH knowe I the token,

Bot let<sup>t</sup> it<sup>t</sup> neuer be spoken ;

Bot<sup>t</sup> com and help fast.

322

(37)

Mak wants  
a dinner off  
the sheep at  
once, but  
they are  
afraid the  
shepherds

[Fol. 42, a.]

may follow  
him.

I wold<sup>t</sup> he were slayn / I lyst weH ete :

This twelmothe was I not<sup>t</sup> so fayn / of oone shepe mete.

*Vxor.* Com thay or he be slayn / and here the shepe blete!

*Mak.* Then myght I be tane, / that<sup>t</sup> were a cold<sup>t</sup> swette!

Go spar

327

The gaytt doore.

*Vxor.* Yis, Mak,

ffor and thay com at thy bak,

*Mak.* Then myght I by, for aH the pak,

The dewiH of the war.

331

## (38)

*uxor.* A good bowrde haue I spied / syn thou can none.  
 here shaſt we hym hyde / to thay be gone ;  
 In my credyſt abyde / lett me alone,  
 And I shaſt lyg besyde / in chylbed, and grone.

Gyll will put  
the sheep in  
a cradle &  
pretend it is  
a new-born  
child.

*Mak.* Thou red ;

336

And I shaſt say thou was lyght  
 Of a knaue childe this nyght.

*Vxor.* Now weſt is me day bright,

That euer was I bred.

340

## (39)

This is a good gyse / and a far cast ;  
 Yit a woman avyse / helpys at the last.  
 I wote neuer who spyse, / agane go thou fast.

Mak must go  
back to the  
shepherds,  
or there will  
be an ill  
wind.

*Mak.* Bot I com or thay ryse / els blowes a cold blast !

I wyſt go slepe. [*Mak returns to the shepherds,*  
 yit slepys aſt this meneye, *and resumes his place.*]

And I shaſt go stalk preuely,

As it had neuer bene I

That caryed thare shepe.

349

He finds  
them still  
sleeping.

## (40)

*primus pastor.* Resurrex a mortuis ! / haue hald my hand.

Iudas carnas dominus ! / I may not weſt stand :

My foytt slepys, by ihesus <sup>1</sup> / and I water fastand.

I thoght that we layd vs / fuſt nere yngland.

The 1st  
shepherd  
wakes. He  
had dreameſt  
he was near  
England.

*Secundus pastor.* A ye !

354

lord ! what I haue slept weyſt ;

As fresh as an eyſt,

As lyght I me feyſt

As leyfe on a tre.

358

The 2nd  
shepherd  
has slept  
well.

## (41)

*Tercius pastor.* Benste be here in ! / so my [hart?] qwakys,

My hart is outt of skyn / what so it makys.

Who makys aſt this dyn ? / so my browes blakys,

To the dowore wyſt I wyn / harke felows, wakys !

Daw wakes  
uneasily, &  
asks where  
Mak is.

We were fowre :

363

se ye awre of mak now ?

*primus pastor.* we were vp or thou.

*ijus pastor.* Man, I gyf god a vowe,

yit yede he nawre.

367

The 2nd  
shepherd  
says he has  
gone  
nowhere.

<sup>1</sup> MS. ihe.

(42)

Daw had  
dreamed  
Mak had  
trapped one  
of the sheep,  
but he is

*ijus pastor.* Me thoght he was lapt / in a wolfe skyn.  
*primus pastor.* So are many hapt / now namely within.  
*ijus pastor.* When we had long napt / me thoght with  
a gyn

[Fol. 42, b.]

A fatt shepe he trapt / bot he mayde no dyn.

reassured by  
the others.

*Tercius pastor.* Be styH :

372

Thi dreme makys the woode :

It is bot fantom, by the roode.

*primus pastor.* Now god turne aH to good,

If it be his wyH.

376

(43)

They wake  
Mak, who  
pretends to  
have a stiff  
neck, and to  
have been  
frightened  
by a dream.

*ijus pastor.* Ryse, mak, for shame ! / thou lygys right  
lang.

*Mak.* Now crystys holy name / be vs emang !  
what is this ? for sant Iame / I may not weH gang !  
I trow I be the same / A ! my nek has lygen wrang

Enoghe ;

381

MekiH thank, syn yister euen,

Now, by sant strevyn,

I was flayd with a swevyn,

My hart out of sloghe.

385

(44)

He dreamt  
his wife had  
another boy !  
Wo is him  
that has  
many bairns  
and little  
bread.

I thoght gyH began to crok / and traueH fuH sad,  
welner at the fyrst cok / of a yong lad,  
ffor to mend oure flok / then be I neuer glad.  
I haue tow on my rok / more then euer I had.

A, my heede !

390

A house fuH of yong tharmes,

The dewiH knok outt thare harnes !

wo is hym has many barnes,

And therto lytyH brede !

394

(45)

He must go  
home to  
Gyll, but  
first bids  
them see he  
has stolen  
nought.

I must go home, by youre lefe / to gyH as I thoght.

I pray you looke my slefe / that I steyH nocht :

I am loth you to grefe / or from you take oght.

*ijus pastor.* Go furth, yH myght thou chefe ! / now  
wold I we soght,

This morne,  
That we had aȝ oure store.  
*primus pastor.* Bot I wiȝ go before,  
let vs mete.

399 The shep-  
herds  
separate to  
count their  
sheep.

*ijus pastor.* whore?

*ijus pastor.* At the crokyd thorne.

403

(46)

*Mak.* Vndo this doore! who is here? / how long shaft  
I stand?

*Vxor eius.* Who makys sich a bere? / now walk in the  
Wenyand.

*Mak* comes  
home & is  
welcomed  
by Gyll with  
some  
grumbling.

*Mak.* A, gyȝ, what chere? / it is I, mak, youre husbände,

*Vxor.* Then may we be here / the dewiȝ in a bande,

Syr gyle;

408

lo, he commys *with* a lote

As he were holden in the throte.

I may not syt at my note,

A hand lang while.

412

(47)

*Mak.* wyȝ ye here what fare she makys / to gett hir a  
glose,

And dos noght bot lakys / and clowse hir toose.

*Vxor.* why, who wanders, who wakys / who commys,  
who gose?

who brewys, who bakys? / what makys me thus hose?

And than,

417

It is the  
woman does  
all the work,  
& woful is  
the house-  
hold that  
lacks one.

It is rewthe to beholde,

Now in hote, now in colde,

ffuȝ wofuȝ is the householde

That wantys a woman.

421

(48)

Bot what ende has thou mayde / *with* the hyrdys,  
mak?

[Fol. 43, a.]

*Mak.* The last worde that thay sayde / when I turnyd  
my bak,

Thay wold looke that thay hade / thare shepe aȝ the pak.

I hope thay wyȝ nott be weȝ payde / when thay thare  
shepe lak,

*Mak* tells  
Gyll the  
shepherds  
are counting  
their sheep.

Perde.

426

The shep-  
herds are  
sure to sus-  
pect him.

Bot how so the gam gose,  
To me thay wyH suppose,  
And make a fowH noyse,  
And cry outt apon me.

430

(49)

The sheep is  
swaddled in  
a cradle, &  
Gyll lies  
down.

Bot thou must do as thou hyght /  
*Vxor.* I accorde me thertyH.

I shall swedyH hym right / In my credyH;  
If it were a gretter slyght / yit couthe I help tyH.  
I wyH lyg downe stright; / com hap me;

*Mak.* I wyH.

*Vxor.* Behynde. 435

Com coH and his maroo,  
Thay wiH nyp vs fuH naroo.

*Mak.* Bot I may cry out 'haroo,'

The shepe if thay fynde. 439

(50)

*Mak* must  
sing a  
lullaby,  
while she  
groans.

*Vxor.* harken ay when thay caH / thay wiH com onone.  
Com and make redy aH / and syng by thyn oone;  
Syng lullay thou shaH / for I must grone,  
And cry outt by the waH / on mary and Iohn,  
ffor sore. 444

Syng lullay on fast  
when thou heris at the last;  
And bot I play a fals cast,  
Trust me no more. 448

(51)

The shep-  
herds meet  
again.  
The 1st  
shepherd  
has lost a  
fat wether, &  
has searched  
"all horbery  
shrogys" in  
vain.

*Tercius pastor.* A, coH, goode morne / why slepys thou  
nott?

*primus pastor.* Alas, that euer was I borne! / we haue  
a fowH blott.

A fat wedir haue we lorne. /

*Tercius pastor.* mary, godys forbott!

*ijs pastor.* who shuld do vs that skorne?

that were a fowH spott.

*primus pastor.* Som shrewe. 453

I haue soght with my dogys

AH horbery shrogys,

And of fefteyn<sup>1</sup> hogys

ffond I bot oone ewe. 457

(52)

*ijus pastor.* Now trow me, if ye wiȝ / by sant thomas  
of kent, Daw sus-  
pects either  
Mak or Gyll.

Ayther mak or gyȝ / was at that assent.

*primus pastor.* peasse, man, be stiȝ ! / I sagȝ when he  
went ;

Thou sklanders hym yȝ / thou aght to repent,

Goode spede. 462

*ijus pastor.* Now as euer myght I the,

If I shuld euyn here de,

I wold say it were he,

That dyd that same dede. 466

(53)

*ijus pastor.* Go we theder, I rede / and ryn on oure  
feete. The shep-  
herds start  
off for Mak's  
house.

Shaȝ I neuer ete brede / the sothe to I wytt.

*primus pastor.* Nor drynk in my heede / wiȝ hym tyȝ  
I mete.

*Secundus pastor.* I wyȝ rest in no stede / tyȝ that I [Fol. 43, b.]  
hym grete,

My brothere. 471

Oone I wiȝ hight :

Tyȝ I se hym in sight

shaȝ I neuer slepe one nyght

Ther I do anothere. 475

(54)

*Tercius pastor.* wiȝ ye here how thay hak ? / oure syre, They hear  
noises  
within, and  
Mak bids  
them speak  
softly.  
lyst, croyne.

*primus pastor.* hard I neuer none crak / so clere out of  
toyne ;

Caȝ on hym.

*ijus pastor.* mak ! / vndo youre doore soyne.

*Mak.* Who is that spak, / as it were noyne,

On loft ? 480

Who is that I say ?

*ijus pastor.* Goode felowse, were it day.

*Mak.* As far as ye may,

Good, spekys soft, 484

(55)

Every foot-  
step goes  
through  
Gyll's nose.

Ouer a seke woman's heede / that is at mayH easse ;  
I had leuer be dede / or she had any dyseasse.

*Vxor.* Go to an othere stede / I may not weH qweasse.  
Ich fote that ye trede / goys thorow my nese.

So hee !

489

*primus pastor.* Tell vs, mak, if ye may,  
how fare ye, I say ?

*Mak.* Bot ar ye in this towne to day ?

Now how fare ye ?

493

(56)

Mak bids the  
shepherds  
sit down.  
His dream  
has come  
true.

ye haue ryn in the myre / and ar weytt yit :  
I shaH make you a fyre / if ye wiH syt.

A nores wold I hyre / thynk ye on yit,  
weH qwytt is my hyre / my dreame this is itt,

A seson.

498

I haue barnes, if ye knew,  
weH mo then enewe,  
Bot we must drynk as we brew,

And that is bot reson.

502

(57)

The shep-  
herds de-  
cline his  
hospitality,  
& hint that  
he has stolen  
their sheep.

I wold ye dynyd or ye yode / me thynk that ye swette.

*Secundus pastor.* Nay, nawther mendys oure mode /  
drynke nor mette.

*Mak.* why, *sir*, alys you oght bot goode ? /

*Tercius pastor.* yee, oure shepe *that* we gett,  
Ar stollyn as thay yode / oure los is grette.

*Mak.* Syrs, drynkys !

507

had I bene thore,

Som shuld haue boght it fuH sore.

*primus pastor.* Mary, som men trowes that ye wore,

And that vs forthynkys.

511

(58)

Mak bids  
them search  
the house.

*ijus pastor.* Mak, som men trowys / that it shuld be ye.

*ijus pastor.* Ayther ye or youre spouse / so say we.

*Mak.* Now if ye haue suspowse / to giH or to me,  
Com and rype oure howse / and then may ye se

who had hir,	516	As for Gyll, she has not left her bed.
If I any shepe fott,		
Aythor cow or stott;		
And gyH, my wyfe, rose nott		
here syn she lade hir.	520	

(59)

As I am true and lele / to god here I pray,		[Fol. 44, a. Sig. H. 2.]
That this be the fyrst mele / that I shaH ete this day.		
<i>primus pastor.</i> Mak, as haue I ceyH, / Avyse the, I say ;		
he lernyd tymely to steyh / that couth not say nay.		
<i>Vxor.</i> I swelt !	525	Gyll cries out on them for thieves.
Outt, thefys, fro my wonys !		
ye com to rob vs for the nonys.		
<i>Mak.</i> here ye not how she gronys ?		
youre hartys shuld melt.	529	

(60)

<i>Vxor.</i> Outt, thefys, fro my barne ! / negh hym not thor'.		
<i>Mak.</i> wyst ye how she had farne / youre hartys wold be sore.		Mak re- proaches the shepherds for disturb- ing her.
ye do wrang, I you warne / that thus commys before		
To a woman that has farne / bot I say no more.		
<i>Vxor.</i> A, my medyH !	534	Gyll will eat the child in the cradle if ever she cheated them.
I pray to god so mylde,		
If euer I you begyld,		
That I ete this chylde		
That lygys in this credyH.	538	

(61)

<i>Mak.</i> peasse, woman, for godys payn / and cry not so :		The shep- herds can find nothing in the house but two empty platters.
Thou spyllys thy brane / and makys me fuH wo.		
<i>Secundus pastor.</i> I trow oure shepe be slayn / what finde ye two ?		
<i>ijus pastor.</i> AH wyrk we in vayn / as weH may we go.		
Bot hatters,	543	
I can fynde no flesh,		
hard nor nesh,		
Salt nor fresh,		
Bot two tome platers.	547	

(62)

Whik cateH bot' this / tame nor wylde,  
None, as haue I blys / as lowde as he smylde.

*Vxor.* No, so god me blys / and gyf me Ioy of my chylde!

The 1st  
shepherd  
thinks they  
have made  
a mistake.  
They talk of  
Gyll's child.

*primus pastor.* We haue merkyd amys / I hold vs begyld.

*ijus pastor.* Syr don, 552

Syr, oure lady hym saue!

Is youre chyld a knaue?

*Mak.* Any lord myght hym haue

This chyld to his son. 556

(63)

Parkyn and  
Gybon  
Waller and  
gentle John  
Horne are  
his gossips.

when he wakyns he kyppys / that ioy is to se.

*ijus pastor.* In good tyme to hys hyppys / and in cele.

Bot who was his gossyppys / so sone rede?

*Mak.* So fare faH thare lyppys! /

*primus pastor.* hark now, a le!

*Mak.* So god thaym thank, 561

[Fol. 44, b.]

Parkyn, and gybon waller, I say,

And gentiH Iohn horne, in good fay,

he made aH the garray,

With the greatt shank. 565

(64)

The shep-  
herds take  
a friendly  
farewell.  
Mak pre-  
tends to  
sulk.

*ijus pastor.* Mak, freyndys wiH we be / ffor we ar aH oone.

*Mak.* we! now I hald for me / for mendys gett I none.  
ffare weH all thre / aH glad were ye gone.

[*The shepherds leave.*]

*ijus pastor.* ffare wordys may ther be / bot' luf is ther  
none

this yere. 570

Daw goes  
back to give  
the child a  
sixpence.

*primus pastor.* Gaf ye the chyld any thyng?

*ijus pastor.* I trow not' oone farthyng.

*ijus pastor.* ffast' agane wiH I flyng,

Abyde ye me there. [*Goes back to the house.*]

(65)

Mak tries to  
keep him  
away from  
the cradle.

*Mak.* take it to no grefe / if I com to thi barne.

*Mak.* Nay, thou dos me greatt reprefe / and fowH has  
thou farne.

*ijus pastor.* The child wiH it' not' grefe / that lytyH  
day starne.

*Mak.* with youre leyfe / let me gyf youre barne,

Bot sex<sup>1</sup> pence.

579

*Mak.* Nay, do way : he slepys.

Daw gets  
near,

*ijus pastor.* Me thynk he pepys.

*Mak.* when he wakyns he wepys.

I pray you go hence. [*The other shepherds come back.*]

(66)

*ijus pastor.* Gyf me lefe hym to kys / and lyft<sup>t</sup> vp the  
clowtt. [*Seeing the sheep.*]

lifts the  
coverlet to  
kiss the  
child, & ex-  
claims at its  
long snout.  
The others  
think it may  
take after  
Mak, but  
soon dis-  
cover the  
fraud.

what<sup>t</sup> the dewi<sup>tt</sup> is this? / he has a long snowte.

*primus pastor.* he is merkyd amys. / we wate i<sup>tt</sup> abowte.

*ijus pastor.* I<sup>tt</sup> spon weft, Iwys / ay commys fou<sup>tt</sup>  
owte.

Ay, so !

588

he is lyke to oure shepe !

*ijus pastor.* how, gyb ! may I pepe ?

*primus pastor.* I trow, kynde wi<sup>tt</sup> crepe

where it may not go.

592

(67)

*ijus pastor.* This was a qwant<sup>t</sup> gawde / and a far cast.

The shep-  
herds are  
furious, but  
can't help  
seeing the  
joke.

It was a hee frawde. /

*ijus pastor.* yee, syrs, wast.

lett bren this bawde / and bynd hir fast.

A fals skawde / hang at<sup>t</sup> the last ;

So sha<sup>tt</sup> thou.

597

wy<sup>tt</sup> ye se how thay swedy<sup>tt</sup>

his foure fey<sup>tt</sup> in the medy<sup>tt</sup> ?

Sagh I neuer in a credy<sup>tt</sup>

A hornyd lad or now.

601

(68)

*Mak.* Peasse byd I : what<sup>t</sup> ! / lett<sup>t</sup> be youre fare ;

I am he that hym gatt / and yond woman hym bare.

*primus pastor.* What<sup>t</sup> dewi<sup>tt</sup> sha<sup>tt</sup> he hatt<sup>t</sup> ? / Mak, lo  
god makys ayre.

[Fol. 45, a.  
Sig. H. 3.]  
Mak and  
Gyll main-  
tain that the  
sheep is  
their child.

*ijus pastor.* lett<sup>t</sup> be a<sup>tt</sup> that. / now god gyf hym care,

I sagh.

606

*Vxor.* A pratty child is he

As syttys on a waman's kne ;

A dyllydowne, perde,

To gar a man laghe.

610

(69)

A clerk had  
told Mak the  
child was  
forspoken, &  
Gyll saw an  
elf change  
him as the  
clock struck  
twelve.

*ijus pastor.* I know hym by the eere marke / that is  
a good tokyn.

*Mak.* I tell you, syrs, hark ! / hys noyse was brokyn.  
Sythen told me a clerk / that he was forspokyn.

*primus pastor.* This is a fals wark / I wold fayn be  
wrokyn :

Gett wepyn.

615

*Vxor.* he was takyn with an elfe,

I saw it myself.

when the klok stroke twelf

was he forshapyn.

619

(70)

But Mak  
pleads  
guilty, and  
the shep-  
herds let  
him off with  
a good  
blanketing.

*ijus pastor.* ye two ar weH feft / sam in a stede.

*ijus pastor.* Syn thay manteyn thare theft / let do  
thaym to dede.

*Mak.* If I trespas eft / gyrd of my heede.  
with you wiH I be left. /

*primus pastor.* syrs, do my reede.

ffor this trespas,

624

we wiH nawther ban ne flyte,

ffyght nor chyte,

Bot haue done as tyte,

And cast hym in canvas. [*They toss Mak in a sheet.*]

(71)

They toss  
him till they  
are tired, &  
then lie  
down to  
rest.

lord ! what I am sore / in poynt for to bryst.

In fayth I may no more / therfor wyH I ryst.

*ijus pastor.* As a shepe of sevyn<sup>1</sup> skore / he weyd in  
my fyst.

ffor to slepe ay whore / me thynk that I lyst.

*ijus pastor.* Now I pray you,

633

lyg downe on this grene.

*primus pastor.* On these thefys yit I mene.

*ijus pastor.* wherto shuld ye tene

So, as I say you ?

637

*Angelus cantat " gloria in exelsis : " postea dicat :*

(72)

An angel  
bids them  
rise.

*Angelus.* Ryse, hyrd men heynd ! / for now is he borne  
That shaH take fro the feynd / that adam had lorne :

<sup>1</sup> MS. vij.

That warloo to sheynd / this nyght is he borne.

God is made youre freynd / now at this morne.

he behestys,

642

At bedlem go se,

Ther lygys that fre

In a cryb full poorely,

Betwyx two bestys.

646

(73)

*primus pastor.* This was a qwant stevyn / that euer yit

I hard.<sup>1</sup>

It is a merueH to neuyn / thus to be skard.

*ijus pastor.* Of godys son of heuyn / he spak vpward.

AH the wod on a leuyn / me thoght that he gard

Appere.

651

*ijus pastor.* he spake of a barne

In bedlem, I you warne.

*primus pastor.* That betokyns yond starne.

let vs seke hym there,

655

(74)

*ijus pastor.* Say, what was his song? / hard ye not

how he crakyd it?

Thre brefes to a long. /

*ijus pastor.* yee, mary, he hakt it.

was no crochett wrong / nor no thyng that lakt it.

*primus pastor.* ffor to syng vs emong / right as he

knakt it,

I can.

660

*ijus pastor.* let se how ye croyne.<sup>2</sup>

Can ye bark at the mone?

*ijus pastor.* hold youre tonges, haue done!

*primus pastor.* hark after, than.

664

(75)

*ijus pastor.* To bedlem he bad / that we shuld gang :

I am full fard / that we tary to lang.

*ijus pastor.* Be mery and not sad / of myrth is oure

sang,

Euer lastyng glad / to mede may we fang,

The Redeemer is born, & they must go to Bethlehem to see Him.

[Fol. 45, b.] The shepherds talk of the angel's message, & see a guiding star.

They discuss the angel's music, & try to imitate it.

But they must hasten to Bethlehem.

<sup>1</sup> 'That euer yit I hard' was originally "he spake vpward," from 1. 649, but this has been crossed out with red ink.

<sup>2</sup> 'Croyne' for 'crone'

Though they  
be wet &  
weary, they  
must see  
that child &  
that lady.

Withoutt noyse.  
*primus pastor.* hy we theder for thy;  
If we be wete and wery,  
To that chylde and that lady  
we haue it not to lose.

669

(76)

The 2nd  
shepherd  
recalls the  
prophecies  
of David and  
Isaiah.

*ijus pastor.* we fynde by the prophecy— / let be youre  
dyn—  
Of dauid and Isay / and mo then I myn,  
Thay prophecied by clergy / that in a vyrgyn  
shuld he lyght and ly / to slokyn oure syn  
And slake it,  
Oure kynde from wo;  
ffor Isay sayd so,

673

678

[<sup>1</sup> *This is of  
course for  
'Ecce.'*]

Citè<sup>1</sup> virgo  
Concipiet a chylde that is nakyd.

682

(77)

If Daw could  
once kneel  
before that  
child it  
would ever  
be well with  
him.

*ij pastor.* ffuH glad may we be / and abyde that day  
That luffy to se / that aH myghtys may.  
lord weH were me / for ones and for ay,  
Myght I knele on my kne / som word for to say

687

To that chylde.  
Bot the angeH sayd,  
In a cryb was he layde;  
he was poorly arayd

Both mener and mylde.

691

(78)

The 1st  
shepherd  
remembers  
that  
patriarchs  
& prophets  
have desired  
to see this  
sight.

*primus pastor.* patryarkes that has bene / and prophetys  
beforne,  
Thay desyryd to haue sene / this chylde that is borne.  
Thay ar gone fuH clene / that haue thay lorne.

[Fol. 46, a.  
Sig. H. 4.]

We shaH se hym, I weyn / or it be morne,  
To tokyn.

696

When I se hym and fele,  
Then wote I fuH weyH  
It is true as steyH

That prophetys haue spokyn.

700

(79)

'Twas pro-  
mised He  
should  
appear to  
the poor.

To so poore as we ar / that he wold appere,  
ffyrst fynd, and declare / by his messyngere.

*ijus pastor.* Go we now, let vs fare / the place is vs nere.

*ijus pastor.* I am redy and yare / go we in fere

The y pray  
God they  
may have  
glee to  
comfort His  
wight.

To that bright.

705

Lord, if thi wylles be,

we ar lewde aH thre,

Thou grauntt vs somkyns gle

To comfortH thi wight.

[*They enter the stable.*]

(80)

*primus pastor.* hayH, comly and clene! / hayH, yong  
child!

The 1st  
shepherd  
bids the  
young child  
hail, & offers  
Him a "bob  
of cherries."

hayH, maker, as I meyne, / of a madyn so mylde!

Thou has waryd, I weyne / the warlo so wylde;

The fals gyler of teyn / now goys he begylde.

lo, he merys;

714

lo, he laghys, my swetyng,

A welfare metyng,

I haue holden my hetyng;

haue a bob of cherys.

718

(81)

*ijus pastor.* hayH, sufferan sauoure! / ffor thou has vs  
soght:

The 2nd  
shepherd  
brings Him  
a bird.

hayH, frely foyde and floure / that aH thyng has wrought!

hayH, fuH of fauoure / that made aH of noght!

hayH! I kneyn and I cowre. / A byrd haue I broght

To my barne.

723

hayH, lytyH tyné mop!

of oure crede thou art crop:

I wold drynk on thy cop,

LytyH day starne.

727

(82)

*ijus pastor.* hayH, derlyng dere / fuH of godhede!

I pray the be nere / when that I haue nede.

hayH! swete is thy chere! / my hart wold blede

To se the sytt here / in so poore wede,

With no pennys.

732

hayH! put furth thy daH!

I bryng the bot a baH:

haue and play the with aH,

And go to the tenys.

736

Daw's heart  
bleeds to see  
Him so  
poorly clad.  
He offers  
Him a ball.

(83)

Mary pro-  
mises to  
pray her Son  
to keep them  
from woe.

*Maria.* The fader of heuen / god omnypotent,  
That sett aH on seuen, / his son has he sent.  
My name couth he neuen / and lyght or he went.  
I conceyuyd hym fuH euen / through myght as he ment,  
And now is he borne. 741

he kepe you fro wo !  
I shaH pray hym so ;  
TeH furth as ye go,  
And myn on this morne. 745

(84)

[Fol. 46, b.]  
The shep-  
herds go  
their way  
singing.

*primus pastor.* ffareweH, lady / so fare to beholde,  
with thy childe on thi kne ! /  
*ijus pastor.* bot he lygys fuH cold.  
lord, weH is me / now we go, thou behold.  
*ijus pastor.* ffor sothe aH redy / it semys to be told  
fuH oft. 750  
*primus pastor.* what grace we haue fun.  
*ijus pastor.* Com furth, now ar we won.  
*ijus pastor.* To syng ar we bun) :  
let take on loft. 754

*Explicit pagina Pastorum.*

## XIV.

## Incipit oblatio magorum.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Herodes.</i>		<i>Primus Rex, Jaspar.</i>		<i>Tercius Rex,</i>
<i>Nuncius.</i>		<i>Secundus Rex, Melchior.</i>		<i>Balthesar.]</i>

[*One 12-line stanza (no. 100), ab ab ab abc ddc ; 105 six-line stanzas, aaab ab, except stanza 72, ab ab ab, and one 4-line stanza 22, aaab.*

*herodes.* (1)

Herod calls  
for silence.

**P**Easse, I byd, both far and nere,  
I warne you leyf youre sawes sere ;  
who that makys noyse whyls I am here,  
I say, shaH dy. 4  
Of aH this world, sooth, far & nere,  
The lord am I. 9

(2)

Lord am I of euery land,  
Of towre and towne, of se and sand ;  
Agans me dar noman stand,  
That' berys lyfe ;  
Aȝ erthly thyng bowes to my hand,  
Both man and wyfe.

He is lord of  
every land.

10

12

(3)

Man and wyfe, that' warne I you,  
That' in this warlde is lyfand now,  
To mahowne & me aȝ shaȝ bow,  
Both old & ying ;  
On hym wyȝ I ich man trow,  
ffor any thyng.

All shall  
bow to  
Mahound &  
himself.

16

18

(4)

ffor any thyng it' shaȝ be so ;  
lord ouer aȝ where I go,  
who so says agane, I shaȝ hym slo,  
where so he dweȝ ;  
The feynd, if he were my fo,  
I shuld & hym feȝ.

He would  
slay the  
fiend if he  
opposed  
him.

22

24

(5)

To feȝ those fatures I am bowne,  
And dystroy those dogys in feyld & towne  
That' wiȝ not' trow on sant' Mahowne,  
Oure god so swete ;  
Those fals faturis I shaȝ feȝ downe  
Vnder my feete.

[Fol. 47, a.]  
He will lay  
low all who  
won't  
believe in  
Mahound.

28

30

(6)

Vnder my feete I shaȝ thaym fare,  
Those ladys that' wiȝ [not] lere my lare,  
ffor I am myghty man ay whare,  
Of ilk a pak ;  
Clenly shapen, hyde and hare,  
withoutten lak.

He is a  
mighty man,  
clean  
shapen, hide  
& hair.

34

36

(7)

The myght' of me may no man mene,  
ffor aȝ [that] dcs me any teyn,

He will ding I shaH dyng thaym downe bydeyn,  
 down all And wyrk thaym wo ; 40  
 who give  
 him trouble. And on assay it' shaH be seyn,  
 Or I go. 42

(8)

So he will And therfor wiH I send and se  
 send to see In aH this land, full hastely,  
 if there be To looke if any dwelland be  
 any traitors  
 in the land. In towre or towne, 46  
 That wyH not holdt holly on me,  
 And on mahowne. 48

(9)

If ther be fonden any of tho,  
 with bytter payn I shaH theym slo ; [To the messenger.]  
 He bids his My messynger, swyth looke thou go<sup>1</sup>  
 messenger go Thugh ilk countre, 52  
 In aH this land, both to and fro,  
 I commaunde the ; 54

(10)

& spy if And truly looke thou spy and spy,—  
 there be any In euery stede ther thou commys by,—  
 who trow who trowes not on mahowne most myghty,  
 not on Oure god so fre ; 58  
 Mahound. And looke thou bryng theym hastely  
 heder vnto me. 60

(11)

If there be, And I shaH fowndt thaym for to flay,  
 he will flay them. Those laddys that wiH not lede oure lay ;  
 Therfor, boy, now I the pray  
 That thou go tytt. 64  
*Nunciis.* It' shal be done, lord, if I may,  
 withoutten lett : 66

(12)

The messen- And certys, if I may any fynde,  
 ger offers to I shaH not leyfe one of them behynde.  
 kill them, herodes. No, bot' boldly thou thaym bynde  
 bids him And with the leyde : 70  
 bring them  
 to him. Mahowne, that weldys water and wynde,  
 The wish and spede ! 72

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. this line reads "My messynger [lord] swyth looke thou go."

(13)

*Nuncius.* Ah peasse, lordyngys, and hold<sup>t</sup> you styH,  
To I haue sayde what<sup>t</sup> I wiH;  
Take goode hede Vnto my skyH,  
Both old<sup>t</sup> and ying; 76  
In message what is commen you tyH  
ffrom herode, the kyng. 78

The messenger cries  
silence for  
the king's  
message.  
[Fol. 47, b.]

(14)

he commaundys you, euerilkon,  
To hold no kyng bot<sup>t</sup> hym alon,  
And othere god ye worship none  
Bot mahowne so fre; 82  
And if ye do, ye mon be slone;  
Thus told<sup>t</sup> he me. 84

Herod is the  
only king, &  
Mahound  
the only god  
to be wor-  
shipped.

*Tunc venit primus rex equitans; & respiciens stellam dicit,*

(15)

*primus rex.* Lord, of whom this light<sup>t</sup> is lent<sup>t</sup>,  
And vnto me this sight<sup>t</sup> has sent<sup>t</sup>,  
I pray to the, with good intent<sup>t</sup>,  
ffrom shame me shelde; 88  
So that I no harmes hent  
By way[e]s wylde. 90

The first  
king prays  
God shield  
him from  
harm,

(16)

Also I pray the specyally,  
Thou graunt<sup>t</sup> me grace of company,  
That<sup>t</sup> I may haue som beyldyng by,  
In my trauayH: 94  
And, certys, for to lyf or dy  
I shaH not fayH, 96

& give him  
grace of  
company

(17)

To that<sup>t</sup> I in som land haue bene,  
To wyt what<sup>t</sup> this starne may mene,  
That<sup>t</sup> has me led, with bemys shene,  
ffro my cuntre; 100  
Now weynd I wiH, withoutten weyn,  
The sothe to se. 102

till he has  
found the  
meaning of  
this guiding  
star.

(18)

*Secundus rex.* A! lord, that<sup>t</sup> is withoutten ende!  
whens euer this selcouth light dyscende,

The 2nd king wonders what the light may mean.

That thus kyndly has me kende  
Oute of my land,  
And shewyd to me ther I can leynd,  
thus bright shynand?

106  
108

(19)

He will never rest till he know whence it comes.

Certys, I sagh neuer none so bright;  
I shaH neuer ryst by day nor nyght,  
To I wyt whens may com this lyght,  
And from what place;  
he that it send vnto my sight  
leyne me that grace!

112  
114

(20)

The kings accost each other. The 2nd king has come from Araby, and is called Melchior.

*primus rex.* A, sir, wheder ar ye away?  
TelH me, good sir, I you pray.  
*Secundus rex.* Certys, I trow, the sothe to say,  
None wote bot I;  
I haue folowed yond starne, veray,  
ffrom araby;

118  
120

(21)

The 1st is Jaspar, king of Tars.

ffor I am kyng of that cuntre,  
And melchor ther' caH men me.  
*primus rex.* And kyng, sir, was I wont to be,  
In tars, at hame,  
Both of towne and cyte;  
Iaspar is my name;

124  
126

(22)

[Fol. 48, a.] They praise God for the star.

The light of yond starne sagH I thedyr.  
*Secundus rex.* That lord be louyd that send me hedyr!  
ffor it will grathly ken vs whedyr,  
that we shall weynd;  
we owe to loue hym both togedyr,  
That it to vs wold send.

130  
132

(23)

The 3rd king comes on, wondering at the star's brightness.

*Tercius rex.* A, lord! in land what may this mene?  
So selcouth sight was neuer sene,  
Sich a starne, shynand so shene,  
Sagh I neuer none;  
It gyffys lyght ouer aH, bedene,  
By hym alone.

136  
138

(24)

What it may mene, that know I noght;  
Bot yonder ar two, me thynk, in thoght,  
I thank hym that thaym heder has broght

He sees the  
other kings

Thus vnto me;

142

I shaß assay if thay wote oght

what it may be.

144

(25)

[Turns to the Magi.]

lordyngys, that ar leyf and dere,  
I pray you teß me *with* good chere  
wheder ye weynd, on this manere,

& asks them  
the meaning  
of the star.

And where that ye haue bene;

148

And of this starne, that shynys thus clere,

what it may mene.

150

(26)

*primus rex.* Syr, I say you certainly,  
ffrom tars for yond starne soght haue I.

*ijus rex.* To seke yond light from araby,

*sir*, haue I went.

154

*ijus rex.* Now hertely I thank hym for-thy,

That it has sent.

156

(27)

*primus rex.* Good *sir*, what cuntre cam ye fra?

*ijus rex.* This light has led me fro saba;

And balthesar, my name to say,

The sothe to teß.

160

*ijus rex.* And kyngis, *sir*, are we twa,

Ther as we dweß.

162

(28)

*ijus rex.* Now, syrs, syn we ar semled here,

I rede we ryde togeder, in fere,

vnto we wytt, on aß manere,

ffor good or yß,

166

what it may mene, this sterne so clere

Shynand vs tyß.

168

(29)

*primus rex.* A, lordyngys! behold the lyght

Of yond starne; *with* bemys bright!

Jaspar is  
amazed at

the star's  
brightness.

ffor sothe I sagh neuer sich a sight  
In no-kyns land ; 172  
A starne thus, aboute mydnyght,  
so bright shynand. 174

(30)

[Fol. 48, b.]  
The star is  
brighter  
than the sun  
or moon.

It gyfys more light it self alone  
Then any son that euer shone,  
Or mone, when he of son has ton  
his light so cleyn ; 178  
Sich selcouth sight haue I sene none,  
what so euer it meyn. 180

(31)

Melchior  
notes its  
nearness to  
the earth.

*Secundus rex.* Behold, lordyngys, vnto his pase,  
And se how nygh the erth hit gase ;  
It is a tokyn that it mase  
Of nouelry ; 184  
A merueH it is, good tent who tase,  
Now here in hy. 186

(32)

He marvels  
what it may  
mean.

ffor sich a starne was neuer ere seyn,  
As wyde in warld as we haue beyn,  
ffor blasyng bemys, shynand fuH sheyn,  
ffrom hit ar sent ; 190  
MerueH I haue what it may meyn  
In myn intent. 192

(33)

Balthasar re-  
members  
that this has  
been fore-  
told.

*Tercius rex.* Certys, syrs, the sothe to say,  
I shaH dyscry now, if I may,  
what it may meyn, yond starne veray,  
Shynand tyH vs ; 196  
It has bene sayde syn many a day  
It shuld be thus. 198

(34)

The star be-  
tokens the  
birth of a  
prince, un-  
less the rules  
of astronomy  
deceive him.

yond starne betokyns, weH wote I,  
The byrth of a prynce, syrs, securly,  
That shewys weH the propcey  
That it so be ; 202  
Or els the rewlys of astronomy  
Dyssauys me. 204

(35)

*primus rex.* Certan, balaam spekys of this thyng,  
That of Iacob a starne shaH spryng  
That shaH ouercom kasar and kyng,

Jaspar re-  
calls the pro-  
phcy of  
Balaam.

Withoutten stryfe ;

208

AH folk shalbe to hym obeyng

All folk shall  
obey the star  
of Jacob.

That berys the lyfe.

210

(36)

Now wote I weH this is the same,  
In euery place he shaH haue hame,  
AH shaH hym bowe that berys name,

Doubtless  
this is He,  
and all shall  
bow before  
Him.

In ilk cuntre ;

214

who trowys it not, thay ar to blame,

what so thay be.

216

(37)

*ijus rex.* Certys, lordyngys, fuH weH wote I,  
ffulfylld is now the prophecy ;  
That prynce that shaH ouer com in hy

Melchior  
recognizes  
that the pro-  
phcy is ful-  
filled.

kasar and kyng,

220

This starne berith witnes, wytterly,

Of his beryng.

222

(38)

*ijus rex.* Now is fulfylld here in this land  
That balaam sayd, I vnderstand ;

So also Bal-  
thasar.

Now is he borne that se and sand

ShaH weyld at wyH :

226

That shewys this starne, so bright shynand,

vs thre vntyH.

228

(39)

*primus rex.* Lordyngys, I rede we weynd aH thre  
ffor to wyrship that chylde so fre,

Jaspar pro-  
poses that  
they all  
three go &  
worship the  
child. His  
own offering  
shall be  
gold.

In tokyn that he kyng shalbe

Of alkyng thyng ;

232

This gold <sup>1</sup> now wyH I bere with me,

To myn offeryng.

234

(40)

*ijus rex.* Go we fast, syrs, I you pray,  
To worship hym if that we may ;

<sup>1</sup> The word "gold" is omitted, by mistake of the original copier, probably.

Melchior is  
bringing in-  
cense in  
token that  
the child is  
very God.

I bryng rekyls, the sothe to say,  
here in myn hende, 238  
In tokyn that he [is] god veray,  
Withoutten ende. 240

(41)

Balthasar  
is bringing  
myrrh as a  
token of the  
child's  
death.

*ijus rex.* Syrs, as ye say right so I red;  
hast we tytt vnto that sted  
To wirship hym, as for oure hed,  
with oure offeryng; 244  
In tokyn that he shalbe ded,  
This Myrr I bryng. 246

(42)

Jaspar asks  
where the  
king is to be  
found.

*primus rex.* where is that kyng of Iues land,  
That shalbe lord of se and sand,  
And folk shaH bow vnto his hand  
Both more and myn? 250  
To wyrship hym with oure offerand  
we wyH not blyn. 252

(43)

Balthasar  
counsels  
following  
the star.

*ijus rex.* we shaH not rest, euen nor morne,  
vnto we com ther he is borne.  
*ijus rex.* ffolowe this light, els be we lorne,  
ffor sothe, I trowe, 256  
That frely to we com beforen;  
Syr, go we now. 258  
[*The kings retire. Herod and his messenger advance.*]

(44)

Herod's mes-  
senger is re-  
proached for  
his long  
absence.

*Nuncius.* Mahowne, that is of greatt pausty,  
My lord, sir herode, the saue and se!  
*herodes.* where has pou bene so long fro me,  
Vyle stynkand lad? 262  
*Nuncius.* Lord, gone youre herand in this cuntre,  
As ye me bad. 264

(45)

His tidings  
are good &  
ill, mingled  
together.

*Herod.* Thou lyys, lurdan, the dewiH the hang!  
why has thou dwelt away so lang?  
*Nuncius.* lord ye wyte me aH with wrang.  
*Herodes.* what tythyngys? say! 268  
*Nuncius.* Som good, som yH, mengyd emang.  
*herod.* how? I the pray. 270

(46)

Do teH me fast how thou has farne ;

Thy waryson shaH thou not tharne.

[Fol. 49, b.]

Nuncius. As I cam walkand, I you warne,

Lord, by the way,

274 He has met  
three kings  
seeking a  
child,

I met thre<sup>1</sup> kyngis sekeand a barne,

Thus can thay say.

276

(47)

Herodes. To seke a barne ! for what thyng ?

Told that any new tythyng ?

Nuncius. yey, lord ! thay sayd he shuld be kyng

Of towne and towre ;

280 who, they  
said, should  
be a king.

ffor thy thay went, with thare offeryng,

hym to honoure.

282

(48)

herod. Kyng ! the dewiH ! bot of what empyre ?

Of what land shuld that lad be syre ?

Herod will  
make the  
child rue.

Nay, I shaH with that trature tyre ;

Sore shaH he rewe !

286

Nuncius. lord, by a starne as bright as fyre

This kyng thay knew ;

288 The mes-  
senger tells  
of the star.

(49)

It led thaym outt of thare cuntre.

Herod. we, fy ! fy ! dewyls on thame aH thre !

he shaH neuer haue myght to me,

That new borne lad ;

292 Herod  
thinks the  
three kings  
mad.

when thare wytt in a starne shuld be,

I hold thaym mad.

294

(50)

Those lurdans wote not what thay<sup>2</sup> say ;

Thay ryfe my hede, that dar I lay ;

Ther dyd no tythyngis many a day,

Sich harme me to ;

298

ffor wo my wytt is aH away ;

what shaH I do ?

300

Nevertheless  
he is greatly  
troubled,

<sup>1</sup> MS. iij.

<sup>2</sup> "Thay" is overlined, but the original word "I" remains unaltered.

(51)

and would  
fain find out  
the truth  
about this  
new king.

why, what the dewyH is in thare harnes ?

Is thare wytt aH in the starnes ?

These tythyngis mar my mode in ernes ;

And of this thyng

304

To wytt the sothe, fuH sore me yarnes,

Of this new kyng.

306

(52)

Herod won-  
ders, if the  
child is to be  
king so soon,  
who the  
devil made  
him knight.

Kyng ? what the dewyH, other then I !

we, fy on dewyls ! fy, fy !

Certys, that boy shaH dere aby !

his ded is dight !

310

ShaH he be kyng thus hastely ?

who the dewiH made hym knyght ?

312

(53)

He con-  
tinues to  
rage,

Alas, for shame ! this is a skorne !

Thay fynde no reson thaym beforne ;

Shuld that brodeH, that late is borne,

Be most of mayn ?

316

Nay, if the dewyH of heH had sworne,

he shaH agane.

318

(54)

[Fol. 50, a.]

Alas, alas ! for doyH and care !

So mekyH sorow had I neuer are ;

resolves to  
seek the  
truth of  
clerks &  
learned men,

If it be sothe, for euer mare

I am vndoyn ;

322

At good clerkys and wyse of lare

I wyH wyt soyn.

324

(55)

but first will  
send for the  
three kings  
& question  
them.

Bot fyrst yit wiH I send and se

The answeere of those lurdans thre. [Calls to messenger.]

Messyngere, tytt hy thou the,

And make the yare ;

328

Go, byd those kyngys com speke with me,

That told thou of are.

330

(56)

The messen-  
ger is sent  
off.

Say I haue greatt herand thaym tyH.

Nunciüs. It shalbe done, lord, at youre wyH,

youre byddlyng shaH I soyn fulfyH

In ilk cuntre.

334

*Herod.* Mahowne the shelde from aH kyns yH,

ffor his pauste.

336

[*The messenger goes to where the kings stand.*]

(57)

*Nuncius.* Mahowne you saue, *sir* kyngys thre,

I haue message to you preuè,

ffrom herode, kyng of this cuntre,

That is oure chefe ;

340

And lo, syrs, if ye trow not me,

ye rede this brefe.

342

(58)

*primus rex.* welcom be thou, belamy !

what is his wyH ? teH vs in hy.

*Nuncius.* Certys, *sir*, that wote not I,

Bot thus he sayde to me,

346

That ye shuld com fuH hastely

To hym aH thre,

348

(59)

ffor nede herand, he sayd me so.

*Secundus rex.* Messynger, before thou go,

And teH thi lord we ar aH thro

his wyH to do ;

352

Both I and my felose two

ShaH com hym to. [*The messenger returns to Herod.*]

(60)

*Nuncius.* Mahowne you looke, my lord so dere.

*herod.* welcom be thou, messyngere !

how has thou farne syn thou was here ?

Thou teH me tytt.

358

*Nuncius.* lord, I haue traueled far and nere

withoutten lett,

360

(61)

And done youre herand, *sir*, sothely ;

Thre kyngis with me broght haue I,

ffro saba, tars, and araby,

Then haue thay soght.

364

*herodes.* Thi waryson shaH thou haue for thy,

By hym me boght ;

366

He hails the  
kings in  
Herod's  
name,

and exhibits  
his "brief."

The kings  
are to come  
to Herod at  
once.

Melchior  
bids the  
messenger  
return &  
announce  
their  
approach.

Herod wel-  
comes the  
messenger,

who an-  
nounces his  
success, &  
is promised  
a reward.

(62)

And, certainly, that is good skyH,

And syrs, ye ar welcom me tyH.

Balthasar  
announces  
the readiness  
of the kings  
to obey  
Herod.

*ijus rex.* Lord, thi bydyng to fulfyH[*The three kings come to Herod.*]

Are we fuH thro.

370

*herodes.* A, mekyH thank of youre good wyH

That ye wyH so.

372

(63)

[Fol. 50, b.] ffor, certys, I haue couett greatly

Herod ques- To speke with you, and here now why :

tions them TeH me, I pray you specyally,

concerning

the token in

the sky.

ffor any thyng,

376

what tokynyng saw ye on the sky

Of this new kyng ?

378

(64)

Jaspar re-  
counts the  
rising of the  
star in the  
East.

*primus rex.* we sagH his starne ryse in the eest,

That shaH be kyng of man and best,

ffor thy, lord, we haue not cest,

Syn that we wyst,

382

with oure gyftys, riche and honest,

To bere that blyst.

384

(65)

Melchior  
says that by  
the star they  
knew of the  
child's birth.

*ijus rex.* lord, when that starne rose vs beforne,

Ther by we knew that chylde was borne.

*herodes.* Out, alas, I am forlorne

ffor euer mare !

388

I wold be rent and al to-torne

ffor doyh and care !

390

(66)

Herod  
laments &  
desires his  
learned men

Alas, alas, I am fuH wo !

Syr kyngys, syt downe, &amp; rest you so.

By srypture, syrs, what say ye two ?

[*To the doctors.*]

withoutten lytt ;

394

what ye can say ther to

let se now tytt.

396

(67)

to search  
their books

These kyngys do me to vnderstand,

That borne is newly, in this land,

- A kyng that shaH welk se and sand ;  
 Thay telH me so ; 400  
 And therfor, syrs, I you commaunde  
 youre bookys go to, 402  
 (68)  
 And looke grathly, for any thyng,  
 If ye fynd oght of sich a kyng. for a pro-  
 phecy of any  
 such king.  
*primus consultus & doctor.* It shaH be done at youre  
 bydyng,  
 By hym me boght, 406 They prom-  
 And soyn we shaH you tythyngys bryng se a  
 If we fynd oght. 408 speedy  
 answer,  
 (69)  
*ijus consultus & doctor.* Soyn shaH we wyt, lord, if I may,  
 If oght be wretyn in oure lay.  
*herod.* Now, masters, therof I you pray  
 On aH manere. 412  
*primus consultus.* Com furth, let vs assay  
 Oure bookys both in fere. 414 & consult  
 their books  
 together.  
 (70)  
*ijus consultus.* Certys, sir, lo, here fynd I  
 weH wretyn in a prophecy,  
 how that profett Isay,  
 That neuer begyld,  
 418  
 Tellys that a madyn of hir body  
 ShaH bere a chylde. 420  
 (71)  
*primus consultus.* And also, sir, to you I telH  
 The meruellest thyng that euer felH,  
 Hyr madynhede with hir shaH dweH,  
 As dyd beforen ; 424  
 That child shaH hight ' emanueH '  
 when he is borne. 426  
 (72)  
*ijus consultus.* lord, this is sothe, securely,  
 wytnes the profett Isay.<sup>1</sup>  
*herod.* Outt, alas ! for doyh I dy,  
 long or my day ! 430 Herod  
 laments.  
 ShaH he haue more pauste then I ?  
 A, waloway ! 432

<sup>1</sup> The expected ryme *aaa* is turnd into *aba*.

(73)

Alas, alas, I am forlorne !

I wold be rent and aH to torne ;

He bids  
them look  
where the  
boy shall be  
born.

Bot looke yit, as ye dyd beforne,

ffor luf of me ;

436

And teH me where that boy is borne ;

Onone lett se.

438

(74)

*primus consultus.* AH redy, lord, with mayn & mode.

The doctors  
must be  
quick or  
Herod will  
go mad.

*herod.* haue done belyf, or I go wode ;

And, certys, that gadlyng wer as good

haue greuyd me noght ;

442

I shaH se that brodeH bloode,

By hym that me has boght !

444

(75)

*ijus consultus.* Micheas the prophett, withoutten nay,

how that he tellys I shaH you say ;

They say  
that accord-  
ing to the  
prophet  
Micah a  
duke shall  
come forth  
from Beth-  
lehem.

In bedlem, land of Iuda,

As I say you,

448

Out of it a duke shaH spra ;

Thus fynd we now.

450

(76)

*primus consultus.* Syr, thus we rynd in prophecy :

Therfor we say you, securely,

Therefore in  
Bethlehem  
is the king  
born.

In bedlem, we say you truly,

Borne is that kyng.

454

Herod curses  
them for  
their news.

*herod.* The dewiH hang you high to dry,

ffor this thythyng !

456

(77)

And certys ye ly ! it may not be !

*ijus consultus.* lord, we wytnes it truly ;

They bid him  
read for him-  
self.

here the sothe youre self may se,

If ye can rede.

460

*herod.* A, waloway ! fuH wo is me !

The dewiH you spede !

462

(78)

*primus consultus.* lord, it is sothe, aH that we say,

We fynde it wretyn in oure lay.

It is so  
written  
down.

herod. Go hens, harlottys, in twenty<sup>1</sup> dewiH way,  
ffast<sup>t</sup> and belyfe ! 466 Herod curses  
all the more.

Mighty mahowne, as he weH may,  
lett you neuer thryfe ! 468

(79)

Alas, wherto were I a crowne ?

Or is cald of greatt renowne ?

I am the fowlest borne downe

That euer was man ; 472 He laments  
his fate.

And<sup>t</sup> namely with a fowH swalchon,

That no good can. 474

(80)

[Fol. 51, b.]

Alas, that euer I shuld be knyght,

Or holdyn man of mekyH myght<sup>t</sup>,

If a lad shuld<sup>t</sup> reyfe me my right

AH thus me fro ; 478

Myn dede ere shuld I dyght,

Or it<sup>t</sup> were so. 480

(81)

[Turns to the kings.]

ye nobyH kyngys, harkyns as heynd !

ye shaH haue saue condyth to weynd ;

Bot<sup>t</sup> com agane with me to leynd,

Syrs, I you pray ; 484

ye shaH me fynd a faythfuH freynd,

If ye do swa. 486

(82)

If it<sup>t</sup> be sothe, this new tythyng,

Som worship wold I do that kyng,

Therfor I pray you that ye bryng

Me tythyngys soyn. 490

primus rex. AH redy, lord, at youre bydyng

It shalbe doyn. [The kings mount their horses.] 496

(83)

ijus rex. Alas, in warld<sup>t</sup> how haue we sped !

where is the lyght that vs has led ?

Som clowde, for sothe, that<sup>t</sup> starne has cled

ffrom vs away ; 496

In strong stowre now ar we sted ;

what<sup>t</sup> may we say ? 498

Melchior  
notes that  
the star has  
disappeared.

(84)

Melehior  
curses  
Herod,  
through  
whose guile  
they have  
lost sight of  
the star.

*ijus rex.* wo worth herode, that cursyd wyght!

wo worth that tyrant day and nyght!

ffor through hym haue we lost that sight,

And for his gyle,

502

That shoynto vs with bemys bright

with in a whyle.

504

*here lyghtys the kyngys of thare horses.*

(85)

Jaspar sug-  
gests that  
they pray to  
the lord  
whose birth  
the star be-  
tokens, that  
he show it to  
them again.

*primus rex.* lordyngys, I red we pray all thre

To that lord, whose natyuyte

The starne betokyned that we can se,

All with his wyH;

508

pray we speccially that he

wold show it vs vntyH

510

*here knele all thre kyngys downe.<sup>1</sup>*

(86)

Melchior's  
prayer.

*ijus rex.* Thou chyld, whose myght no tong may tel,

As thou art lord of heuen and heH,

Thy nobyH starne, emanueH,

Thou send vs yare;

514

That we may wytt by fyrth and feH

how we shaH fare.

516

(87)

Balthasar's  
prayer.

*ijus rex.* A, to that chyld be euer honoure,

That in this tyd has stynt oure stoure,

And lent vs lyght to oure socoure,

On this manere;

520

we loue the, lord of towne and towre,

holly in fere.

522

*here ryse thay all vp.*

(88)

[Fol. 52, a.  
Sig. l. ij.]  
The star re-  
appears, &  
he expresses  
his love &  
hope.

we owe to loue hym ouer all thyng,

That thus has send vs oure askyng;

Behold, yond starne has made stynyng,

Syrs, securly;

526

Of this chyld shaH we haue knowyng,

I hope, in hy.

528

<sup>1</sup> "the" has been inserted in the MS. after "all" by a later hand, but seems unnecessary.

(89)

*ijus rex.* lordyngys dere, drede thar vs noght,  
Oure greatt traueH tyll end is broght;  
yond is the place that we haue soght  
ffrom far cuntre;  
yond is the chylde that aH has wroght,  
Behold and se!

Melchior re-  
cognizes  
that their  
travel is at  
an end & the  
child near at  
hand.

532

534

(90)

*ijus rex.* I red we make offeryng, aH thre,  
vnto this chylde of greatt pauste,  
And worship hym *with* gyftys fre  
That we haue broght;  
Oure boytt of bayH ay wyH he be,  
weH haue we soght.

Balthasar  
proposes to  
make their  
offerings at  
once.

538

540

(91) [*They enter the house.*]

*primus rex.* hayH be thou, maker of aH kyn thyng!  
That boytt of aH oure bayH may bryng!  
In tokyn that thou art oure kyng,  
And shalbe ay,  
Resayf this gold to myn offeryng,  
prynce, I the pray.

Jaspar offers  
the child  
gold in token  
of his king-  
ship.

544

546

(92)

*ijus rex.* hayH, ouercomer of kyng and of knyght!  
That fourmed fysh, and fowyH in flyght!  
ffor thou art god's son most of myght,  
And aH weldand,  
I bryng the rekyls, as is right,  
To myn offerand.

Melchior  
offers in-  
cense in  
token of his  
godhead.

550

552

(93)

*ijus rex.* hayH, kyng in kyth, cowrand on kne!  
hayH, oone-fold god in persons thre!  
In tokyn that thou dede shalbe,  
By kyndly skyH,  
To thy grauyng this myr of me  
Resaue the thyH.

Balthasar  
offers myrrh  
in token of  
his death.

556

558

(94)

*Maria.* Syr kyngys, make comforth you betweyn,  
And merueH not what it may mene;

Mary tells  
them of her  
child's

might. She  
is his mother  
& yet a clean  
maid.

This chyld, that on me borne has bene,

AH bayH may blyn ;

562

I am his moder, and madyn elene

withoutten syn.

564

(95)

Therfor, lordyngys, where so ye fare,

Boldly looke ye teH ay whare

how I this blyst' of bosom bare,

Mary bids  
them pro-  
claim this  
wherever  
they go.

That best shalbe ;

568

And madyn cleyn, as I was are,

ThrugH his pauste.

570

(96)

[Fol. 52, b.]

And truly, syrs, looke that ye trow

She blesses  
the kings.

That othere lord is none at-lowe ;

Both man and beest to hym shaH bowe,

In towne and feyld ;

574

My blyssyng, syrs, be now *with* you

where so ye beyld.

576

(97)

Jaspar says  
they have  
made a good  
journey.

*primus rex.* A, lordyngys dere ! the sothe to say,

we haue made a good Iornay ;

we loue this lord, that shaH last ay

with outten ende ;

580

he is oure beyld, both nyght and day,

where so we weynd.

582

(98)

Melchior  
says they  
have rested  
little, let  
them take  
a sleep be-  
fore they go.

*ijus rex.* lordyngys, we haue trauekt lang,

And restyd haue we lytyH emang,

ffor-thi I red now, or we gang,

*with* aH oure mayn

586

et vs fownde a slepe to fang ;

Then were I fayn ;

588

(99)

Here is a  
litter ready  
for them.

ffor in greatt stowres we haue ben sted.

lo, here a lytter redy cled.

*ijus rex.* I loue my lord ! we haue weH spekt,

To rest *with* wyn ;

592

Balthasar  
bids the  
others get to  
bed first.

lordyngys, syn we shaH go to bed,

ye shaH begyn. [*They sleep: an angel appears above.*]

(100)

*Angelus.* Syr curtes kyngys, to me take tent,

And turne by tyme or ye be tenyd ;  
ffrom god his self thus am I sent

An angel  
warns the  
kings of  
Herod's evil  
designs.

To warne you, as youre faythfull freynd,  
how herode kyng has malyce ment,

598

And shapys *with* shame you for to sheynd ;  
And so that ye no harmes hent,

By othere ways god wyll ye weynd

602

Into youre awne cuntre ;

And if ye ask hym boyn,

ffor this dede that ye haue done,

He bids  
them return  
home by  
another way.

youre beyld ay wyll he be. [*Exit.*]

606

(101)

*primus rex.* wakyns, wakyns, lordyngys dere !

Oure dwellyng is no longer here ;

An angeH spake tyll vs in fere ;

Jaspar  
wakes the  
others &  
tells them  
the angel's  
message.

Bad vs, as heynd,

610

That we ne shuld, on no manere,

home by herode weynd.

612

(102)

*ijus rex.* AH myghty god in trynYTE,

*with* hart enterely thank I the,

That thyn angeH send tyll vs thre,

Melchior  
thanks the  
Trinity for  
this warn-  
ing.

And kend vs so,

616

Oure fals fo man for to fle,

That wold vs slo.

618

(103)

*ijus rex.* We aght to loue hym more and myn,

That comly kyng of all man-kyn ;

I rew full sore that we shall twyn

Balthasar  
is sorry they  
must part.

On this manere ;

622

ffor comen we haue, with mekyll wyn,

By wayes sere.

624

(104)

*primus rex.* Twyn must vs nedys, syrs, permafay,

And ilk on weynd by dyuers way ;

Jaspar says  
they must  
take their

divers ways,  
& bids the  
others fare-  
well.

This wyH me lede, the sothe to say,

To<sup>1</sup> my cuntre ;

628

ffor-thy, lordyngys, now haue good day !

God with you be !

630

(105)

Melchior  
finds his  
road & com-  
mends the  
other kings  
to heaven.

*ijus rex.* Certys, I must<sup>t</sup> pas by se and sand ;

This is the gate, I vnderstand,

That<sup>t</sup> wyH me lede vnto my land

The right<sup>t</sup> way ;

634

To god of heuen I you commaunde,

And haue good day !

636

(106)

Balthasar  
also departs,  
praying  
God's help  
against the  
fiend.

*ijus rex.* This is the way that I must<sup>t</sup> weynd ;

Now god tiH vs his socoure send,

And he, that<sup>t</sup> is withoutten end

And ay shalbe,

640

Saue vs from fowndyng of the feynd,

ffor his pauste.

642

*Explicit oblatio trium Magorum.*

## XV.

### • Incipit fugacio Iosep & Marie in egiptum.

[13 stanzas of 13 lines, abab aab aab, cbc ; 1 of 12 lines abab aab aa cbc.]

[*Dramatis Personae :*

*Angelus.*

*Josephus.*

*Maria.*

*Jesus.*]

*Angelus.*

(1)

An angel  
bids Joseph  
awake, &  
warns him  
to flee from  
danger.

**A**

wake, Ioseph, and take intent !

Thou ryse, and slepe nomare !

If thou WyH saue thy self vnshent<sup>t</sup>

ffownde the fast<sup>t</sup> to fare ;

4

I am an angeH to the sent<sup>t</sup>,

ffor thou shaH no harmes hent<sup>t</sup>,

To each the outt<sup>t</sup> of care.

7

If thou here longer lent,

ffor rewth<sup>t</sup> thou mon repent,

[Fol. 53, b.]

And rew it wonder sare.

10 Joseph wonders at this sound so sweet of tune,

*Ioseph.* A ! myghtful god,  
what euer this ment,  
so swete of toyn<sup>1</sup>?

13

(2)

*Angelus.* lo, Ioseph, it is I,

An angeH send to the.

& why an angel is sent to him.

*Ioseph.* we ! leyf, I pray the why ?  
what is thy wyH with me ?

17

*Angelus.* hens behufys the hy,

And take with the mary,

Also hir chyld so fre ;

20

ffor herode dos to dy

AH knaue chyl dren, securly,

with in two yere that be

23

Of eld.

The angel bids him flee, with Mary and her child, for Herod will kill all knave-children under two years.

*Ioseph.* Alas, ful wo is me !

where may we beyld ?

26

(3)

*Angelus.* TyH egypp shaH thou fare

with aH the myght thou may ;

And, Ioseph, hold the thare,

tyH I wyll the at say.

30

*Ioseph.* This is a febyH fare,

A seke man and a sare

To here of sich a fray ;

33

My bonys ar bursyd and bare

ffor to do ; I wold it ware

Comen my last day

36

TyH ende ;

I ne wote which is the way ;

how shaH we weynde ?

39

(4)

*Angelus.* Ther of haue thou no drede ;

weynd furth, & leyf thi dyn ;

The way he shaH you lede,

the kyng of aH man-kyn.

43

The angel says the king of all mankind shall lead him, but Joseph still

<sup>1</sup> Note the absence of ryme.

thinks on his  
age and  
feebleness.

*Ioseph.* That heynd til vs take hede,  
ffor I had lytyH nede

Sich bargans to begyn ;

46

No wonder if I wede,

I that may do no dede ;

how shuld I theder wyn

49

ffor eld ?

I am fuH bare and thyn,

And aH vnweld ;

52

(5)

Joseph is  
grieved for  
Mary. He  
tells her they  
must flee.

My fors me falys to fare,<sup>1</sup> [*Mary with her Babe advances.*]  
and sight that I shuld se.

Mary, my darlyng dere,

I am fuH wo for the !

56

*Maria.* A, leyf Ioseph, what chere ?

youre sorow on this manere

It mekiH meruels me.

59

*Ioseph.* Oure noyes ar neghand nere

If we dweH longer here ;

ffor-thi behofes vs fle,

62

And flytt.

*Maria.* Alas ! how may this be ?

what euer menys it ?

65

(6)

[Fol. 54, a.  
Sig. I. 4.]

*Ioseph.* It menys of sorow enoghe.

*Maria.* A, dere Ioseph, how so ?

An angel has  
warned him  
that Herod  
would slay  
her son.

*Ioseph.* As I lay in a swogh,

ffuH sad slepand and thro,

69

An angeH to me drogh,

As blossom bright on bogh,

And told betwix vs two,

72

That herode wrought greatt wogh,

And aH knaue children slogh

In land that he myght to,

75

That feynd !

And he thy son wold slo

And shamely sheynd.

78

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs ' fere.'

(7)

*Maria.* My son ? alas, for care !

who may my doyllys dyH ?

wo worth fals herode are !

my son why shuld he spyH ?

82

Alas ! I lurk and dare !

To slo this barne I bare,

what wight in world had wyH ?

85

his hart shuld be fuH sare

Sichon for to fare,

That neuer yit dyd yH,

88

Ne thoght.

*Ioseph.* Now leyfe mary, be styH !

This helpys nought ;

91

Mary is  
aghast at  
Herod's  
wickedness.

Joseph says  
this helps  
nought.

(8)

It is no boytt to grete,

truly withoutten trayn ;

Oure bayH it may not boytt<sup>1</sup>.

bot weH more make oure payn.

95

*Maria.* Alas ! how shuld I lete ?

My son that is so swete

Is soght for to be slayn ;

98

ffuH gryle may I grete,

My fomen and I mete ;

TeH me, Ioseph, with mayn,

101

youre red.

*Ioseph.* Shortly swedyH vs this swayn,

And fle hys dede.

104

Joseph bids  
her swaddle  
the child  
and flee.

(9)

*Maria.* his ded wold I not se,

ffor aH this world to wyn ;

Alas ! fuH wo were me,

In two if we shuld twyn ;

108

My chylde so bright of ble,

To slo hym were pyte,

And a fuH hedus syn.

111

Dere Ioseph, what red ye ?

*Ioseph.* TyH egyp weynd shaft we ;

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'bete' or 'beytt,' remedy.

They are to  
go to Egypt.

Take me thi brydyH, mary ;  
 Tent<sup>t</sup> thou to that page grathly  
 with aH the craft thou can ; 153  
 And may  
 he that this warld<sup>t</sup> began,<sup>1</sup>  
 wysH vs the way ! 156

(13)

*Maria.* Alas, fuH wo is me !

Is none so wyH as I !

My hart<sup>t</sup> wold breke in thre,

My son to se hym dy. 160

Mary's heart  
 would break  
 in three to  
 see her son  
 die.

*Ioseph.* we ! leyf mary, lett<sup>t</sup> be,

And nothyng drede thou the,

Bot hard<sup>t</sup> hens lett vs hy ; 163

Joseph com-  
 forts her, but  
 they must  
 flee quickly.

To saue thi foode so fre,

ffast<sup>t</sup> furth<sup>t</sup> now lett vs fle,

Dere leyf ; 166

To mete with his enmy,

It<sup>t</sup> were a greatt<sup>t</sup> myschefe, 168

(14)

And that<sup>t</sup> wold<sup>t</sup> I not wore,<sup>2</sup>

Away if we myght wyn ;

My hart<sup>t</sup> wold<sup>t</sup> be fuH sore,<sup>3</sup>

In two to se you twyn. 172

TyH egypp lett<sup>t</sup> vs fare ;

This pak, tyH I com thare,

To bere I shaH not<sup>t</sup> blyn : 175

He will bear  
 the pack and  
 help her all  
 he can.

ffor-thi haue thou no care ;

If I may help the mare,

Thou fyndys no fawte me in, 178

I say.

God blys you more and myn,

And haue now aH good day ! 181

*Explicit fugacio Iosep & marie in egiptum.*

[Fol. 55, a.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. beban.

[<sup>2</sup> ? wold<sup>t</sup>...ware,]

[<sup>3</sup> ? wold<sup>t</sup>...sare.]

## (XVI.)

## Incipit magnus Herodes.

[57 nine-lined stanzas, aaaab cceb, (no. 6, has aaaaa ccca) with central rymes markt by bars.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Nuncius.*

*Herodes.*

*Primus Miles.*

*Secundus Miles.*

*Tercius Miles.*

*Primus Consultus.*

*Secundus Consultus.*

*Prima Mulier.*

*Secunda Mulier.*

*Tercia Mulier.]*

## (1)

*Nuncius.*

Herod's messenger begins a ranting speech to the people.

They must attend to him or they will take harm.

**M**oste myghty mahowne / meng you with myrth !  
 Both of burgh and of towne / by fellys and by  
 fyrth,  
 Both kyng with crowne / and barons of brith,  
 That radly wyH rowne / many greatt grith  
 ShaH be happ. 5

Take tenderly intent  
 what sondys ar sent,  
 Els harmes shaH ye hent,  
 And lothes you to lap. 9

## (2)

Herod sends them greeting and commands them to be obedient to him.

Herode, the heynd kyng / by grace of mahowne,  
 Of Iury, Iourmontyng / sternly with crowne,  
 On lyfe that ar lyfyng / in towre and in towne,  
 Gracyus you gretyng / commaundys you be bowne  
 At his bydyng; 14  
 luf hym with lewte,  
 drede hym, that doughy !  
 he chargys you be redy  
 lowly at his lykyng. 18

## (3)

Any treason shall be paid for twelve thousand fold. He is now abashed

What man apon mold / menys hym agane,  
 Tytt teyn shaH be told, knyght, sqwyere, or swayn ;  
 Be he neuer so bold / byes he that bargan,  
 Twelf thowsand fold / more then I sayn

May ye trast ; 23 about a new  
he is worthy wonderly,  
Selcouthly sory ;  
ffor a boy that is borne her by  
Standys he abast. 27

(4)

A kyng thay hym caH / and that we deny ;  
how shuld it so faH / greatt merueH haue I ;  
Therfor ouer aH / ShaH I make a cry,  
That ye busk not to braH / nor lyke not to ly

who is called  
a king.  
No king  
must be  
spoken of  
but Herod.

This tyde ; 32  
Carpys of no kyng  
Bot herode, that lordyng,  
Or busk to youre beyldyng,  
yours heedys for to hyde. 36

(5)

He is Kyng of Kyngys / Kyndly I Knowe,  
Chefe lord of lordyngys / chefe leder of law,  
Ther watys on his wyngys / that holdt bost wyH blaw,  
Greatt dukys downe dyngys / ffor his greatt aw,

[Fol. 55, b.]

He recites  
Herod's  
kingdoms.

And hym lowtys. 41  
Tuskane and turky,  
All Inde and Italy,  
CecyH and surry,  
Drede hym and dowlty. 45

(6)

ffrom paradyse to padwa / to mownt flascon ;  
ffrom egyp to mantua / vnto kemp towne ;  
ffrom sarceny to susa / to grece it abowne ;  
Both normondy and norwa / lowtys to his crowne ;

his renowne 50  
Can no tong teH,  
ffrom heuen vnto heH ;  
Of hym can none speH

Only his  
cousin  
Mahound  
can avail  
against him.

Bot his cosyn mahowne. 54

(7)

he is the worthyest of aH / barnes that are borne ;  
ffree men ar his thraH / fuH teynfully torne ;  
Begyn he to braH / many men each skorne ;  
Obey must we aH / or els be ye lorne

All men  
must obey  
him or be  
lost.

Att' onys.

59

Downe dyng of youre knees,

AH that hym seys,

Dysplesyd he beys,

And byrkyn many bonys.

63

(8)

He is now  
coming and  
must be wel-  
comed wor-  
shipfully.

here he *commys* now, I cry / that lord I of spake ;

ffast afore wyH I hy / radly on a rake,

And welcom hym worshipfully / laghyng *wilth* lake,

As he is most worthy / and knele for his sake

So low ;

68

Downe dernly to faH,

as renk most' ryaH :

hayH, the worthyest' of aH !

to the must' I bow !

[*Herod advances.*]

72

(9)

He greets  
Herod, and  
says he has  
called for  
silence for  
him.  
The people  
talk of a  
king and  
won't cease  
chattering.

hayH, luf lord ! lo / thi letters haue I layde ;

I haue done I couth do / and peasse haue I prayd ;

MekyH more therto / opynly dysplayd ;

Bot' romoure is rasyd so / that' boldly thay brade

Emangis thame ;

77

Thay carp of a kyng,

thay seasse not' sich chateryng.

*herodes.* Bot' I shaH tame thare talkyng,

And let' thame go hang thame :

81

(10)

Stynt', brodels, youre dyn / yei, euerychon !

I red that' ye harkyn / to I be gone,

[Fol. 56, a.]

ffor if I begyn / I breke ilka bone,

He begins to  
rant, and  
bids them  
hearken on  
pain of  
broken  
bones and  
skinning.

And puH fro the skyn / the carcass anone,

yei, perde !

86

Sesse aH this wonder,

and make vs no blonder,

ffor I ryfe you in sonder,

Be ye so hardy.

90

(11)

They are not  
to speak or  
stir, till he  
has said his  
say.

Peasse both yong and old / at' my bydyng, I red,

ffor I haue aH in wold' / in me standys lyfe and dede ;

who that' is so bold / I brane hym through the hede ;

Speke not' or I haue told' / what' I wiH in this stede ;

ye wote nott 95  
 AH that I wiſſ mefe ;  
 Styr not bot ye haue lefe,  
 ffor if ye do, I clefe  
 you smaſſ as fleſh to pott. 99

(12)

My myrthes ar turned to teyn / my mekenes into Ire,  
 And aſſ for oone I weyn / *with-in* I fare as fyre.  
 May I ſe hym *with* eyne / I ſhaſſ gyf hym his hyre ;  
 Bot I do as I meyn / I were a fuſſ lewde syre  
 In wonys ; 104  
 had I that lad in hand,  
 As I am kyng in land,  
 I ſhuld *with* this ſteyſſ brand  
 Byrkyn aſſ his bonys. 108

(13)

My name ſpryngys far and nere / the doughſtyeſt, men me  
 caſſ,  
 That euer ran *with* ſpere / A lord and kyng ryaſſ ;  
 what ioy is me to here / A lad to ſeſſe my ſtaſſ !  
 If I this crowne may bere / that boy ſhaſſ by for aſſ.  
 I anger ; 113  
 I wote not what dewiſſ me alys,  
 Thay teyn me ſo *with* talys,  
 That by gottys dere nalys,  
 I wyſſ peaſſe no langer. 117

(14)

what dewiſſ ! me thynk I braſt / ffor anger and for teyn ;  
 I trow thyſe kyngys be paſt / that here *with* me has beyn ;  
 Thay promyſed me fuſſ faſt / or now here to be ſeyn,  
 ffor els I ſhuld haue caſt / an othere ſleght, I weyn ;  
 I teſſ you, 122

A boy thay ſayd thay ſoght,  
*with* offeryng that thay broght ;  
 It mefys my hart right noght  
 To breke his nek in two. 126

(15)

Bot be thay paſt me by / by mahowne in heuen,  
 I ſhaſſ, and that in hy / ſet aſſ on ſex and ſeuē ;

His mirth is  
 turned to  
 grief because  
 of a boy  
 whose bones  
 he would  
 break if he  
 could catch  
 him.

He is ſo  
 teased with  
 tales that  
 "by God's  
 dear nails"  
 he will hold  
 peace no  
 longer.

He fears  
 that the  
 kings are  
 going to  
 break their  
 promiſe of  
 returning.

If they have  
 paſſed by

him, he will  
set all things  
at sixes and  
sevens.

Trow ye a kyng as I / wiȝ suffre thaym to neuen  
Any to haue mastry / bot my self fuȝ euen ?

Nay, leyfe !

131

[Fol. 56, b.]

The dewiȝ me hang and draw,  
If I that loseȝ know,  
Bot I gyf hym a blaw,  
That lyfe I shaȝ hym reyfe.

135

(16)

If any one  
hears tell of  
them, Herod  
prays him to  
report to  
him.

ffor parels yit I wold / wyst if thay were gone ;  
And ye therof her told / I pray you say anone,  
ffor and thay be so bold / by god that syttys in trone,  
The payn can not be told / that thay shaȝ haue ilkon,  
ffor Ire ;

140

Sich panys hard neuer man tell,  
ffor vgly and for feȝ,  
That luefyre in heȝ  
Thare bonys shaȝ aȝ to-tyre.

144

(17)

The first  
knight tells  
him that the  
kings have  
passed by  
another way.

*primus Miles.* Lord, thynk not iȝ if I / tell you how  
thay ar past ;  
I kepe not layn, truly / Syn thay cam by you last,  
An othere way in hy / thay soght, & that fuȝ fast.  
*Herodes.* why, and ar thay past me by ? / we ! outt ! for  
teyn I brast !  
we ! fy !

149

Herod  
blames his  
knights for  
not having  
spied them.

ffy on the dewiȝ ! where may I byde ?  
Bot fyght for teyn and al to-chyde <sup>1</sup> !  
Thefys, I say ye shuld haue spyde  
And told when thay went by ;

153

(18)

They  
grumble at  
his threats.

ye ar knyghtys to trast ! / nay, losels ye ar, and thefys ;  
I wote I yelde my gast / so sore my hart it grefys.  
*Secundus Miles.* what nede you be abast ? / ther ar no  
greatt myschefys  
ffor these maters to gnast. /  
*Tercius Miles.* why put ye sich reprefys

withoutt<sup>t</sup> cause ? 158

Thus shuld ye not<sup>t</sup> thrett vs,  
vngaynly to bete vs,  
ye shuld not<sup>t</sup> rehet<sup>t</sup> vs,

withoutt othere sawes. 162

(19)

herod. ffy, losels and lyars ! / lurdans ilkon !  
Tratoures and weH wars ! / knafys, bot<sup>t</sup> knyghtys none !  
had ye bene woth youre eres / thus had thay not<sup>t</sup> gone ;  
Gett<sup>t</sup> I those land lepars / I breke ilka bone ;

Herod still  
abuses them.

ffyrst<sup>t</sup> vengeance 167

ShaH I se on thare bonys ;  
If ye byde in these wonys  
I shaH dyng you with stonys,  
yei, ditizance doutance.

If they con-  
tinue like  
this he will  
ding them  
with stones,  
“ditizance  
doutance.”

171

(20)

I wote not where I may sytt<sup>t</sup> / for anger & for teyn ;  
we haue not done aH yit<sup>t</sup> / if it<sup>t</sup> be as I weyn ;  
ffy ! dewiH ! now how is it ? / as long as I haue eyn  
I think not<sup>t</sup> for to flytt / bot<sup>t</sup> kyng I wiH be seyn  
ffor euer.

He does not  
mean to flit  
himself, but  
will make  
men see that  
he is king.

176

Bot<sup>t</sup> stand I to quart<sup>t</sup>,  
I teH you my hart,  
I shaH gar thaym start,  
Or els trust<sup>t</sup> me neuer.

180

(21)

primus Miles. Syr, thay went sodanly / or any man wyst,  
Els had mett<sup>t</sup> we, yei, perdy / and may ye tryst<sup>t</sup>.  
Secundus Miles. So bold<sup>t</sup> nor so hardy / agans oure lyst,  
was none of that<sup>t</sup> company / durst<sup>t</sup> mete me with fyst  
ffor ferd<sup>t</sup>.

[Fol. 57, a.]  
The knights  
boast what  
they would  
have done  
had they met  
the kings.

185

Tercius Miles. IH durst<sup>t</sup> thay abyde,  
Bot<sup>t</sup> ran thame to hyde ;  
Might I thaym haue spyde,  
I had made thaym a berd.

189

(22)

what couth we more do / to saue youre honoure ?

primus Miles. we were redy therto / and shal be ilk howre.

herod. Now syn it<sup>t</sup> is so / ye shaH haue fauoure ;

What could  
they do more  
to save  
Herod's  
honour ?

Go where ye wyH, go / by towne and by towre,

He forgives  
them;

Goys hens!

[*The Soldiers retire.*]

194

I haue maters to meH

and calls his  
privy  
council.

with my preuey counseH;

[*The Council advance.*]

Clerkys, ye bere the beH,

ye must me encense.

198

(23)

Oone spake in myne eere / A wonderfuH talkyng,

And sayde a madyn shuld bere / anothere to be kyng;

He bids his  
clerks en-  
quire in  
Virgil, in  
Homer, and  
everywhere  
but in legend  
—in Boece  
and tales but  
not in ser-  
vice-books—  
as to this  
talk of a  
maiden and  
her child.

Syrs, I pray you inquere / in aH wrytyng,

In vyrgyH, in homere / And aH other thyng

Bot legende; [*They look at their books.*]

203

Sekys poece tayllys;

lefe pystyls and grales;

Mes, matyns, noght avalys,

AH these I defende;

207

(24)

I pray you teH heyndly / now what ye fynde.

*primus consultus.* Truly, sir, prophecy / It is not blynd;

we rede thus by Isay / he shalbe so kynde,

That a madyn, sothely / which neuer synde,

ShaH hym bere:

212

“virgo concipiet,

*Natumque pariet;*”

“EmanueH” is hete,

his name for to lere,

216

(25)

“God is with vs,” that is forto say.

*Secundus consultus.* And othere says thus / tryst me ye  
may:

“Of bedlem a gracyus / lord shaH spray,

That of Iury myghtyus / kyng shalbe ay,

lord myghty;

221

And hym shaH honoure

both kyng and emperoure.”

*herodes.* why, and shuld I to hym cowre?

Nay, ther thou lyys lyghtly!

225

(26)

Herod rages  
at them, and

ffy! the dewiH the spede / and me, bot I drynk onys!

This has thou done in dede / to anger me for the nonys;

And thou, knafe, thou thy mede / shaH haue, by cokys [Fol. 57, b.]  
dere bonys ! bids the

Thou can not half thi crede ! / outt, thefys, fro my wonys !  
ffy, knafys ! 230 "dottypols"  
fly and throw  
their books  
into the  
water.

ffy, dotty-pols, with youre bookys !

Go kast thaym in the brookys !

with sich wyls and crokys

My wytt away rafys ! 234

(27)

hard I neuer sich a trant / that a knafe so sleght

Shuld com lyke a sant / and refe me my right ;

Nay, he shaH on slant / I shaH kyH hym downe stryght ;

war ! I say, lett me pant / now thynk I to fyght

ffor anger ; 239

My guttys wiH outt thryng

Bot I this lad hyng ;

withoutt I haue a vengyng,

I may lyf no langer. 243

(28)

Shuld a carH in a kafe / bot of oone yere age,

Thus make me to rafe ? /

*primus consultus.* Syr, peasse this outrage !

A-way let ye wafe / aH sich langage,

youre worship to safe / is he oght bot a page

Of a yere ? 248

we two shaH hym teyn

with oure wyttys betweyn,

That, if ye do as I meyn,

he shaH dy on a spere. 252

(29)

*Secundus consultus.* ffor drede that he reyn / do as we red ;

Thrug. outt bedlem <sup>1</sup> / and ilk othere stede,

Make knyghtys ordeyn / and put vnto dede

AH knaue chyl dren / of two yerys brede,

And with-in ; 257

This chyl d may ye spyH

Thus at youre awne wiH.

*Herodes.* Now thou says here tyH

A right nobyH gyn ! 261

Unless he  
have ven-  
geance on  
this lad he  
can live no  
longer.

The coun-  
cillors bid him  
put away all  
such lan-  
guage, and  
they shall  
find him a  
remedy.

Let him bid  
his knights  
slay all chil-  
dren at Beth-  
lehem and  
elsewhere  
under two  
years old and  
this child  
must die.

<sup>1</sup> Assonant to 'reyn,' 'chyl dren.'

(30)

Herod  
thinks this a  
right noble  
gin; if he  
lives he will  
make the  
Councillor  
Pope; mean-  
while he  
shall have  
castles and  
lands.

If I lyf in land / good lyfe, as I hope,  
This dar I the warand / to make the Pope.<sup>1</sup>  
O, my hart is rysand / now in a glope!  
ffor this nobyH tythand / thou shaH haue a drope  
Of my good grace;  
Markys, rentys, and powndys,  
Greatt<sup>t</sup> castels & groundys;  
ThrugH aH sees and sandys

266

I gyf the the chace. [*The Council retires.*] 270

(31)

Herod bids  
his messen-  
ger call the  
flower of his  
knights.

Now wyH I procede / and take veniance;  
AH the flowre of knyghthede / caH to legeance;  
Bewshere, I the byd<sup>2</sup> / it<sup>t</sup> may the avance.  
*Nuncius.* lord, I shaH me spede / and bryng, perchaunce,  
To thy syght. [*Herod retires. Knights advance.*]

[Fol. 58, a.]

The messen-  
ger bids the  
knights  
hasten to  
Herod,

hark, knyghtys, I you bryng  
here new tythyng;  
vnto herode kyng  
hast with aH youre myght!

279

(32)

armed and in  
their best  
array.

In aH the hast<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> ye may / in armowre fuH bright,  
In youre best aray / looke that<sup>t</sup> ye be dight.  
*primus Miles.* why shuld we fray? /  
*Secundus Miles.* this is not<sup>t</sup> aH right.  
*Tercius Miles.* Syrs, withoutten delay I drede that<sup>t</sup> we  
fight.

*Nuncius.* I pray you, 284

As fast<sup>t</sup> as ye may,  
com to hym this day.

*primus Miles.* what<sup>t</sup>, in oure best<sup>t</sup> aray?

*Nuncius.* yei, syrs, I say you. 288

(33)

*ijus Miles.* Somwhat is in hand / what euer it meyn.  
*iiij Miles.* Tarry not for to stand / ther or we haue beyn.  
[*Herod advances.*]

*Nuncius.* kyng herode aH weldand / weH be ye seyn!  
youre knyghtys ar comand / in armoure fuH sheyn,

<sup>1</sup> This word is erased in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The ryme needs 'bede.'

- At' youre wyH. 293
- primus Miles.* hayH, dughtyest' of aH !  
 we are comen at' youre caH  
 ffor to do what we shaH,  
 youre lust to fullfyH. 297
- (34)
- herod.* welcom, lordyngys, Iwys / both' greatt and smaH !  
 The cause now is this / that I send for you aH :  
 A lad, a knafe, borne is / that' shuld' be kyng ryaH ;  
 Bot' I kyH hym and his / I wote I brast my gaH ;  
 Therfor, Syrs, 302  
 Veniance shaH ye take,  
 AH for that lack sake,  
 And men I shaH you make  
 where ye com ay where, syrs. 306
- (35)
- To bedlem loke ye go / And aH the coste aboute,  
 AH knaue chyl dren ye slo / and lordys, ye shalbe stoute ;  
 Of yeres if they be two / and w<sup>ith</sup>in, of aH that' rowte  
 On lyfe lyefe none of tho / that' lygys in swedyH clowte,  
 I red you ; 311  
 Spare no kyns bloode,  
 lett aH ryn on floode,  
 If women wax woode ;  
 I warn you, syrs, to spede you ; 315
- (36)
- hens ! now go youre way / that ye were thore.
- ijus Miles.* I wote we make a fray / bot' I wyH go before. The knights  
*ijus Miles.* A, thynk, syrs, I say / I mon whett lyke a bore. promise  
*primus Miles.* Sett' me before ay / good enogh for a skore ; obedience.  
 hayH heyndly ! 320  
 we shaH for youre sake  
 make a dulfuH lake.
- herodes.* Now if ye me weH wrake  
 ye shaH fynd me freyndly. [*Exit Herod.*] 324
- (37)
- ijus Miles.* Go ye now tyH oure noytt / and handyH  
 thaym weyH.  
*ijus Miles.* I shaH pay thaym on the cote / begyn I to  
 reyH. [*First Woman and Child advance.*]

[Fol. 58, b.] *primus Miles.* hark, felose, ye dote / yonder commys  
vnceyH;

They see a  
woman  
coming. The  
first knight  
tells her not  
to take it ill  
if he kill her  
child.

I hold here a grote / she lykys me not weyH

Be we parte;

[To the Woman.] 329

Dame, thynk it not yH,

thy knafe if I kyH.

*prima Mulier.* what, thefe! agans my wyH?

lord, kepe hym in qwarte!

333

(38)

*primus Miles.* Abyde now, abyde / no farther thou gose.

The woman  
remem-  
strates.

*prima Mulier.* Peasse, thefe! shaH I chyde / and make  
here a nose?

*primus Miles.* I shaH reyfe the thy pryde / kyH we  
these boyse!

She attacks  
the knight,  
but her boy  
is slain.

*prima Mulier.* Tyd may betyde / kepe weH thy nose,  
ffals thefe!

338

haue on loft on thy hode.

*primus Miles.* what, hoore, art thou woode?

[Kills the Child.]

*prima Mulier.* Outt, alas, my chyldys bloode!

Outt, for reprefe!

342

(39)

She laments  
over him and  
calls for  
vengeance.

Alas for shame and syn / alas that I was borne!

Of wepyng who may blyn / to se hir chylde forlorne?

My comfort and my kyn / my son thus alto torne!

veniance for this syn / I cry, both eyn and morne.

*Secundus Miles.* weH done!

347

[Second Woman and Child advance.]

Com hedyr, thou old stry!

that lad of thyne shaH dy.

*Secunda Mulier.* Mercy, lord, I cry!

It is myn awne dere son.

351

(40)

The same  
scene is gone  
through be-  
tween a  
second  
woman and  
the second  
knight.

*ijus Miles.* No mercy thou mefe / it mendys the not, mawd!

*Secunda Mulier.* Then thi skalp shaH I clefe! / lyst  
thou be clawd?

lefe, lefe, now by lefe! /

*Secundus Miles.* peasse, byd I, bawd!

*Secunda Mulier.* ffy, fy, for reprefe! fy, fuH of frawde!

No man ! 356

haue at thy tabard,

harlot and holard !

Thou shaft not be sparde !

I cry and I ban ! [He kills the boy.] 360

(41)

Outt ! morder ! man, I say / strang tratoure & thefe !

Out ! alas ! and waloway ! / my child that was me lefe !

My luf, my blood, my play / that neuer dyd man grefe !

Alas, alas, this day ! / I wold my hart shuld clefe

In sonder ! 365

veniance I cry and caß,

on herode and his knyghtys aß !

veniance, lord, apou thaym faß,

And mekyß worldys wonder ! 369

(42)

*Tercius Miles.* This is weß wroght gere / that euer

may be ; [Third woman and child advance.]

Comys hederward here ! / ye nede not to fle !

*Tercia Mulier.* wyß ye do any dere / to my chyld and me ?

*iijs Miles.* he shaft dy, I the swere / his hart blood shaft

thou se.

*iija mulier.* God for-bede ! 374

Thefe ! thou shedys my chyldys blood ! [He kills the boy.]

Out, I cry ! I go near wood !

Alas ! my hart is aß on flood,

To se my chyld thus blede ! 378

(43)

By god, thou shaft aby this dede that thou has done.

*Tercius Miles.* I red the not stry / by son and by moyn.

*iija Mulier.* haue at the, say I ! / take the ther a foyn !

Out on the I cry / haue at thi groyn

An othere ! 383

This kepe I in store.

*Tercius Miles.* Peasse now, no more !

*Tercia Mulier.* I cry and I rore,

Out on the, mans mordre ! 387

(44)

Alas ! my bab, myn Innocent / my fleshly get ! for sorow

That god me derly sent / of bales who may me borow ?

She, also,  
cries for  
vengeance  
for her mur-  
dered son.

The third  
knight kills  
the child of  
a third  
mother.

She laments

[Fol. 59, a.  
Sig. K. 1.]

and attacks  
him till he  
cries "Peace  
now, no  
more."

She cries for  
vengeance.

The first  
knight bids  
the women  
go off.

Thy body is aH to-rent / I cry both euen and morow,  
veniance for thi blod thus spent / out ! I cry, and horow !

*primus Miles.* Go lightly !

392

Gett out of thise wonys !

ye trattys, aH at onys,—

Or by cokys dere bonys

I make you go wyghtly !

[*The mothers retire.*]

(45)

They are  
frightened  
now, says  
the second  
knight.  
The third  
knight pro-  
poses to tell  
their ex-  
ploits to  
Herod.

Thay ar flayd now, I wote, thay wiH not abyde. 397

*Secundus Miles.* lett vs ryn fote hote / now wold I we hyde,  
And teH of this lott / how we haue betyde.

*Tercius Miles.* Thou can do thi note / that haue I aspyde ;

Go furth now,

401

TeH thou herode oure tayH !

ffor aH oure awayH,

I teH you, saunce fayH,

he wyH vs alow.

405

(46)

The first  
claims to  
have done  
the best.

*primus Miles.* I am best of you aH / and euer has bene ;

The deuyH haue my sauH / bot I be fyrst sene ;

It fyttys me to caH / my lord, as I wene.

*ijus Miles.* what nedys the to braH ? / be not so kene

In this anger ;

410

I shaH say thou dyd best,

saue myself, as I gest.

*primus Miles.* we ! that is most honest.

*Tercius Miles.* go, tary no langer !

414

(47) [*They approach Herod.*]

They boast  
to Herod of  
having mur-  
dered many  
thousands,

*primus Miles.* hayH herode, oure kyng / fuH glad may ye be !

Good tythyng we bryng / harkyn now to me ;

we haue mayde rydyng / thugh outt Iure :

weH wyt ye oone thyng / that morderd haue we

Many thowsandys.

419

*ijus Miles.* I held thaym fuH hote,

I payd them on the cote ;

Thare dammys, I wote,

Neuer bynde them in bandys.

423

(48)

they are  
worthy a  
reward.

*ijus Miles.* had ye sene how I fard / when I cam emang them !

Ther was none that I spard / bot lade on and dang them.

I am worthy a rewarde / where I was emangys them. [Fol. 59, b.]

I stud and I stard / no pyte to hang them

had I. 428

*herodes.* Now, by myghty mahowne,

That is good of renowne !

If I bere this crowne

ye shaH haue a lady 432

(49)

Ilkon to hym layd, and wed at his wyH.

*primus Miles.* So haue ye lang sayde / do somewhat thertyH !

*ijus Miles.* And I was neuer flayde / for good ne for yH.

*iius Miles.* ye might hold you weH payde / oure lust to

fulfyH,

Thus thynk me, 437

with tresure vntold,

If it lyke that ye wold,

Both syluer and gold,

To gyf vs greatt plente. 441

(50)

*herodes.* As I am kyng crownde / I thynk it good right !

Ther goys none on grownde / that has sich a wyght ;

A hundreth thowsand pownde / is good wage for a knyght,

Of pennys good and rownde / now may ye go lightt

with store ; 446

And ye knyghtys of oures

ShaH haue castels and towres,

Both to you and to youres,

ffor now and euer more. 450

(51)

*primus Miles.* was neuer none borne / by downes ne by

dalys,

Nor yit vs beforne / that had sich avalys.

*ijus Miles.* we haue castels and corne / mych gold in

oure malys.

*iius Miles.* It wyH neuer be worne / withoutt any talys ;

hayH heyndly ! 455

hayH lord ! hayH kyng !

we ar furth foundyng !

*herod.* Now mahowne he you bryng

where he is lord freyndly ; 459

Herod promises them each a lady to wed at his will.

The third knight suggests a gift of gold and silver.

Herod says a hundred thousand pounds is good wage for a knight, and promises castles and towers as well as money.

The knights rejoice at their wealth.

(52)

Herod  
thanks  
Mahound  
that he may  
stand in  
peace.  
Each of the  
knights shall  
have a thou-  
sand marks  
—next time  
he comes.

Now in peasse may I stand / I thank the, mahowne !  
And gyf of my lande / that longys to my crowne ;  
Draw therfor nerehande / both of burgh and of towne ;  
Markys ilkon a thowsande / when I am bowne,  
Shaft ye haue. 464  
I shalbe full fayn  
To gyf that I sayn !  
wate when I com agayn,  
And then may ye craue. 468

(53)

He is not  
troubled by  
the blood he  
has shed.

I sett by no good / now my hart is at easse,  
That I shed so mekyft blode / pes aft my ryches !  
ffor to se this flode / from the fote to the nese  
Mefys nothing my mode / I lagh that I whese ;  
A, mahowne ! 473

His gall now  
is all of  
sugar.

So light is my sauft,  
that aft of Sugar is my gaft ;  
I may do what I shaft,  
And bere vp my crowne. 477

(54)

[Fol. 60, a.  
Sig. K. 2.]

He need not  
despair now,  
for the boy  
must be  
killed.

I was castyn in care / so frightly afayd,  
Bot I thar not dyspare / for low is he layd  
That I most dred are / so haue I hym flayd ;  
And els wonder ware / and so many strayd  
In the strete, 482  
That oone shuld be harmeles,  
and skape away haffes,  
where so many chylde  
Thare balys can not bete. 486

(55)

144,000 have  
been slain :  
never was  
there such a  
murder.

A hundreth thowsand, I watt / and fourty ar slayn,  
And four thowsand ; ther-at / me aght to be fayn ;  
Sich a morder on a flat / shaft neuer be agayn.  
had I had bot oone bat / at that lurdan  
So yong, 491  
It shuld haue bene spokyn  
how I had me wrokyn,  
were I dede and rotyn,  
with many a tong. 495

(56)

Thus shaH I tech knauys / ensampyH to take,  
In thare wyttys that rauys / sich mastre to make ;  
AH wantones wafys / no langage ye crak !  
No sufferan you sauys / youre nekkys shaH I shak

Let knaves  
take ex-  
ample by it,  
and call no  
man king  
but Herod.

In sonder ;

500

No kyng ye on caH  
Bot on herode the ryah,  
Or els many oone shaH

Apon youre bodys wonder.

504

(57)

ffor if I here it spokyn / when I com agayn,  
youre branyse bese brokyn / therfor be ye bayn ;  
Nothyng bese vnlokyn / it shalbe so playn ;  
Begyn I to rekyn / I thynk aH dysdayn

If he hear  
them speak  
of any other  
he will  
knock their  
brains out.  
But now he  
"can no  
more  
French."

ffor daunche.

509

Syrs, this is my counseH—

Bese not to crueH,

Bot adew!—to the deuyH !

I can nomore fraunch !

513

*Explicit Maynus Herodes.*

(XVII.)

**Incipit Purificacio marie.**

[Fol. 60, b.]

[10 eight-line stanzas aaab cccb ; 10 six-line aab ccb ; and one line.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Symeon.*

*Primus Angelus.*

*Secundus Angelus.*

*Josephus.*

*Maria.*

*Jesus.]*

*Symeon.*

(1)

**M**IghtfuH god, thou vs glad !  
That heuen and erthe and aH has mayde ;  
Bryng vs to blys that neuer shaH fade,  
As thou weH may ;  
And thynk on me that is vnweld—

Simeon  
prays to God  
to remember  
him in his  
old age.

4

lo ! so I hobyH aH on held,  
That vnethes may I walk for eld—  
Now help, lord, adcnay !

8

## (2)

He wonders  
whether the  
good men of  
old be safe or  
lost.

Bot yit I merueH, both euyn and morne,  
Of old elders that were beforen,  
wheder thay be safe or lorne,

where thay may be ;

12

AbeH, noyè, and abraham,

David, danieH, and balaam,

And aH othere mo by name,

Of sere degre.

16

## (3)

He thanks  
God for  
giving him  
so long a  
life.

I thank the, lord, with good intent,

Of aH thy sond thou has me sent,

That thus long tyme my lyfe has lent,

Now many a yere ;

20

ffor aH ar past now oonly bot I ;

I thank the, lord god almyghty !

ffor so old know I none, sothly,

Now lyfyng here.

24

## (4)

He knows no  
man so old  
as himself:  
no wonder if  
he be feeble.

ffor I am old sytheon :

So old on lyfe know I none,

That is mayde on flesh and bone,

In aH medyH-erd.

28

No wonder if I go on held :

The feuyrs, the flyx, make me vnweld ;

Myn armes, my lymmes, ar stark for eld,

And aH gray is my berd.

32

## (5)

Myn ees are woren both marke and blynd ;

Myn and is short, I want wynd ;

Thus has age dystroed my kynd,

And reft myghtis aH ;

36

His own  
time to go  
away will  
soon come.

Bot shortly mon I weynd away ;

what tyme ne when, I can not say,

ffor it is gone fuH many a day

Syn dede began to caH.

40

## (6)

[Fol. 61, a.  
Sig. K. 3.]

Ther is no warke that I may wyrk,

Bot oneths craH I to the kyrk ;

Be I com home I am so irk

That farther may I noght ;  
 Bot settys me downe, and grankys, and gronys,  
 And lygys and restys my wery bonys,  
 And aH nyght after grankys and goonys,  
 On slepe tyH I be broght.

44 He can do  
 no work save  
 church-  
 going, and  
 when he  
 comes back  
 from that all  
 his bones  
 ache.  
 48

(7)

Bot neuer the les, the sothe to say,  
 If I may nather, by nyght ne day,  
 ffor age nather styr ne play,  
 Nor make no chere,  
 yit if I be neuer so oldt,  
 I myn fuH weH that prophetys told,  
 That now ar dede and layde fuH cold,  
 Sythen gone many a yere.

Yet feeble as  
 age has made  
 him, he re-  
 members the  
 words of the  
 dead pro-  
 phets,  
 52

56

(8)

Thay sayde that god, fuH of myght,  
 Shuld send his son from heuen bright,  
 In a madyn for to light,  
 Commen of dauid kyn ;  
 fflesh and bloode on hyr to take,  
 And becom man for oure sake,  
 Our redempeyon for to make,  
 That slayn were through syn.

who foretold  
 the birth of  
 God's Son for  
 man's re-  
 demption.

60

64

(9)

Bot, lord, that vs thy grace has hight,  
 Send me thy sond, both day and nyght,  
 And graunt me grace of lyfys light,  
 And let me neuer de,  
 To thou sich grace to me send,  
 That I may handyH hym in my hend,  
 That shaH cum oure mys to amend,  
 And se hym with myn ee.

He prays:  
 God that he  
 may not die  
 till he has  
 held this  
 Child in his  
 hand.  
 68

72

(10)

*primus angelus.* Thou, symeon, drede the noght !  
 My lord, that thou has long besoght,  
 ffor thou has rightwys beyn,  
 Thyn askyng has he grauntyd the,  
 with outhen dede on lyfe to be  
 To thou thy cryst haue seyn.

An angel  
 announces  
 the granting  
 of his  
 prayer.  
 75

78

(11)

A second  
angel tells  
him he shall  
find God's  
Son in the  
Temple.

*Secundus angelus.* Than symeon, harkyn a space !

I bryng the tythyngys of solace ;

ffor-thy, ryse vp and gang

81

To the temple ; thou shaH fynd thore

Godys son the before,

That thou has yernyd lang.

84

(12)

Symeon  
praises God  
for His  
goodness.

*Symeon.* Louyd be my lord in wyH and thoght,

That his *servant* forgettys noght,

when that he seys tyme !

87

weH is me that I shaH dre

TyH I haue sene hym with myn ee,

And no longer hyne.

90

(13)

[Fol. 61, b.]

Louyd be my lord in heuen,

That thus has by his angeH steuen

warnyd me of his commyng !

93

He will put  
on his vest-  
ment in  
honour of  
that king,

Therfor wiH I with intent

putt on me my vestment,

In worship of that kyng.

96

(14)

for welcome  
shall that  
Lord be to  
him, who  
shall make  
men free.

he shalbe welcom vnto me :

That lord shaH make vs alle fre,

kyng of aH man-kyn ;

99

ffor with his blood he shaH vs boroo

Both fro catyfdam & from soroo,

That was slayn through syn.

102

*Tunc pulsabunt.*

(15)

The bells  
ring so  
solemnly he  
thinks it  
must be for  
the coning  
of the Lord.

A, dere god ! what may this be ?

Oure bellys ryng so solemply,

ffor whom soeuer it is ;

105

Now certys, I can not vnderstand,

Bot if my lord god aH weldand

Be commen, that aH shaH wyse.

108

(16)

This noyse lyghtyns fuH weH myn hart !

ShaH I neuer rest, and I haue quart,

Or I com ther onone ;

111

Now weH were I and it so were,  
ffor sich noyse hard I neuer ere ;

The bells are  
ringing of  
themselves.

Oure bellys ryng by thare oone ! 114

[*Joseph, with two doves, and Mary, with her baby, advance.*]

(17)

*Ioseph.* Mary, it begynnys to pas,  
ffourty dayes syn that thou was

Joseph bids  
Mary draw  
near the  
Temple,

Delyuer of thy son ; 117

To the temple I red we draw,  
To clens the, and fulfyH the law,

As oure elders were won. 120

(18)

Therfor, mary, madyn heynd,  
Take thi chylde and let vs weynd

taking her  
Child with  
her, and they  
will bring  
two doves for  
an offering.

The tempyH vntyH ; 123

And we shaH with vs bryng  
Thise turtys two to oure offryng,

The law we wiH fulfyH. 126

(19)

*Maria.* Ioseph, that wyH I fuH weH,  
That the law euery deyH

Mary is well  
pleased to  
fulfil all the  
Law.

Be fulfyllid in me. 129

Lord, that aH myghtys may,  
Gyf vs grace to do this day

That it be pleassyng to the ! 132

*Angeli cantant ; simeon. . . . [the rest is illegible].*

(20)

*primus angelus.* Thou, sytheon, rightwys and trew,  
Thou has desyred both old and new,  
To haue a sight of cryst ihesu

The first  
Angel an-  
nounces to  
Simeon that  
this is the  
Child whom  
he longed to  
see.

As prophecy has told ! 136

Oft has thou prayd to haue a sight  
Of hym that in a madyn light ;  
here is that chylde of mekyH myght,

Now has thou that thou wold. 140

(21)

*Secundus angelus.* Thou has desyryd it most of aH.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>1</sup> The end of this Play, and the beginning of the next, are wanting, two leaves of the manuscript being lost.

## (XVIII.)

[17 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab* ; 33 four-line *ab ab* ; 2 couplets ;  
and one line of Latin.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Primus Magister.*  
*Secundus Magister.*

| *Tercius Magister.*  
*Iesus.*

| *Maria.*  
*Josephus.*]

[Fol. 62, a.]

\* \* \* \* \*

## (1)

The Doctors  
talk of the  
prophecy of  
Emmanuel.

[*Secundus Magister.*] That a madyn a barn shuld bere ;

And his name thus can thay tell,

ffro the tyme that he born were,

he shalbe callyd emanueH ;

4

## (2)

Counselloure, and god of strengthe,

And wonderfuH also

ShaH he be callyd, of brede and lengthe

As far as any man may go.

8

## (3)

*ijus magister.* Masters, youre resons ar right good,

And wonderfuH to neuen,

yit fynde I more by abacuk ;

Syrs, lysten a whyle vnto my steuen.

12

## (4)

Habakkuk  
had foretold  
the rod that  
should  
spring from  
the root of  
Jesse.

Oure bayH, he says, shaH turn to boytt,

her-afterward som day ;

A wande shaH spryng fro Iesse roytt,—

The certan sothe thus can he say,—

16

## (5)

And of that wande shaH spryng a floure,

that shaH spryng vp fuH hight :

Ther of shaH com fuH swete odowre,

And therapon shaH rest and lyght

20

## (6)

The holy gost, fuH mych of myght ;

The goost of wysdom and of wyt,

ShaH beyld his nest, with mekyH right,

And in it brede and sytt.

24

(7)

*primus magister.* Bot when trow ye this prophecy  
Shalbe fullyllyd in dede,  
That here is told so openly,  
As we in scrypture rede?

The first  
Doctor won-  
ders when  
this shall be  
fulfilled.

28

(8)

*ijus magister.* A greatt merueH for sothe it is,  
To vs to here of sich mastry;  
A madyn to bere a chylkt, Iwys,  
without mans seyde, that were ferly.

They diseuss  
the con-  
ception by  
the Holy  
Ghost.

32

(9)

*ijus magister.* The holy gost shaH in hyr lyght,  
And kepe hir madynhede fuH clene;  
whoso may byde to se that sight  
Thay ther not drede, I wene.

36

(10)

*primus magister.* Of aH thise prophetys wyse of lore  
That knew the prophecy, more and les,  
was none that told the tyme before,  
when he shuld com to by vs peasse.

None of the  
prophets  
were told  
the time of  
these things.

40

(11)

*Secundus magister.* wheder he be comunen or not  
No knowlege haue we in certayn;  
Bot he shaH com, that dowt we not;  
ffuH prpphetys haue prechyd it fuH playn.

He may be  
come or not,  
but of His  
coming they  
have no  
doubt.

44

(12)

*ijus magister.* MekyH I thynk that thise prpphetys  
Ar holden to god, that is on hight,  
That haue knowyng of his behetys,  
And for to teH of his mekyH myght.

48

*Tunc venit ihesus.*<sup>1</sup>

(13)

*Ihesus.* Masters, luf be with you lent,  
And mensk be vnto this meneze!  
*primus magister.* Son, hens away I wold thou went,  
ffor othere haft in hand haue we.

Jesus greets  
them.

The first  
doctor says  
they are  
busy.

52

<sup>1</sup> MS. ihe: as it rymes with 'thus,' 'vs,' it is always expanded as *ihesus*.

(14)

The second  
Doctor says  
they have  
other things  
to do than  
to play with  
children.

*ijus magister.* Son, whosoever the hyder sent,

Thay were not wyse, thus tell I the ;

ffor we haue othere tayllys to tent

Then now with barnes bowrdand to be.

56

(15)

[Fol. 62, b.]  
But the third  
bids Jesus  
listen to  
their speech,  
that He may  
learn by it.

*Tercius magister.* Son, thou lyst oght lere / To lyf by  
moyses lay ;

Com heder, and thou shalt here / The sawes that we wyll

say ;

58

(16)

ffor in som mynde it may the bryng

To here oure sawes red by rawes.

Jesus says  
He has no  
need to learn  
of them.

*Ihesus.* To lere of you nedys me no thyng,

ffor I know both youre dedys & sawes.

62

The first  
Doctor  
thinks He is  
too young to  
know their  
laws "by  
clergy."

*primus magister.* hark, yonder barn with his bowrdyng !

he wenys he kens more then he knowys ;

Nay, certys, son, thou art ouer ying

By clergy yit to know oure lawes.

66

(17)

*Ihesus.* I wote as well as ye / how that youre lawes was  
wroght.

They bid  
Him sit to be  
examined.

*Secundus magister.* Com sytt ! soyn shalt we se, / ffor  
certys so semys it noght.

68

(18)

*Tercius magister.* It were wonder if any wyght

vntill oure resons right shuld reche ;

And thou says thou has in sight

Oure lawes truly to tell and teche.

72

Jesus says  
the Holy  
Ghost has  
given Him  
power to  
teach.

*Ihesus.* The holy gost has on me lyght,

And anoynt me lyke a leche,

And gyffen to me powere and myght

The kyngdom of heuen to preche.

76

(19)

*Secundus magister.* whens euer this barne may be

That shewys thise novels new ?

*Ihesus.* Certan, syrs, I was or ye,

And shalt be after you.

80

(20)

*primus magister.* Son, of thi sawes, as we haue ceyH,

And of thi wytt is wonder thyng ;

Bot neuer the les fully I feyH

That it may fayH in wyrkyng ;

ffor dauid demys euer ilk deyH,

And thus he says of chylder ying,

“Ex ore infancium & lactencium, perfecisti laudem.”

Of thare mowthes, sayth dauid, wele,

Oure lord he has perfourmed louyng.

(21)

Neuer the les, son, yit shuld thou lett

her for to speke in large ;

ffor where masters ar mett,

Chylder wordys ar not to charge.

(22)

ffor, certys, if thou wold neuer so fayn

Gyf all thi lyst to lere the law,

Thou art nawther of myght ne mayn

To know it, as a clerk may knaw.

*Ihesus.* Syrs, I say you in certan,

That sothfast shaH be aH my saw ;

And powere haue I plene and playn,

To say and answeare as me aw.

(23)

*primus magister.* Masters, what may this mene ?

MerueH, methynk, haue I

where euer this barne has bene

That carpys thus conandly.

(24)

*Secundus magister.* In warld as wyde as we haue went

ffand we neuer sich ferly fare ;

*Certys,* I trow the barn be sent

Sufferanly to salfe our sare.

*Ihesus.* Syrs, I shaH preue in youre present

AH the sawes that I sayde are.

*Tercius magister.* which callys thou the fyrst commaunde-  
ment

And the most, in moyses lare ?

The first  
Doctor re-  
members the  
text, “Out of  
the mouths  
of babes and  
sucklings  
hast thou  
perfected  
praise,”

84

88

92

96

100

104

108

112

yet thinks  
Jesus should  
not speak  
so boldly  
before  
masters,

for it is im-  
possible for  
Him to know  
the Law like  
a clerk.

Jesus says  
He has  
power to  
answer as  
He ought.

[Fol. 63, a.]  
The Doctors  
are astomish-  
ed at His  
words.

The third  
Doctor asks  
Him which  
is the first  
command-  
ment, and  
the chief, in  
Moses' Law.

## (25)

Jesus bids  
them read  
from their  
books.

*I*hesus. Syrs, synthen ye syt on raw,  
And hafe youre bookys on brede,  
let se, syrs, in youre saw  
how right that ye can rede.

116

## (26)

The first  
Doctor says  
that the first  
command-  
ment is to  
honour God.

*primus magister.* I rede that this is the fyrst bydyng  
That moyses told vs here vntyH ;  
honoure thi god ouer ilka thyng,  
*with* aH thi wyt and aH thi wyH ;  
And aH thi hart in hym shaft hyng,  
Erly and late, both lowde and styH.  
*I*hesus. ye nede none othere bookys to bryng,  
Bot fownd this to fulfyH ;

120

124

## (27)

Jesus says  
that the  
second is to  
love your  
neighbour.

The seconde may men profe  
And clergy know therby ;  
youre neyghburs shaft ye lofe  
Right as youre self truly.

128

## (28)

<sup>1</sup> *Illegible.*

[Thise] <sup>1</sup> commaunded moyses tyH aH men  
In his commaundes clere ;

On these two  
biddings  
hang all the  
law.

In thise two bydyngys, shaft ye ken,  
hyngys aH the law we aght to lere.

132

who so fulfylles thise two then  
with mayn and mode and good manere,  
he fulfyllys truly aH ten

That after thayn folows in fere.

136

## (29)

Then shuld we god honowre  
*with* aH oure myght and mayn,  
And luf weH ilk neghbourne  
Right as oure self certayn.

140

## (30)

The Doctor  
asks, What  
are the other  
eight ?

*primus magister.* Now, son, synthen thou has told vs two,  
which ar the aght,<sup>2</sup> can thou oght say ?

*I*hesus. The thyrd bydys, " where so ye go,  
That ye shaft halow the holy day ;

144

<sup>2</sup> MS. viii.

(31)

from bodely wark ye take youre rest ;  
 youre household, looke the same thay do,  
 Both wyfe, chyld, seruande, and beest."

[Fol. 63, b.]

Jesus an-  
 swers (3) to  
 keep the  
 holy day  
 hallowed,

The fourt<sup>t</sup> is then in weyht and wo

148

(32)

" Thi fader, thi moder, thou shalt honowre,  
 Not<sup>t</sup> only with thi reuerence,  
 Bot<sup>t</sup> in thare nede thou thaym socoure,  
 And kepe ay good obedyence."

(4) honour  
 and succour  
 father and  
 mother,

152

(33)

The fyft bydys the " no man slo,  
 Ne harme hym neuer in word ne dede,  
 Ne suffre hym not<sup>t</sup> to be in wo  
 If thou may help hym in his nede."

(5) kill nor  
 harm no  
 man,

156

(34)

The sext bydys the " thi wyfe to take,  
 Bot<sup>t</sup> none othere lawfully ;  
 lust<sup>t</sup> of lechery thou fle and fast forsake,  
 And drede ay god where so thou be."

(6) take thy  
 own wife,  
 but none  
 other,

160

(35)

The seuen<sup>1</sup> bydys the " be no thefe feyr,  
 Ne nothyng wyn with trechery ;  
 Oker, ne symony, thou com not<sup>t</sup> nere,  
 Bot<sup>t</sup> conseyence clere ay kepe truly."

<sup>1</sup> MS. vii.

(7) to win  
 nothing by  
 theft, treach-  
 ery, usury  
 or simony,

164

(36)

The aght<sup>2</sup> byddys the " be true in dede,  
 And fals wytnes looke thou none bere ;  
 looke thou not ly for freynd ne syb,  
 lest<sup>t</sup> to thi sauht that it do dere."

<sup>2</sup> MS. viij.

(8) bear no  
 false wit-  
 ness,

168

(37)

The neyn<sup>3</sup> byddys the " not<sup>t</sup> desyre  
 Thi neighbors wyfe ne his women,  
 Bot<sup>t</sup> as holy kyrk wold it were,  
 Right so thi purpose sett it<sup>t</sup> in."

<sup>3</sup> MS. ix.

(9) desire no  
 man's wife,

172

(38)

The ten<sup>4</sup> byddys the " for nothyng  
 Thi neighbors goodys yerne wrongwysly ;  
 his house, his rent<sup>t</sup>, ne his havyng<sup>t</sup>,  
 And crysten fayth trow stedfastly."

<sup>4</sup> MS. x.

(10) covet no  
 man's goods.

176

(39)

These are  
the ten  
command-  
ments.

<sup>1</sup> overlined  
later.

Thus in tabyls, shaH ye ken,  
Oure lord <sup>1</sup> to moyses wrate ;  
Thise ar the commaundmentys ten,  
who so wiH lely layt.

180

(40)

The second  
Doctor won-  
ders at the  
knowledge  
of Jesus.

*Secundus magister.* Behald how he lege oure lawes,  
And leryd neuer on booke to rede !  
ffuH soteH sawes, me thynk, he says,  
And also true, if we take hede.

184

The third  
fears the  
people will  
praise Him  
more than  
themselves ;

*Tercius magister.* yei, lett hym furth on his wayes,  
ffor if he dweH, withoutten drede  
The pepyH wiH ful soyn hym prayse  
weH more then vs, for aH oure dede.

188

(41)

but is re-  
buked by  
the first.

*primus magister.* Nay, nay, then wyrk we wrang !  
sich spekyng wiH we spare ;  
As he cam let hym gang,  
And mefe vs, not no mare.

192

*Tunc venient Ioseph et maria, & dicet Maria ;*

(42)

Mary is in  
great  
trouble :  
they have  
sought Jesus  
everywhere,  
but cannot  
find Him.

*Maria.* A, dere Ioseph ! what is youre red ?  
Of oure greatt bayH no boytt may be ;  
My hart is heuy as any lede,  
My semely son to I hym se.  
Now haue we soght in euery sted,  
Both vp and downe, thise dayes thre ;  
And wheder he be whlik or dede  
yit wote we not ; so wo is me !

196

200

(43)

*Ioseph.* Sorow had neuer man mare !  
Bot mowr[n]yng, mary, may not amend ;  
ffarther do I red we fare,  
To god som socoure send.

204

(44)

[Fol. 64, a.]

Joseph  
would fain  
know if He  
is about the  
Temple.

Abowtt the tempyH if he be oght,  
That wold I that we wyst this nyght.  
*Maria.* A, certys, I se that we have soght !  
In world was neuer so semely a sight ;

208

- lo, where he syttys ! se ye hym noght  
 Amangys yond masters mekyH of myght ?  
*Ioseph.* Blyssyd be he vs heder broght !  
 In land now lyfys there none so light. 212  
 (45)
- Maria.* Now dere Ioseph, as haue ye seyH,  
 Go furth and fetche youre son and myne ;  
 This day is goyn nere ilka deyH,  
 And we haue nede for to go hien. 216  
*Ioseph.* with men of myght can I not meH,  
 Then aH my traueH mon I tyne ;  
 I can not with thaym, that wote ye weH,  
 Thay are so gay in furrys fyne. 220  
 (46)
- Maria.* To thaym youre erand<sup>t</sup> forto say,  
 Surely that thar ye drede no deyH !  
 Thay wiH take hede to you alway  
 Be cause of eld<sup>t</sup>, this wote I weyH. 224  
*Ioseph.* when I com ther what shaH I say ?  
 ffor I wote not, as haue I ceyH ;  
 Bot thou wiH haue me shamyd for ay,  
 ffor I can nawthere crowke ne knele. 228  
 (47)
- Maria.* Go we togeder, I hold<sup>t</sup> it best,  
 Vnto yond worthy wyghtys in wede ;  
 And if I se, as haue I rest,  
 That ye wiH not, then must I nede. 232  
*Ioseph.* Go thou and teH thi tayH fyrst,  
 Thi son to se wiH take good hede ;  
 weynd furth, mary, and do thi best,  
 I com behynd, as god me spede. 236  
 (48)
- Maria.* A, dere son, Ihesus !<sup>1</sup>  
 sythen we luf the alone,<sup>1</sup>  
 whi dos thou tyH vs thus,  
 And gars vs make this mone ? 240  
 (49)
- Thi fader and I betwix vs two,  
 Son, for thi luf has lykyd yH,

Joseph  
blesses God  
for enabling  
them to find  
Jesus.

Mary bids  
Joseph fetch  
Jesus, but  
he is afraid  
of meddling  
with men of  
might, gay  
in fine furs.

Mary says  
they will  
respect his  
age.

Joseph asks  
what he is to  
say.

Mary will go  
with him  
and speak,  
if he won't.

Joseph  
makes her  
go first.

Mary asks  
Jesus why  
He has done  
thus to  
them ?

<sup>1</sup> Written as one line with central ryme in MS., and so to end of Play.

[Fol. 64, b.] we haue the soght both to and fro  
 His father wepeand sore, as wyghtis wyH. 244  
 and she have sought *Ihesus*. wherto shuld ye, moder, seke me so?  
 Him weep- ing. Oft tymes it has bene told<sup>e</sup> ye tyH  
 Jesus says My fader warkys, for wele or wo,  
 He must fulfil His Thus am I sent for to fulfyH. 248  
 Father's works.  
 (50)

[Mary?] will <sup>1</sup> Thise sawes, as haue I ceyH,  
 think well I can weH vnderstonde,  
 on all these I shaH thynk on them weyH  
 saws. To fownd what is folowand. 252  
 (51)

Joseph bids *Ioseph*. Now sothly, son, the sight of the  
 Jesus come has comforthed vs of aH oure care;  
 home with them. Com furth, now, with thi moder and me!  
 At nazareth I wold we ware. 256

He bids *Ihesus*. Be leyf then, ye lordyngys fre!  
 farewell to ffor with my freyndys now wyH I fare.  
 the Doctors, who bless *primus magister*. Son, where so thou shaH abyde or be  
 Him, God make the good man euer mare. 260  
 (52)

predict that He *Secundus magister*. No wonder if thou, wife,  
 shall prove Of his fyndyng be fayn;  
 a good he shaH, if he haue lyfe,  
 swain, prefe to a fuH good swayn. 264  
 (53)

and welcome *Tercius magister*. Son, looke thou layn, for good or yH,  
 Him to live The noyttys that we haue nevened now;  
 with them. And if thou lyke to abyde here styH,  
 And with vs won, welcom art thou. 268

Jesus says *Ihesus*. Gramercy, syrs, of youre good wyH!  
 He must No longer lyst I byde with you,  
 obey His My freyndys thoght I shaH fulfyH,  
 friends. And to thare bydyng baynly bow. 272  
 (54)

*Maria*. ffuH weH is me this tyde,  
 Now may we make good chere.  
*Ioseph*. No longer wyH we byde;  
 ffar weH aH folk in fere. 276

*Expl[i]cit Pagina Doctorum.*

<sup>1</sup> This stanza must be assigned to Mary, see Luke iii. 51.

(XIX.)

Incipit Iohannes baptista.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

*Johannes. Primus Angelus. Secundus Angelus. Iesus.]*

[35 eight-line stanzas *ab ab ab ab*, and 1 four-line *ab ab*.]

*Johannes.*

(1)

God, that mayde both more and les,  
Heuen and erth, at his awne wyH,  
And merkyd man to his lyknes,  
As thyng that wold his lyst ffulfyH,  
Apon the erth he send lightnes,

John prays  
God to save  
the specta-  
tors from  
sin.

4

Both son and moyne lymett thertyH,  
He saue you aH from synfulnes,  
And kepe you clene, both lowd and styH.

[Fol. 65, a.  
Sig. 1. 1.]

8

(2)

Emang prophetys then am I oone  
That god has send to teche his law,  
And man to amend, that wrang has gone,  
Both *with* exampyH and *with* saw.

He is a pro-  
phet, Bap-  
tist John,  
son of  
Zachary and  
Elizabeth.

12

My name, for sothe, is baptyst Iohn,  
My fader zacary ye know,  
That was dombe and mayde great mone,  
Before my byrth, and stode in awe.

16

(3)

Elezabeth my moder was,  
Awntt vnto mary, madyn mylde;  
And as the son shynys thorow the glas,  
Certys, in hir wombe so dyd hir chyld.

20

The Jews  
have asked  
if he be  
Christ.

Yit the Iues inquiryd me has  
If I be cryst; thay ar begyld,  
For ihesus shal amend mans trespas,  
That *with* freylte of fylthe is fyllyd.

24

(4)

I am send bot messyngere  
ffrom hym that alkyn mys may mend;  
I go before, bodword to bere,  
And <sup>1</sup> as forgangere am I send,

He is only  
the messen-  
ger and fore-  
ganger

28

to prepare  
His ways.

his wayes to wyse, his lawes to lere,  
Both man and wyfe that has offende.  
ffuH mekyH barett mon he bere,  
Or tyme he haue broght aH tyH ende,

32

(5)

These Jews  
shall crucify  
Christ as a  
traitor or  
thief, not  
for His guilt  
but our  
good.

Thise Iues shaH hyng hym on a roode,  
Man's sauH to hym it is so leyfe,  
And therapon shaH shede his bloode,  
As he were tratoure or a thefe,  
Not for his gylt bot for oure goode,  
Because that we ar in myschefe;  
Thus shaH he dy, that frely foode,  
And ryse agane tyH oure relefe.

36

40

(6)

He baptises  
with water,  
but Christ  
with the  
Holy Ghost.

In water clere then baptyse I  
The pepyH that ar in this coste;  
Bot he shaH do more myghtely,  
And baptyse in the holy goost;  
And with the bloode of his body  
wesh oure synnes both leste and moost,  
Therfor, me thynk, both ye and I  
Agans the feynde ar wesh endoost.

44

48

(7)

He is un-  
worthy to  
loose  
Christ's  
shoestring.

I am not worthy for to lawse  
The leste thwong that longys to his shoyne;  
Bot god almyghty, that aH knawes,  
In erth thi wiH it must be done.

52

He praises  
God for His  
bounty,

I thank the, lord, that thi sede saves  
Emong mankynde to groyf so sone,  
And euery day that on erth dawes  
ffeydys vs with foode both euen and none.

56

(8)

and for send-  
ing His Son  
to save  
man's soul.

we ar, lord, bondon vnto the,  
To luf the here both day and nyght,  
ffor thou has send thi son so fre  
To saue mans sauH that dede was dight  
ThruH adam syn and eue foly,  
That synnyd thruH the feyndis myght;  
Bot, lord, on man thou has pyte,  
And beyld thi barnes in heuen so bright.

60

64

(9)

*primus angelus.* harkyn to me, thou Iohn baptyst !

An angel  
announces  
to him that  
he shall bap-  
tise Christ  
in Jordan.

The fader of heuen he gretys the weyH,

ffor he has fon the true and tryst,

68

And dos thi deuer euery deyH ;

wyt thou weH his wiH thus ist,

Syn thou art stabyH as any steyH,

That thou shaH baptysse ihesu cryst

In flume Iordan, mans care to beyH

72

(10)

*Iohannes.* A, dere god ! what may this be ?

[Fol. 65, b.]

I hard a steuen, bot noght I saw.

*primus angelus.* Iohn, it is I that spake to the ;

To do this dede haue thou none aw.

76

*Iohannes.* Shuld I abyde to he com to me ?

That that shaH neuer be, I traw ;

John says he  
will go meet  
Christ.

I shaH go meyt that lord so fre,

As far as I may se or knaw.

80

(11)

*Secundus angelus.* Nay, Iohn, that is not weH syttand ;

his fader wiH thou must nedys wyrk.

But he is  
bidden to  
await His  
coming.

*primus angelus.* Iohn, be thou here abydand ;

Bot when he commys be then not yrk.

84

*Iohannes.* By this I may weH vnderstand

That childer shuld be broght to kyrk,

ffor to be baptysyd in euery land ;

To me this law yit is it myrk.

88

Hence he  
understands  
that children  
should be  
brought to  
church to be  
baptised.

(12)

*Secundus angelus.* Iohn, this place it is pleassyng,

And it is callyd flume Iordan ;

here is no kyrk, ne no bygyng,

Bot where the fader wyH ordan,

92

It is godys wyH and his bydyng.

*Iohannes.* By this, for sothe, weH thynk me than

his warke to be at his lykyng,

And ilk folk please hym that thay can.

96

The second  
angel shows  
him that  
Jordan is to  
be the place,  
though there  
is neither  
church nor  
building  
there.

## (13)

John yields  
himself to  
Christ's will  
wherever he  
be.

Sen I must nedys his lyst fulfyH  
he shaH be welcom vnto me ;

I yeldt me holy to his wiH,

where so euer I abyde or be.

100

I am his seruande, lowd and styH,

And messyngere vnto that fre ;

whethere that he wiH saue or spyH

I shaH not gruch in no degre.

104

## (14)

Jesus comes  
to be bap-  
tised in clear  
water,

Ihesus. Iohn, godys seruand and prophete,

My fader, that is vnto the dere,

has send me to the, weH thou wytt,

To be baptysyd in water clere ;

108

ffor reprefe vnto mans rytt

The law I wiH fulfyH right here ;

My fader ordynance thus is it,

And thus my wyH is that it were.

112

## (15)

I com to the, bapty m to take,

To whome my fader has me sent,

with oil and  
cream there-  
to.

with oyle and creme that thou shal make

vnto that worthi sacrament.

116

And therfor, Iohn, it not forsake,

Bot com to me in this present,

ffor now wiH I no farther rake

Or I haue done his commaundement.

120

## (16)

John is  
ready to do  
Christ's will,  
but how may  
a knight  
baptise his  
Lord King ?

Iohannes. A, lord ! I loue the for thi commyng !

I am redy to do his wiH,

In word, in wark, in aH kyn thyng,

what soeuer he sendys me tyH ;

124

This bewteose lord to bryng to me,

his awne seruande, this is no skyH,

A knyght to baptyse his lord kyng,

My pauste may it not fulfyH.

128

(17)

And if I were worthy  
ffor to fulfyH this sacrament,

I haue no connyng, securly,  
To do it after thyn intent;

And therfor, lord, I ask mercy;  
hald me excusyd as I haue ment;

I dar not towche thi blyssyd body,  
My hart wiH neuer to it assent.

He asks  
Christ to  
hold him  
excused, for  
he dare not  
touch His  
blessed  
body.

132

136

(18)

Ihesus. Of thi connyng, Iohn, drede the noght;

My fader his self he wiH the teche;

he that aH this worlde has wrought,

he send the playnly forto preche;

he knawys mans hart, his dede, his thoght;

he wotys how far mans myght may reche,

Therfor hedir haue I soght;

My fader lyst may none appeche.

[Fol. 66, a.  
Sig. l. 2.]

Jesus says  
God will  
teach John,

140

144

(19)

Behold, he sendys his angels two,

In tokyn I am both god and man;

Thou gyf me baptym or I go,

And dyp me in this flume Iordan.

Sen he wyH thus, I wold wytt who

Durst hym agan stand? Iohn, com on than,

And baptyse me for freynde or fo,

And do it, Iohn, right as thou can.

sending two  
angels in  
token of His  
own double  
nature.

148

152

(20)

*primus angelus.* Iohn, be thou buxom and right bayn,

And be not gruchand in no thyng;

Me thynk thou aght to be ful fayn

ffor to fulfyH my lord's bydyng

Erly and late, with moyde and mayn,

Therfor to the this word I bryng,

My lord has gyffen the powere playn,

And drede the noght of thi conyng.

The first  
angel bids  
John obey,  
for God has  
given him  
power.

156

160

## (21)

The second  
angel bids  
Iohn baptise  
God's dear  
child here  
sent to him.

*Secundus angelus.* he sendys the here his awne dere  
chylde,

Thou welcom hym and make hym chere,  
Born of a madyn meke and mylde,  
That frely foode is made thi fere ; 164  
with syn his moder was neuer fylde,  
Ther was neuer man neghyd hyr nere,  
In word ne wark she was neuer wylde,  
Therfor hir son thou baptyse here. 168

## (22)

The first  
shows that  
Jesus has  
come to ful-  
fil the Law.

*Primus angelus.* And, securly, I wiſt thou know  
whi that he commys thus vnto the ;

he commys to fulfyſh the law,  
As pereles prynce most of pauste ; 172  
And therfor, Iohn, do as thou awe,  
And gruch thou neuer in this degre  
To baptyse hym that thou here saw,  
ffor wyt thou weſt this same is he. 176

## (23)

Iohn trem-  
bles and  
quakes and  
will not  
touch Jesus  
with his  
hand, but  
will not lose  
his meed.

*Iohannes.* I am not worthy to do this dede ;

Neuer the les I wiſt be godys seruande ;  
Bot yit, dere lord, sen I muſt nede,  
I wiſt do as thou has commaunde. 180  
I tremyſh and I whake for drede !

I dar not towche the with my hande,  
Bot, certys, I wiſt not lose my mede ;  
Abyde, my lord, and by me stande. 184

## (24) [He baptises Jesus.]

He baptises  
Jesus in the  
name of  
Father, Son,  
and Holy  
Ghost, and  
begs His  
blessing.

I baptyse the, Ihesu, in hy,  
In the name of thi fader fre,  
In nomine patris & filii,  
Sen he wiſt that it so be, 188  
Et spiritus altissimi,  
And of the holy goost on he ;  
I aske the, lord, of thi mercy,  
here after that thou wold blys me. 192

## (25)

He anoints  
Him also

here I the anoynt also  
with oyle and creme, in this intent,

That men may wit, where so thay go,		
This is a worthy sacrament.	196	with oil and cream.
Ther ar sex <sup>1</sup> othere and no mo,		This is the first of the Seven Sacraments.
The which thi self to erthe has sent,		
And in true tokyn, oone of tho,		
The fyrst on the now is it spent. <sup>2</sup>	200	

(26)

Thou wyssh me, lord, if I do wrang ;		
My wiſh it were forto do weyſh ;		He prays the Lord pardon him if he do wrong.
I am ful ferd yit ay emang,		
If I dyd right I shuld done knele.	204	
Thou blys me, lord, hence or thou gang,		[Fol. 66, b.]
So that I may thi frenship fele ;		
I haue desyryd this sight ful lang,		
ffor to dy now rek I no dele.	208	

(27)

Ihesus. This beest, Iohn, thou bere with the,		
It is a beest full blyst ;		Christ delivers to him His Lamb as a token.

*hic tradat ei agnum dei.*

Iohn, it is the lamb of me,	
Beest none othere ist ;	212
It may were the from aduersyte,	
And so looke that thou tryst ;	
By this beest knowen shaft thou be,	
That thou art Iohn baptyst.	216

(28)

Iohannes. ffor I haue sene the lamb of god		
which weshys away syn of this world,		John prays he may be blest as he draws "home-ward."
And towchid hym, for euen or od,		
My hart therto was ay ful hard.	220	
ffor that it shuld be better trowed,		
An angeſt had me nerehand mard,		
Bot he that rewlys aſt with his rod		
he blys me when I draw homward.	224	

<sup>1</sup> MS. vj originally, but the v has been erased.

<sup>2</sup> Stanza 25 has been struck through, evidently after the Reformation, because Seven Sacraments are named ; and in the margin is added, in a later hand, "corectyd & not playd."

(29)

Jesus pro-  
mises bliss  
to him, and  
to all who  
believe this  
tale and saw  
Him not yet  
glorified.

Ihesus. I graunt the, Iohn, for thi trauale,  
Ay lastand ioy in blys to byde;  
And to aH those that trowys this tayH,  
And saw me not yit gloryfyde. 228  
I shalbe boytt of aH thare bayH,  
And send them socoure on euery syde;  
My fader and I may thaym auayH,  
Man or woman that leyffys thare pryde. 232

(30)

He bids  
John go  
forth and  
preach to  
the people.

Bot, Iohn, weynd thou furth and preche  
Agans the folk that doth amys;  
And to the pepyH the trowthe thou teche;  
To rightwys way look thou tham avys, 236  
And as far as thi wyt may reche  
Byd thaym be bowne to byde my blys;  
ffor at the day of dome I shaH thaym peche  
That herys not the nor trowys not this. 240

(31)

He Himself  
must die for  
their sins,

Byd thaym leyfe syn, for I it hate;  
ffor it I mon dy on a tre,  
By prophecy ffuH weH I wate;  
My moder certys that sight mon se, 244  
That sorowfuH sight shaH make hir maytt,  
ffor I was born of hir body.

and He now  
bids John  
farewell and  
blesses Him.

ffarweH Iohn, I go my gaytt;  
I blys the with the trynnye! 248

(32)

John thanks  
God for His  
grace.

Iohannes. Almyghty god in persons thre,  
AH in oone substance ay ingroost,  
I thank the, lord in mageste,  
ffader and son and holy goost! 252  
Thou send thi son from heuen so he,  
To mary mylde, into this cooste,  
And now thou sendys hym vnto me,  
ffor to be baptysid in this oost. 256

(33)

ffarweH! the frelyst that euer was fed!

John apos-  
trophizes  
Jesus.

ffarweH! floure more fresh then floure de lyce!

ffarweH! stersman to theym that ar sted

In stormes, or in desese lyse!

260

Thi moder was madyn and wed;

ffarweH! pereles, most' of pryce!

ffarweH! the luflyst that euer was bred!

His mother  
is Empress  
of Hell.

Thi moder is of heH emprise.

264

(34)

ffarweH! blissid both bloode and bone!

He is the  
seenliest  
that ever  
was seen.

ffarweH! the semelyst that euer was seyn!

To the, ihesu, I make my mone;

ffarweH! comly, of cors so cleyu!

268

ffarwel! gracyouse gome! where so thou gone,

fful mekiH grace is to the geyn;

Thou leyne vs lyffying on thi lone,

Thou may vs mende more then we weyn.

272

(35)

I wyH go preche both to more and les,

As I am chargyd securly;

[Fol. 67<sup>a</sup>, a.  
Sig. 1. 3.]

Syrs, forsake youre wykydnes,

Pryde, envy, slowth, wrath, and lechery.

276

He preaches  
to the people  
to forsake  
sin.

here gods seruice,<sup>1</sup> more & lesse;

Pleas god with prayng, thus red I;

Be war when deth comys with dystres,

So that ye dy not sodanly.

280

(36)

Deth sparis none that lyf has borne,

Therfor thynk on what I you say;

Death spares  
none, so let  
them not  
lose God's  
love.

Beseche youre god both euen and morne

you for to saue from syn that day.

284

Thynk how in baptym ye ar sworne

To be godis seruandis, withoutten nay;

let neuer his luf from you be lorne,

God bryng you to his blys for ay. Amen.

288

*Explicit Iohannes Baptista.*

<sup>1</sup> The words "God's service, more and lesse," are in a later hand, the original words having been erased.

## XX.

Incipit Conspiracio.<sup>1</sup>

[2 *thirteen-line stanzas* nos. 97, 100, ab ab ab abc, dddc ; 1 *twelve*, no. 16 ab abb ebeb, abc ; 7 *nine-line*, nos. 1-5, aaaab cccb ; nos. 99, 102, ab abc dddc ; 24 *eight-line*, most ab ab ab ab, no. 6 aaaab aab, no. 107, ab abb ebc, no. 117 ab ab eb eb ; 90 *fours* ab ab ; 46 *couplets*.

## [Dramatis Personae.]

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Judas.</i>	<i>Andreas.</i>
<i>Cayphas.</i>	<i>S. Johannes.</i>	<i>Simeon.</i>
<i>Anna.</i>	<i>Petrus.</i>	<i>Thadeus.</i>
<i>Primus Miles.</i>	<i>Paterfamilias.</i>	<i>Trinitas.</i>
<i>Secundus Miles.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Marcus Miles.]</i>

Pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls  
for silence.

**P**eas, carles, I commaunde<sup>2</sup> / vnconand I caH you ;  
I say stynt<sup>t</sup> and stande / or fouH myght befaH  
you.

fro this burnyshyd brande / now when I  
behalde you,

I red ye be shunand / or els the dwiH skald you,

At<sup>t</sup> onys.

5

I am kyd, as men knawes,

leyf leder of lawes ;

Seniours, seke to my sawes,

fior bryssyng of youre bonys.

9

(2)

He is the  
grandsir of  
Great  
Mahound,  
and is called  
Pilate.

ye wote not wel, I weyn / what wat is commen to the towne,

So comly cled and cleyn / a reowler of great renowne ;

In sight<sup>t</sup> if I were seyn / the granser of great mahowne,

My name pylate has beyn / was neuer kyng with crowne

More wor[thy] ;

14

My wysdom and my wytt,

In sete here as I sytt,

was neuer more lyke it,

My dedys thus to dyscry.

18

(3)

He can make  
or mar a  
man, like  
men of court  
now.

ffor I am he that may / make or mar a man ;

My self if I it say / as men of cowrte now can ;

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. *Conspiracio* is followed by the letter c.

<sup>2</sup> The bars / marking the central rymes are represented in the MS. by dots :

Supporte a man to day / to-morn agans hym than,  
On both parties thus I play / And fenys me to ordan

The right;

23

Bot aH fals indytars,<sup>1</sup>

Quest mangers and Iurers,

And aH thise fals out rydars,

Ar welcom to my sight.

27

False in-  
dictors,  
questmon-  
gers, jurors,  
and all  
these false  
outriders are  
dear to him.

(4)

More nede had I neuer / of sich seruand now, I say you,

[Fol. 67, b.]

So can I weH consider / the trowth I most displeas you,

And therfor com I hedyr / of peas therfor I pray you;

Ther is a lurdan ledyr / I wold not shuld dysmay you,

A bowtt;

32

He has  
heard of a  
lazy rascal  
praised as a  
prophet.

A prophete is he prasyd,

And great vnright has rasyd,

Bot, be my banysh her blasid,

his deth is dight no dowtt.

36

(5)

he prechys the pepyH here / that fature fals ihesus,

That if he lyf a yere / dystroy oure law must vs;

And yit I stand in fere / so wyde he wyrkys vertus,

No fawt can on hym bere / no lyfand leyde tyH us;

Bot sleyghtys

41

If He live a  
year He will  
destroy their  
law, but yet  
Pilate is in  
fear of Him.

Agans hym shaH be soght,

that aH this wo has wroght;

Bot on his bonys it shaH be boght,

So shaH I venge oure rightys.

45

(6)

That fatoure says that thre / shuld euer dweH in oone  
godhede,

That euer was and shaH be / Sothfast in man hede;

he says of a madyn born was he / that neuer toke mans  
sede,

And that his self shaH dy on tre- / and mans sawH out of  
preson lede;

let hym alone,

50

If this be true in deyd,

his shech shaH spryng and sprede,

And ouer com euer ylkone.

53

This fellow  
says that  
three per-  
sons shall  
dwell in one  
godhead,  
that He was  
born of a  
maiden, and  
shall be  
crucified.

<sup>1</sup> MS. "indydytars."

(7)

Cayphas  
asks Pilate's  
advice as to  
hideous  
harmes

*Cayphas.* Syr pilate, prynce of mekyH price,  
that preuyd is withoutten pere,  
And lordyngys that oure laws in lyse,  
on oure law now must vs lere,  
And of oure warkys we must be wyse,  
or els is aH oure welthe in were,  
Therfor say sadly youre auyse,  
of hedus harmes that we haue here,

57

61

(8)

arising from  
that strong  
traitor.

Towchying that tratoure strang,  
that makys this beleyf,  
ffor if he may thus furth gang,  
It wiH ouer greatly grefe.

65

(9)

Anna sup-  
ports him.

*Anna.* Sir, oure folk ar so afraid,  
thruH lesyns he losys oure lay ;  
Som remedy must be rayd,  
so that he weynd not thus away.

69

Pilate says  
they must  
find some  
pryvy point  
to mar  
Christ's  
might.

*pilatus.* Now certan, syrs, this was weH sayd,  
and I assent, right as ye say,  
Som preuay poynt to be puruayd  
To mar his myght if [that] we may ;

73

(10)

And therfor, sirs, in this present,  
What poynt so were to prase,  
let aH be at assent,  
let se what ilk man says.

77

(11)

Cayphas and  
Anna en-  
large on the  
danger from  
Christ.

*Cayphas.* Sir, I haue sayde you here beforne  
his soteltyes and grefys to sare ;  
he turnes oure folk both euen & morne,  
and ay makys mastres mare & mare.  
*Anna.* Sir, if he skape it were great skorne ;  
to spyH hym tytt we wiH not spare,  
ffor if oure lawes were thus-gatys lorne,  
men wold say it were lake of lare.

81

85

(12)

*pilatus.* ffor certan, syrs, ye say right weyH  
ffor to wyrk witterly ;  
Bot yit som fawt must we feyH,  
wherfor that he shuld dy ;

[Fol. 68, a.  
Sig. 1. 4.]  
Pilate says  
they must  
find some  
fault for  
which He is  
to die.

89

(13)

And therfor, sirs, let se youre saw,  
ffor what thyng we shuld hym slo.  
*Cayphas.* Sir, I can rekyn you on a raw  
a thowsand wonders, and weH moo,  
Of crokyd men, that we weH know,  
how graythly that he gars them go,  
And euer he legys agans oure law,  
tempys oure folk and turnys vs fro.

Cayphas  
says Christ  
straightens  
the crooked,  
and is  
always  
tempting the  
people from  
the law.

93

97

(14)

*Anna.* lord, dom and defe in oure present  
delyuers he, by downe & dayH ;  
what hurtys or ha[r]mes thay hent,  
ffuH hastely he makys theym hayH.  
And for sich warkys as he is went  
of ilk welth he may awayH,  
And vnto vs he takys no tent,  
bot ilk man trowes vnto his tayH.

101

He takes no  
heed unto  
them.

105

(15)

*Pilatus.* yei, dewiH ! and dos he thus  
as ye weH bere wytnes ?  
sich fawte faH to vs,  
be oure dom, for to redres.

Pilate says  
he must re-  
dress this.

109

(16)

*Cayphas.* And also, sir, I haue hard say,  
an other noy that neghys vs nere,  
he wiH not kepe oure sabate day,  
that holy shuld be haldyn here ;  
Bot forbedys far and nere  
to wyrk at oure bydyng.

Also, Cay-  
phas says  
Christ  
breaks the  
Sabbath.

113

*Pilatus.* Now, by mahowns bloode so dere,  
he shaH aby this bowrdyng !

117

what dewiH wiH he be there ?  
 this hold I great hethyng.

Anna says  
 Christ calls  
 Himself  
 heaven's  
 King.

*Anna.* Nay, nay, weH more is ther ;  
 he callys hym self heuens kyng,

121

(17)

And says that he is so myghty  
 aH rightwytnes to rewH and red.

Pilate will  
 make Christ  
 pay dearly  
 for this.

The knights  
 recall the  
 raising of  
 Lazarus.

*pilatus.* By mahowns blood, that shaH he aby  
 with bytter baylls or I ett bred !

125

*primus Miles.* lord, the loth lazare of betany  
 that lay stynkand in a sted,  
 vp he rasyd bodely

the fourt day after he was ded.

129

(18)

*Secundus Miles.* And for that he hym rasyd,  
 that had lyne dede so long a space,

The people hym fuH mekyH prasyd  
 ouer aH in euery place.

133

(19)

The people  
 think Jesus  
 God's Son.

*Anna.* Emangys the folke has he the name  
 that he is godys son, and none els,

And his self says the same

that his fader in heuen dwelles ;

137

That he shaH rewH both wyld and tame ;  
 of aH sich maters thus he mels.

*Pilatus.* This is the dwyHs payn !<sup>1</sup>  
 who trowys sich talys as he tels ?

141

(20)

*Cayphas.* yis, lord, haue here my hanð,  
 and ilk man beyldys hym as his brother ;

Sich whaynt cantelys he can,

lord, ye knew neuer sich an othere.

145

(21)

Pilate com-  
 mands  
 knight and  
 knave to be  
 forward to  
 slay Him.

*Pilatus.* why, and wotys he not that I haue  
 bold men to be his bayn ?

I commaunde both knyght and knaue  
 sesse not to that lad be slayn.

149

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *tame*, &c.

(22)

*primus Miles.* Sir pylate, mese you now no mare,<sup>1</sup>

bot<sup>t</sup> mese youre hart and mend youre mode ;

ffor bot if that loseH lere oure lare <sup>1</sup>

and leyf his gawdys, he were as goode ;

153

ffor in oure tempyH we wiH not spare

to take that loseH, if he were woode.

The first knight says they will take Jesus in the Temple.

[Fol. 68, b.]

*Pilatus.* In oure tempyH? the dwiH! what dyd he thare?

that shaH he by, by mahouns blode!

157

Pilate is enraged at His being there.

(23)

*Secundus Miles.* lord, we wist not<sup>t</sup> youre wyH ;

with wrang ye vs wyte ;

had ye so told vs tyH,

we shuld haue takyn hym tyte.

161

If the knights had known this they would have taken Jesus before.

(24)

*Pilatus.* The dwiH, he hang you high to dry!

whi, wold ye lese oure lay?

Go bryng hym heder hastily,

so that he weynd not<sup>t</sup> thus away.

165

Pilate orders His immediate arrest.

*Cayphas.* Sir pilate, be not to hasty,

bot<sup>t</sup> suffer ouer cure sabote day ;

In the mene tyme to spy and spy

mo of his meruels, if men may.

169

Cayphas bids him wait till after the next Sabbath, that they may spy on Jesus.

(25)

*Anna.* yei, *sir*, and when this feste is went,

then shaH his craftys be kyd.

*Pilatus.* Certys, syrs, and I assent

ffor to abyde then, as ye byd.

173

Pilate agrees.

*Tunc venit Iudas.*

(26)

*Iudas.* Masters, myrth be you emang,

and mensk be to this meneye!

*Cayphas.* Go! othere gatys thou has to gang

with sorow; who send after the?

177

Judas greets them, but is badly received.

*Iudas.* Syrs, if I haue done any wrang,

at<sup>t</sup> youre awne bydyng wiH I be.

*Pilatus.* Go hence, harlot, hy mot<sup>t</sup> thou hang!

where in the dwiH hand had we the?

181

<sup>1</sup> MS. more, lore.

(27)

Cayphas  
says Judas  
should ask  
leave before  
intruding.

*Iudas.* Goode *sir*, take it to no grefe;  
for my menyng it may awayH.

*Anna.* we, lad, thou shuld ask lefe  
to com in sich counsayH.

185

(28)

Judas knows  
they mean  
to take his  
"Master."

*Iudas.* Sir, aH youre counseH weH<sup>1</sup> I ken;  
ye mene my master for to take.

*Anna.* A ha! here is oone of his men  
that thus vnwynly gars vs wake.

189

Pilate bids  
them lay  
hands on  
him for his  
"Master's"  
sake.

*Pilatus.* la hand on hym, and hurl hym then  
emangys you, for his master sake;

ffor we haue maters mo then ten,

that weH more myster were to make.

193

(29)

Cayphas  
orders him  
to be  
buffeted.

*Cayphas.* Set on hym buffettys sad,

Sen he sich mastrys mase,

And teche ye sich a lad

to profer hym in sich a place.

197

(30)

*Iudas.* Sir, my profer may both pleas and pay  
to aH the lordys in this present.

*Pilatus.* we! go hens in twenty<sup>2</sup> dwiH way!  
we haue no tome the for to tent.

201

Judas offers  
to sell  
Jesus.

*Iudas.* yis, the profete that has lost youre lay  
by wonder warkys, as he is went,

If ye wiH sheynd hym as ye say,

to seH hym you I wyH assent.

205

(31)

Pilate is  
ready to hear  
him.

*Pilatus.* A, *sir*, hark! what says thou?

let se, and shew thi skyH.

*Iudas.* Sir, a bargan bede I you,

by it if ye wiH.

209

(32)

Anna asks  
who he is.

*Anna.* what is thi name? do teH in hy,  
if we may wit if thou do wrang.

He is Judas  
who has  
dwelt long  
with Jesus.

*Iudas.* Iudas scarioth, so hight I,  
that with the profet has dwellyd lang.

213

<sup>1</sup> MS. will.<sup>2</sup> MS. xx.

*Pilatus.* Sir, thou art welcom witterly !  
say what thou wiH vs here emang.

Judas re-  
peats his  
offer to sell  
Jesus.

*Iudas.* Not els bot if ye wiH hym by ;  
do say me sadly or I gang.

217

(33)

*Cayphas.* yis, freynd, in fathe wiH we  
noght els ; bot hartely say  
how that bargan may be,  
and we shaH make the pay.

Cayphas and  
Anna are  
willing to  
buy, but  
Judas must  
explain  
more.

221

(34)

*Anna.* Iudas, forto hold the hayH,  
And for to feH aH fowH defame,  
looke that thou may avow thi sayH ;  
then may thou be withoutten blame.

[Fol. 69, a.]

225

*Iudas.* Sir, of my teyn gyf ye neuer tayH,  
so that ye haue hym here at hame ;  
his bowrdyng has me broght in bayH,  
and certys his self shaH haue the same.

Judas says  
Jesus has  
brought him  
trouble, and  
shall have  
trouble  
Himself.

229

(35)

*Cayphas.* Sir pylate, tentys here tyH,  
and lightly leyf it noght,  
Then may ye do youre wyH  
of hym that ye haue boght.

Cayphas and  
Anna ex-  
hort Pilate  
to listen.

233

(36)

*Anna.* yei, and then may we be bold  
fro aH the folk to hald hym fre ;  
And hald hym hard with vs in hold,  
right as oone of youre meneye.

237

*pilatus.* Now, Iudas, sen he shalbe sold,  
how lowfes thou hym ? belyfe let se.

*Iudas.* ffor thretty <sup>1</sup> pennys truly told,  
or els may not that bargan be ;

Pilate in-  
quires the  
price of  
Jesus ;  
Judas asks  
thirty pence,

241

(37)

So mych gart he me lose,  
malycyusly and yH ;  
Therfor ye shaH haue chose,  
to by or let be styH.

so much had  
Jesus made  
him lose.

245

(38)

Anna asks  
how Jesus  
made him  
lose it.

Judas tells  
how in  
Simon's  
house

*Anna.* Gart<sup>t</sup> he the lose? I pray the, why?  
teH vs now pertly or thou pas.

*Judas.* I shaH you say, and that in hy,  
euery word right as it<sup>t</sup> was.

249

In symon house *with* hym sat I  
with othere meneze that<sup>t</sup> he has;

A woman cam to company,  
callyng hym "lord"; sayng, "alas!"

253

(39)

a woman  
brought  
precious  
ointment,

ffor synnes that<sup>t</sup> she had wroght<sup>t</sup>  
she wepyd sore always;

And an oyntment<sup>t</sup> she broght,  
that<sup>t</sup> precyus was to prayse.

257

(40)

and poured  
it upon  
Jesus.

She weshyd hym *with* hir terys weytt,  
and sen dryed hym with hir hare;

This fare oyntment, hir bale to beytt,  
apon his hede she put<sup>t</sup> it thare,

261

That<sup>t</sup> it ran aH abowte his feytt;

I thoght it<sup>t</sup> was a ferly fare,

The house was full of odowre sweytt;

then to speke myght<sup>t</sup> I not<sup>t</sup> spare,

265

(41)

Judas had  
never seen  
such fine  
ointment.

ffor, certys, I had not<sup>t</sup> seyn

none oyntment<sup>t</sup> half so fyne;

Ther-at my hart<sup>t</sup> had teyn,

sich tresoure for to tyne.

269

(42)

He said at  
the time it  
was worth  
three hun-  
dred pence,  
which might  
have been  
given to the  
poor, out of  
which he  
would have  
kept thirty  
for himself.

I sayd it was worthy to seH

thre hundred<sup>th</sup> pens in oure present,

ffor to parte poore men emeh;

bot<sup>t</sup> wiH ye se wherby I ment?

273

The tent<sup>t</sup> parte, truly to teH,

to take to me was myne intent;

ffor of the tresure that to vs feH,

the tent<sup>t</sup> parte euer *with* me went;

277

(43)

And if thre<sup>1</sup> hundreth be right told,  
the tent<sup>t</sup> parte is euen thyrty ;  
Right so he shalbe sold<sup>t</sup> ;  
say if ye wiſſ hym by.

So for these  
thirty pence  
he will sell  
Jesus.

281

(44)

*Pilatus.* Now for certan, *sir*, thou says right wele,  
sen he wate the *with* sich a wrast,  
ffor to shape hym som vncele,  
and for his bost<sup>t</sup> be not abast.

Pilate  
praises him.

285

*Anna.* Sir, aH thyn askyng euery dele  
here shaH thou hafe, therof be trast ;  
Bot looke that<sup>t</sup> we no falshede fele.

Anna pro-  
mises what  
he asks.

289

*Iudas.* *sir*, with a profe may ye frast ;

(45)

AH that I haue here hight  
I shaH fulfiH in dede,  
And weH more at my myght,  
In tyme when I se nede.

[Fol. 69, b.]  
Judas pro-  
mises to  
make good  
his offer.

293

(46)

*Pilatus.* Iudas, this spekyng must be spar,  
and neuen it<sup>t</sup> neuer, nyght ne day ;  
let<sup>t</sup> no man wyt where that we war,  
for ferdnes of a fowH enfray.

Pilate en-  
joins  
secrecy.

297

*Cayphas.* Sir, therof let vs moyte no mare ;  
we hold vs payde, take ther thi pay.

Cayphas  
pays Judas,

[Giving him money.]

*Iudas.* This gart<sup>t</sup> he me lose lang are ;  
now ar we euen for onys and ay.

who says he  
is now even  
with Jesus.

301

(47)

*Anna.* This forward<sup>e</sup> wiH not fayH,  
therof we may be glad ;  
Now were the best counsayH,  
in hast that we hym had<sup>t</sup>.

Anna asks  
how they  
may best  
take Jesus.

305

(48)

*Pilatus.* we shall hym haue, and that in hy,  
ffuH hastely here in this haH.  
Sir knyghtys, that ar of dede dughty,     [To the knights.]  
stynt neuer in stede ne staH,

309

Pilate bids  
his knights  
bring the  
false  
"fatur"  
at once.

Bot looke ye bryng hym hastely,

that' fatur fals, what' so befaH.

*primus Miles.* Sir, be not abast' therby,

ffor as ye byd wyrk we shaH.

313

[*All retire : then Jesus & his disciples advance.*]

*Tunc dicet sanctus Iohannes.*

(49)

John asks  
Jesus where  
He will eat  
His Pass-  
over.

*Iohannes apostolus.* Sir, where wiH ye youre pask ette ?

Say vs, let vs dight youre mete.

*Ihesus.* Go furth, Iohn and peter, to yond cyte ;

when ye com ther, ye shaH then se

317

In the strete, as tyte, a man

berying water in a can ;

The house that' he gose to grith,

ye shaH folow and go hym with ;

321

The lord of that house ye shaH fynde,

A sympyH man of cely kynde ;

To hym ye shaH speke, and say

That I com here by the way ;

325

Say I pray hym, if his wiH be,

A lytyH whyle to ese me,

That' I and my dyscypyls aH

myght rest a whyle in his haH,

329

That' we may ete oure paske thore.

*petrus.* lord, we shaH hy vs before,

To that we com to that' cyte ;

your paske shaH ordand be.

333

*Tunc pergent Iohannes & petrus ad Ciuitatem, & obuiet  
eis homo, &c.*

They meet  
the "pater-  
familias,"  
who offers  
them a room  
in which to  
make their  
"mangery."

Sir, oure master the prophett

commys behynde in the strete ;

And of a chamber he you prays,

To ete and drynk ther-in with easse.

337

*paterfamilias.* Sirs, he is welcom vnto me,

and so is aH his company ;

with aH my hart and aH my wiH

is he welcom me vntyH.

341

Io, here a chambre fast by,

Ther-in to make youre mangery,

I shal warand fare strewed ;  
it shuld not els to you be shewed. 345

*Tunc parent Iohannes & petrus mensam.*

*Iohannes.* Sir, youre mett is redy bowne, [*Jesus enters.*] John tells  
wið ye wesh and syt downe ? Jesus the  
meat is  
ready.

*Ihesus.* yei, gyf vs water tyff oure hande,  
take we the grace that god has send ; 349 He bids the  
*Commys* furth, both oone and othere ; disciples eat  
with Him.  
If I be master I wið be brothere.

*Tunc comedent, & Iudas porrigit manum in discum  
cum Ihesu.*

*Iudas,* what menys thou ? [Fol. 70, a.]

*Iudas.* No thyng, lord, bot ett with you. 353

*Ihesus.* Ett on, brether, hardely, One of them  
for oone of you shað [me] betray.<sup>1</sup> Him.

*Petrus.* lord, who euer that be may,  
lord, I shað neuer the betray ; 357 First Peter,  
Dere master, is it oght I ? then seven  
others ask,  
"Is it I?"

*Ihesus.* Nay thou, peter, certainly.

*Iohannes.* Master, is oght I he then ?

*Ihesus.* Nay, for trowth, Iohn, I the ken. 361

*Andreas.* Master, am oght [I] that shrew ?

*Ihesus.* Nay, for sothe, thou andrew.

*Simon.* Master, then is oght I ?

*Ihesus.* Nay, thou Simon, securly. 365

*philippus.* Is it oght I that shuld do that dede ?

*Ihesus.* Nay, philyp, withoutten drede.

*Thiadeus.* was it oght I that hight thadee ?

*Iacobus.* Or we two Iamys ?

*Ihesus.* Nay none of you is he ; 369

Bot he that ett with me in dysh,

he shað my body betray, Iwys.

*Iudas.* what then, wene ye that I it am ?

*Ihesus.* Thou says sothe, thou berys the blame ; 373 It is he that  
eats with  
Jesus in the  
dish. "Wene  
ye, that I it  
am ?" asks  
Judas, and is  
told he says  
sooth. All  
shall forsake  
Jesus.

Ichon of you shað this nyght

ffor sake me, and fayn he myght.

*Iohannes.* Nay certys, god forbeyd

that euer shuld we do that deyð ! 377

<sup>1</sup> This *betray* is evidently meant to ryme with *hardely*.

Peter says  
he will never  
flee from  
Jesus,  
and is told  
he shall for-  
sake Him  
thrice ere  
cockcrow.

*petrus.* If aH, master, forsake the,  
shaH I neuer fro the fle.

*Ihesus.* Peter, thou shaH thryse apon a thraw  
fforsake me, or the cok craw.

381

Take vp this clothe and let vs go,  
ffor we haue othere thyngys at do.

*hic lauet pedes discipulorum.*

Jesus begins  
to wash the  
disciples'  
feet.

Sit aH downe, and here and sees,  
ffor I shaH wesh youre feet on knees.

385

*Et mittens aquam in peluim venit ad petrum.*

Peter at first  
objects,

*Petrus.* lord, shuld thou wesh feytt myne ?  
thou art my lord, and I thy hyne.

*Ihesus.* why I do it thou wote not yit,  
peter, herafter shaH thou wytt.

389

*Petrus.* Nay, master, I the heytt,  
thou shaH neuer wesh my feytt.

*Ihesus.* Bot I the wesh, thou mon mys  
parte with me in heuens blys.

393

but after-  
wards asks  
that head  
and hands  
may be  
washed also.

*Petrus.* Nay, lord, or I that forgo,  
wesh heede, handys, and feytt also.

*Ihesus.* ye ar elene, bot not aH ;  
that shaH be sene when tyme shaH faH ;  
who shaH be weshyn as I weyn,  
he thar not wesh his feytt elene ;  
And for sothe elene ar ye,  
bot not aH as ye shuld be.

401

[Fol. 70, b.]

I shaH you say take good hede  
whi that I haue done the dede ;  
ye caH me master and lord, by name ;

Jesus ex-  
plains the  
lesson of  
humility.

ye say fuH weH, for so I am ;  
Sen I, both lord and master, to you wold knele  
to wesh youre fete, so must ye wele.

407

(50)

Now wote ye what I haue done ;

EnsampyH haue I gyffen you to ;

loke ye do so eft sone ;

Let each  
wash the  
other's feet.

Ichon of you wesh othere fete, lo !

411

(51)

ffor he that seruand is,  
for sothe, as I say you,  
Not more then his lord he is,  
to whome he seruyce owe.

For the  
servant is  
not more  
than the  
lord.

415

(52)

Or that this nyght be gone,  
Alone wið ye leyf me ;  
ffor in this nyght ilkon  
ye shaß fro me fle ;

Jesus re-  
peats that  
they will  
forsake Him.

419

(53)

ffor when the hyrd is smeten,  
the shepe shaß fle away,  
Be skaterd wyde and byten ;  
the prophetys thus can say.

When the  
herdsman is  
smitten the  
sheep flee.

423

(54)

*Petrus.* lord, if that I shuld dy,  
fforsake the shaß I noght.

Peter says  
he will not  
forsake  
Jesus, but is  
told that ere  
the cock  
crow twice  
he will deny  
Him thrice.

427

*Ihesus.* ffor sothe, peter, I say to the,  
In so great drede shaß thou be broght,

(55)

That or the cok haue crowen twyse,  
thou shaß deny me tymes thre.

*Petrus.* That shaß I neuer, lord, I wys ;  
ere shaß I with the de.

431

(56)

*Ihesus.* Now loke youre hartys be grefyd noght,  
nawthere in drede ne in wo ;

Let them not  
be grieved,

Bot trow in god, that you has wrought,  
and in me trow ye also ;

435

(57)

In my fader house, for sothe,  
is many a wonnyng stede,  
That men shaß haue aftyr thare trowthe,  
soyn after thay be dede.

in His  
Father's  
house are  
many  
"woning  
stedes."

439

(58)

And here may I no longer leynd,  
bot I shaß go before,  
And yit if I before you weynd,  
ffor you to ordan thore,

He goes be-  
fore to or-  
dain for  
them there.

443

(59)

He will  
come to  
them again.

I shaH com to you agane,  
and take you to me,  
That where so euer I am <sup>1</sup>,  
ye shaH be with me.

447

(60)

He is the  
Way, the  
Truth, and  
the Life.

And I am way, and sothe-fastnes,  
and lyfe that euer shalbe ;  
And to my fader commys none, Iwys,  
bot onoly thorow me.

451

(61)

He will not  
leave them  
helpless.

I wiH not leyf you aH helples,  
as men withoutten freynd,  
As faderles and moderles,  
thof aH I fro you weynd ;

455

(62)

The world  
shall not see  
Him, but  
they shall.

I shaH com eft to you agayn :  
this world shaH me not se,  
Bot ye shaH se me weH certan,  
and lyfand shaH I be.

459

(63)

In heaven  
they shall  
know that  
He is in the  
Father, and  
the Father  
in Him.

And ye shaH lyf in heuen ;  
Then shaH ye knaw, Iwys,  
That I am in my fader euen,  
and my fader in me is.

463

(64)

He in them,  
and they in  
Him.

And I in you, and ye in me,  
and ilka man therto,  
My commaundement that kepys trule,  
and after it wiH do.

467

(65)

Let them be  
glad of His  
going.

[Fol. 71, a.]

Now haue ye hard what I haue sayde ;  
I go, and com agayn ;  
Therfor loke ye be payde,  
and also glad and fayn ;

471

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *agane*.

(66)

ffor to my fader I weynd ;  
ffor more then I is he ;  
I let you wytt, as faythfuH freynd,  
or that it done be,

For He goes  
to His  
Father.

475

(67)

That ye may trow when it is done ;  
ffor certys, I may noght now  
Many thyngys so soyn  
at this tyme speake with you ;

There are  
many things  
He may not  
say to them  
now ;

479

(68)

ffor the prynce of this world is commyn,  
and no powere has he in me,  
Bot as that aH the world within  
may both here and se,

for the  
prince of  
this world is  
coming, that  
all may see

483

(69)

That I owe luf my fader to,  
Sen he me hyder sent,  
And aH thyngys I do  
after his commaundement.

His obedi-  
ence to His  
Father.

487

(70)

Ryse ye vp, ilkon,  
and weynd we on oure way,  
As fast as we may gone,  
to olyuete, to pray.

Let them go  
to Olivet to  
pray.

491

(71)

Peter, Iamys, and thou Iohn,  
ryse vp and folow me !  
My tyme it commys anone ;  
Abyde styH here, ye thre.

He bids  
Peter,  
James, and  
John follow  
Him

495

(72)

Say youre prayers here by-neth,  
that ye faH in no fowdyng ;  
My sawH is heuy agans the deth  
and the sore pynyng.

and pray.  
His soul is  
heavy  
against  
death.

499

*Tunc orabit, & dicet,*

(73)

Jesus prays. ffader, let this great payn be styH,  
 And pas away fro me ;  
 Bot not, fader, at my wyH,  
 bot thyn fulfylld be.

503

&amp; reuertet ad discipulos.

(74)

He finds the  
 disciples  
 sleeping,  
 and bids  
 them watch  
 against the  
 fiend.

Symon, I say, slepys thou ?  
 awake, I red you aH !  
 The feynd ful fast salys you,  
 In wan-hope to gar you faH ;

507

(75)

He will pray  
 for them.

Bot I shaH pray my fader so  
 that his myght shaH not dere ;  
 My goost is prest therto,  
 my flesh is seke for fere.

511

&amp; iterum orabit.

(76)

He prays  
 again.

ffader, thi son I was,  
 of the I aske this boyn ;  
 If<sup>1</sup> This payn may not pas,  
 fader, thi wiH be doyn !

515

&amp; reuertet ad discipulos.

(77)

Again finds  
 them sleep-  
 ing.

Ye slepe, brether, yit I see,  
 it is for sorow that ye do so ;  
 Ye haue so long wepyd for me  
 that ye ar masyd and lappyd in wo.

519

&amp; tercio orabit :

(78)

He prays a  
 third time.

Dere fader, thou here my wyH !  
 this passyon thou put fro me away ;  
 And if I must nedys go ther-tyH,  
 I shaH fulfH thi wyH to-day ;

523

(79)

Therfor this bytter passyon  
 if I may not put by,  
 I am here redy at thi dom ;  
 thou comforte me that am drery !

527

<sup>1</sup> "If" in margin.

(80)

Trinitas. My comforte, son, I shaH the teth,  
of thyngys that feH by reson ;

The Trinity  
strengthens  
Him.

As lueyfer, for syn that feH,

betrayd eue with his fals treson,

531 Through  
Adam's sin,

Adam assent<sup>t</sup> his wyfe vntyH ;

the wekyd goost then askyd a bone

which has hurt mankynde fult yH ;

this was the wordys he askyd soyn :

535

(81)

AH that euer of adam com

holly to hym to take,

with hym to dweH, withoutten dome,

In payn that neuer shaH slake,

539

all that came  
from Adam  
were  
doomed

(82)

To that a chylde myght be borne

of a madyn, and she wemles,

As cleyn as that she was beforne,

as puryd syluer or shynand glas ;<sup>1</sup>

543

[Fol. 71, b.]  
till a child  
might be  
born of a  
pure maiden,

(83)

To tyme that childe to deth were dight,

and rasyd hym self apon the thryd day,

And stenen to heuen thurgh his awne myght.

who may do that bot god veray ?

547

be done to  
death, rise  
the third  
day, and  
ascend to  
heaven, as  
God.

(84)

Sen thou art man, and nedys must dee,

and go to heH as othere done,

Bot that were wrong, withoutten lee,

that godys son there shuld won

551

As man  
Jesus must  
go to Hell,  
but as God  
He may not  
stay there,

(85)

In payn with his vnder-lowte ;

wytt ye weH withoutten weyn,

when oone is borod, aH shaH owtt,

and borod be from teyn.

[Jesus returning to the  
disciples.]

and "when  
one is bor-  
rowed all  
shall out."

(86)

Ihesus. Slepe ye now and take youre rest !

my tyme is nere command ;

Awake a whyle, for he is next

that me shaH gyf into synners hand.

559

Jesus bids  
His dis-  
ciples sleep  
on.

[All retire : Pilate, etc. advance.]

<sup>1</sup> ? assonance with *wemles*, or originally *gles* ?

(87)

Pilate calls  
for silence.

*Pilatus.* Peas ! I commaunde you, carles vnkynde,  
to stand as styH as any stone !

In donyon depe he shalbe pynde,

that wiH not sesse his tong anone ;

563

(88)

ffor I am gouernowre of the law ;

my name it is pilate !

I may lightly gar hang you or draw,

I stand in sich astate,

567

(89)

He may do  
what he will.

To do what so I wiH.

and therfor peas I byd you aH !

And looke ye hold you stiH,

and with no brodels braH,

571

(90)

And will  
break the  
neck of any  
one who  
interrupts.

TyH we haue done oure dede ;

who so makys nose or cry,

his nek I shaH gar blede,

with this I bere in hy.

575

(91)

To this tratoure be take,

that wold dystroy oure lawe,

Iudas, thou may it not forsake,

take hede vnto my sawe.

579

(92)

He calls on  
Judas to  
keep his  
promise.

Thynk what thou has doyn,

that has thi master sold ;

Performe thi bargan soyn ;

thou has thi money takyn and told.

583

(93)

Judas asks  
for the help  
of the  
knights.

*Iudas.* Ordan ye knyghtys to weynd with me,

Richly arayd in rewyH and rowtt ;

And aH my couandys holden shaH be,

So I haue felyship me abowte.

587

(94)

*Pilatus.* wherby, Iudas, shuld we hym know,

If we shaH wysely wyrk, Iwys ?

ffor som of vs hym neuer saw.

*Iudas.* lay hand on hym that I shaH kys.

591

They must  
lay hands on  
Him Whom  
he shall  
kiss.

(95)

*Pilatus.* haue done, *sir* knyghtys, and kythe youre strengthe,  
And wap you wightly in youre wede ;  
Seke ouer aH, both brede and lengthe !  
Spare ye not, spende and spede !

Pilate bids  
the knights  
seek out  
Jesus.

595

(96)

We haue soght hym les and more,  
And falyd ther we haue farn ;  
*Malcus*, thou shaH weynd before,  
And bere with the a light<sup>t</sup> lantarne.

[Fol. 72, a.]

[*To Malchus*]

Malchus is  
to go before  
with a  
lantern.

599

(97)

*Malcus Miles.* Sir, this Iornay I vndertake  
with aH my myght<sup>t</sup> and mayn.  
If I shuld, for mahowns sake,  
here in this place be slayn,  
Crist<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> prophett for to take,  
we may be aH fuH fayn.

Malchus is  
ready to  
die for  
Mahound's  
sake, if he  
may take  
Christ.

603

Oure weppyns redy loke ye make,  
to bryng hym in mekyH grame<sup>1</sup>  
This nyght<sup>t</sup>.

608

Go we now on oure way,  
oure mastres for to may ;  
Oure lantarnes take with vs alsway,  
And loke that<sup>t</sup> thay be light !

612

(98)

*Secundus Miles.* Sir pilate, prynee pereles in paH,  
of aH men most<sup>t</sup> myghty merked on mold<sup>t</sup>,  
we ar euer more redy to com at<sup>t</sup> thi caH,  
and bow to thi bydyng as bachlers shold<sup>t</sup>.<sup>2</sup>

The second  
knight bids  
Pilate fare-  
well.

616

(99)

Bot<sup>t</sup> that<sup>t</sup> prynee of the apostyls pupplyshed before,  
Men caH hym crist<sup>t</sup>, comen of dauid kyn,  
his lyfe fuH sone shalbe forlorne,  
If we haue hap hym forto wyn.  
haue done !

621

As sure as  
he eats  
bread, he  
will strike  
off Christ's  
head.

ffor, as euer ete I breede,  
or I styr in this stede  
I wold stryke of his hede ;  
lord, I aske that<sup>t</sup> boyne.

625

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *fayn*, &c.

<sup>2</sup> MS. shuld.

(100)

The first  
knight pro-  
mises Pilate  
speedy ven-  
geance.

*primus miles.* That boyn, lord, thou vs bede,

and on hym wreke the sone we shaH ;

ffro we haue lade on hym good spede ;

he shaH no more hym godys son caH.

629

we shaH marke hym truly his mede ;

by mahowne most, god of aH,

Three such  
knights as  
they are  
would bind  
the devil !

Siche thre knyghtys had lytyH drede

To hynde the dwiH that we on caH,

In nede ;

634

ffor if thay were a thowsand mo,

that prophete and his apostels also

with thise two handys for to slo,

had I lytyH drede.

638

(101)

Pilate  
salutes them  
as courteous  
kaisers of  
Cain's kind,

*pilatus.* Now curtes kasers of kamys kyn,

most gentyH of Iure to me that I fynde,

My comforth from care may ye sone wyn,

if ye happely may hent that vnheynde.

642

(102)

and bids  
them bring  
Jesus safe  
and sound  
to him.

Bot go ye hens spedely and loke ye not spare ;

My frenship, my fortherans, shaH euer with you be ;

And mahowne that is myghfuH he menske you euermare !

Bryng you safe and sownde with that brodeH to me !

In place

647

where so euer ye weynd,

ye knyghtys so heynde,

Sir lucyfer the feynde

he lede you the trace !

[*All retire, Jesus & his  
disciples advance.*]

(103)

Jesus bids  
Peter arise,  
for Judas is  
coming.

*Thesus.* Ryse vp, peter, and go with me,

and folowe me withoutten stryfe ;

Iudas wakys, and slepys not he ;

he commys to betray me here belyfe.

655

(104)

wo be to hym that bryngys vp slaunder !

he were better his dethe to take ;

Bot com furth, peter, and tary no langere :<sup>1</sup>

lo, where thay com that wiH me take !

659

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *slaunder*.

(105)

*Iudas.* Rest weH, master, ihesus fre!

[Fol. 72, b.]

I pray the that thou wold kys me enys;

Judas asks  
Jesus to kiss  
him.

I am commen to socoure the;

thou art aspyed, what so it menys.

663

(106)

*Ihesus.* Iudas! whi makys thou sich a brayde?

trowys thou not I knowe thi wiH?

Jesus says  
that He  
knows  
Judas'  
intent.

with kyssyng has thou me betrayd:

that shaH thou rew som tyme ful yH.

667

(107)

whome seke ye, syrs, by name?

[To the Knights.]

He asks the  
knights  
whom they  
seek.

*Secundus Miles.* we seke ihesu of nazarene.

*Ihesus.* I kepe not my name to layn;<sup>1</sup>

lo, I am here, the same ye mene;

671

Bot whome seke ye with wepyns kene?

*Primus Miles.* To say the sothe, and not to ly,

we seke ihesu of nazarene.

"Jesus of  
Nazarene."

*Ihesus.* I told you ere that it was I.

675

(108)

*Malcus.* Dar no man on hym lay hand?

I shaH each hym, if I may;

Malchus  
boasts that  
he will catch  
Jesus.

A flater yng foyH has thou bene lang,<sup>2</sup>

bot now is commen thyn endyng day.

679

(109)

*Petrus.* I wold be dede within short space

or I shuld se this sight!

[Cuts off Malchus' ear.]

Peter cuts  
off his ear  
and bids him  
complain to  
Sir Cayphas.

Go, pley n the to sir cayphas,

and byd hym do the right!

683

(110)

*Malcus.* Alas, the tyme that I was borne,

or today com in this stede!

Malchus  
laments.

My right ere I haue forlorne!

help, alas, I blede to dede!

687

(111)

*Ihesus.* Thou man, that menys thi hurt so sare,

com heder, let me thi wounde se;

Jesus re-  
stores his  
ear.

Take me thi ere that he of share:

In nomine patris hole thou be!

691

<sup>1</sup> assonance with *name*.

<sup>2</sup> assonance with *hand*.

(112)

Malchus is  
again eager  
to take  
Jesus.

*Malcus.* Now am I hole as I was ere,  
My hurt is neuer the wars ;  
Therfor, felows, drawe me nere !  
the dwiH hym spede that hym spars !

695

(113)

Jesus ad-  
monishes  
Peter

*Ihesus.* Therfor, peter, I say the this,  
my wiH it is that aH men witten :  
Put vp thi swerde and do no mys,  
for he that smytys, he shalbe smyten.

699

(114)

and re-  
proaches the  
knights,

ye knyghtys that be commen now here,  
thus assemblyd in a rowte,  
As I were thefe, or thefys fere,  
with wepyns com ye me abowte ;

703

(115)

but asks  
them to let  
his "fel-  
lows" go.

Me thynk, for sothe, ye do fuH yH  
thus for to seke me in the nyght ;  
Bot what penance ye put me tyH,  
ye let my felows go with gryth.

707

(116)

The knights  
bring Jesus  
to Pilate.

*Secundus Miles.* Lede hym furth fast by the gate !  
hangyd be he that sparis hym oght !  
*Primus Miles.* how thynk the, sir pilate,  
bi this brodeH that we haue broght ?

711

(117)

Pilate says  
Jesus has  
troubled  
them by His  
deeds,

*Pilatus.* Is he the same and the self, I say,  
that has wroght vs this care ?  
It has bene told, sen many a day,  
sayngys of hym fuH sare.

715

[Fol. 73, a.  
Sig. M. 1.]

It was tyH vs greatt woghe,  
ffrom dede to lyfe thou rasyd lazare ;  
Sen stalkyd styllly bi the see swoghe ;  
both domb and defe thou salfyd from sare.

719

(118)

in which He  
surpasses  
Cæsar and  
Herod.

Thou passys cesar bi dede,  
or sir herode oure kyng.  
*Secundus Miles.* let deme hym fast to dede,  
and let for no kyn thyng.

723

(119)

*Primus Miles.* Sen he has forfett agans oure lawe,  
let vs deme hym in this stede.

The knights  
clamour for  
His death.

*Pilatus.* I wiſt not assent vnto youre saw ;  
I can ordan weſt better red.

Pilate knows  
a better  
rede.

727

(120)

*Malcus.* Better red ? yei dwiſt ! how so ?  
then were oure sorow lastand ay ;  
And he thus furth shuld go,  
he wold dystroy oure lay.

Malchus is  
furious.

731

(121)

wold ye aſt assent to me,  
this bargan shuld be strykyn anone ;  
By nyghtertayſt dede shuld he be,  
and tiſt oure awnter stand ilkon.

735

(122)

*Pilatus.* Peasse, harlottis, the dwiſt you spede !  
wold ye thus preualy morder a man ?

Pilate is  
unwilling to  
murder  
Jesus,

*Malcus.* when euery man has red his red,  
lett se who better say can.

739

(123)

*Pilatus.* To cayphas haſt loke fast ye wyrk,  
And thider right ye shaſt hym lede ;  
he has the rewſt of holy kyrk,  
lett hym deme hym whyk or dede ;

and will  
send Him to  
Cayphas,  
who has the  
rule of Holy  
Church.

743

(124)

ffor he has wroght agans oure law,  
ffor-thi most skyſt can he ther on.

*Secundus Miles.* Sir, we assent vnto youre saw ;  
Com furth, bewshere, and lett vs gone.

747

(125)

[To Jesus.]

*Malcus.* Step furth, in the wenyande !  
wenys thou ay to stand styſt ?

Malchus  
brings Jesus  
to Cayphas  
with much  
abuse.

Nay, luskand loseſt, lawes of the land  
Shaſt fayſt bot we haue oure wiſt ;

751

(126)

Out of my handis shaſt thou not pas  
ffor aſt the craft thou can ;

Tiſt thou com to sir cayphas,

Saue the shaſt no man. *Explicit Capcio Ihesu.* 755

(XXI.)

## Incipit Coliphizacio.

[Dramatis Personae.

[Fol. 73, b.]	<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		<i>Cayphas.</i>		<i>Jesus.</i>
	<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>		<i>Anna.</i>		<i>Froward.]</i>

[50 nine-line stanzas, aaaab cccb. The aaaa lines have central  
rhymes, marked by bars /.]

*Primus tortor.*

(1)

The first  
Torturer  
hurries  
Jesus to  
Anna and Sir  
Cayphas,  
with threats.

**D** o Io furth, Io! / and trott' on a pase!  
To anna wið we go / and sir cayphas;  
wiðt' thou weð of thaym two / gettys thou no  
grace,

Bot' euerlastyng wo / for trespass thou has

so mekiH.

5

Thi mys is more

then euer gettys thou grace fore;

Thou has beyn<sup>1</sup> ay-whore

ffuH fals and fuH fekyH.

9

(2)

The second  
reproaches  
Him as a  
deceiver of  
the people.

*Secundus tortor.* It is wonder to dre / thus to be gangyng;  
we haue had for the / mekiH hart' stangyng;

Bot' at last shaH we be / out' of hart' langyng,

Be thou haue had two<sup>2</sup> or three / hetys worth a hangyng;

No wonder!

14

Sich wyles can thou make,

gar the people farsake

Oure lawes, and thyne take;

thus art' thou broght' in blonder.

18

(3)

They join in  
reviling  
Jesus.  
He shall rue  
being called  
a saint.  
Better had  
he held His  
clatter!

*Primus tortor.* Thou can not' say agaynt / If thou be trew;

Som men holdys the sant' / and that shaH thou rew;

ffare wordys can thou paynt' / and lege lawes new.

*Secundus tortor.* Now be ye ataynt' / for we wið persew

On this mater.

23

Many wordys has thou saide

Of which we ar not' weH payde;

As good that' thou had

halden stiH thi clater.

27

<sup>1</sup> "beyn" overlined later.

<sup>2</sup> MS. ij.

(4)

*primus tortor.* It is better syt stiH / then rise vp and faH ;  
Thou has long had thi wiH / and made many braH ;  
At the last wold thou spiH / and for-do vs aH,  
If we dyd neuer yH. /

"Better sit  
still than  
rise up and  
fall."

*Secundus tortor.* I trow not, he shaH

Indure it ;

32

They are  
ready to  
accuse Him  
themselves.

ffor if other men ruse hym,  
we shaH accuse hym ;  
his self shaH not excuse hym ;

To you I insure it,

36

(5)

with no legeance. /

*primus tortor.* fayn wold he wynk,  
Els falyys his covntenance ; / I say as I thynk.

*Secundus tortor.* he has done vs greuance / therfor shaH  
he drynk ;

They owe  
Jesus a  
grudge for  
the trouble  
they have  
had in walk-  
ing with  
Him.

haue he mekiH myschaunsce / that has gart vs swynke  
In walkyng,

[Fol. 74, a.  
Sig. M. 2.]

41

That vnneth may I more.

*primus tortor.* Peas, man, we ar thore !

I shaH walk in before,

And tell of his talkyng.

[*They come to Cayphas  
and Anna.*]

(6)

haiH, syrs, as ye sytt / so worthi in wonys !

whi spyrd ye not yit / how we haue farne this onys ?

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, we wold fayn witt / aH wery ar oure  
bonys ;

They greet  
Cayphas and  
Anna, and  
complain of  
their jour-  
ney.

we haue had a fytt / right yH for the nonys,

So tarid.

50

*Cayphas.* Say, were ye oght adred ?

were ye oght wrang led ?

Or in any strate sted ?

Syrs, who was mysaryd ?

54

(7)

*Anna.* Say, were ye oght in dowte / for fawte of light  
As ye wached ther owte ? /

*Primus tortor.* sir, as I am true knyght,  
Of my dame sen I sowked / had I neuer sich a nyght ;  
Myn een were not lowked / to-geder right

Their trouble  
is well spent  
since they  
have brought  
in this  
traitor.

Sen morowe ;  
Bot' yit I thynk it' weH sett,  
Sen we with this tratoure met' ;  
Sir, this is he that' forfett  
And done so mekiH sorow.

59

63

(8)

He teaches a  
new law.

*Cayphas.* Can ye hym oght apeche ? / had he any ferys ?  
*Secundus tortor.* he has bene for to preche / fuH many  
long yeris ;  
And the people he teche / a new law.  
*primus tortor.* syrs, heris !  
As far as his witt' reche / many oone he lerys ;  
when we toke hym,  
we faunde hym in a yerde ;  
Bot' when I drew out' my swerde,  
his dyscypyls wex ferde,  
And soyn thay forsoke hym.

68

72

(9)

He said He  
could de-  
stroy the  
temple and  
build a new  
one on the  
third day.  
He "lies for  
the whet-  
stone" and  
must be  
given the  
prize.

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, I hard hym say he cowthe dystroew /  
oure tempyH so gay,  
and sithen beld a new / on the thrid' day.  
*Cayphas.* how myght' that' be trew ? / it toke more aray ;  
The masons I knewe / that' hewed it', I say,  
so wyse ;  
That' hewed ilka stone.  
*primus tortor.* A, good sir, lett hym oone ;  
he lyes for the quetstone,  
I gyf hym the pryce.

77

81

(10)

*Secundus tortor.* The halt' rynes, the blynd sees / thugh  
his fals wyles ;<sup>1</sup>  
Thus he gettis many fees / of thym he begyles.  
*Primus tortor.* he rases men that' dees / thay seke hym  
be myles ;  
And euer thugh his soceres / oure sabate day defyles

[Fol. 74, b.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. lyes.

Euermore, sir.

86 He works  
miracles for  
fees and does  
them on the  
Sabbath.

*Secundus tortor.* This is his vse and his custom,  
To heyth the defe and the dom),  
where so euer he com ;

I tell you before, sir.

90

(11)

*Primus tortor.* Men call hym / a prophete and godis  
son of heuen ;

He is called  
God's Son,  
sets not a  
fly-wing by  
Cæsar, and  
is the same  
who excused  
the adul-  
teress.

he wold fayn downe bryng / oure lawes bi his steuen.

*Secundus tortor.* yit is ther anothere thyng / that I hard  
hym neuen,

he settys not a fle wyng / bi sir cesar full euen ;

he says thus ;

95

Sir, this same is he

that excusyd with his sotelte

A woman in avowtre ;

ffull weith may ye trust vs.

99

(12)

*Primus tortor.* Sir lazare can he rase / that men may persauce,  
when he had lyne fower<sup>1</sup> dayes / ded in his graue ;

He raised  
Lazarus, and  
uses such  
witchcraft,  
all men  
praise Him.

AH men hym prase / both master and knaue,

Such witchcraft he mase. /

*Secundus tortor.*

If he abowte waue

Any langere,

104

his warkys may we ban ;

ffor he has turned many man

Sen the tyme he began,

And done vs great hangere.

108

(13)

*Primus tortor.* he wiith not leyfe yit / thof he be culpabyth ;

Men call hym a prophete / a lord full renabyth.

Sir cayphas, bi my wytt / he shuld be dampnabyth,

Bot wold ye two, as ye sytt / make it ferme and stabyth

To geder ;

113

ffor ye two, as I trow,

May defende all oure law ;

That mayde vs to you draw,

And bryng this loseeth heder.

117

The first  
Torturer  
calls on  
Cayphas  
and Anna to  
defend the  
law.

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiij.

(14)

If Jesus  
reign any  
more their  
laws are  
ruined.

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, I can tell you before / as myght I  
be maryd,

If he reyne any more / oure lawes ar myscaryd.

*Primus tortor.* Sir, opposed if he wore / he shuld be  
fon waryd ;

That is well seyn thore / where he has long tarid

And walkyd.

122

he is sowre lottyn :

Ther is somewhat forgottyn ;

I shaH thryng out the rottyn,

Be we haue aH talkyd.

126

(15)

Cayphas  
examines  
Jesus.

*Cayphas.* Now fare myght you faH / for youre talkyng !  
ffor, certys, I my self shaH / make examynyng. [*To Jesus.*]  
harstow, harlott, of aH ? / of care may thou syng !

[Fol. 75, a.  
Sig. M. 3.]

How durst thou the caH / aythere emperoure or kyng ?

I do fy the !

131

what the dwiH doyst thou here ?

Thi dedys wiH do the dere ;

Com nar and rowne in myn eeyr,

Or I shaH ascry the.

135

(16)

He is  
furious that  
Jesus does  
not answer.

Illa-hayH was thou borne ! / harke ! says he oght agane ?

Thou shaH onys or to-morne / to speke be fuH fayne.

This is a great skorne / and a fals trane ;

Now wols-hede and out-horne / on the be tane !

Vile fature !

140

Oone worde myght thou speke ethe,

yit myght it do the som letht,

Et omnis qui tacet

hic consentire videtur.

144

(17)

Speke on oone word / right in the dwyllys name !

where was thi syre at bord / when he met with thi dame ?

what, nawder bowted ne spurd / and a lord of name !

Speke on in a torde / the dwiH gif the shame,

Sir sybre !  
 Perde, if thou were a kyng,  
 yit myght thou be ridyng ;  
 ffy on the, fundlyng !  
 Thou lyfys bot bi brybre.

149 He abuses  
 Jesus as a  
 foundling,

153

(18)

Lad, I am a prelate / a lord in degre,  
 Syttys in myn astate / as thou may se,  
 knyghtys on me to wate / in dyuerse degre ;  
 I myght thole the abate / and knele on thi kne

and reminds  
 Him of his  
 own power.  
 Who has the  
 law in his  
 keeping has  
 a "better  
 purchase  
 than rent"  
 (wins more  
 by his pro-  
 fession than  
 by his  
 lands).

158

In my present ;  
 As euer syng I mes,  
 whoso kepis the lawe, I gess,  
 he gettis more by purches  
 Then bi his fre rent.

162

(19)

The dwil gif the shame / that euer I knew the !  
 Nather blynde ne lame / wil none persew the ;  
 Therfor I shaft the name / that euer shaft rew the,  
 kyng copyn in oure game / thus shaft I indew the,  
 ffor a fatur.

Jesus is  
 King Coppin  
 (King  
 Empty-  
 Skein).

167

Say, dar thou not speke for ferde ?  
 I shrew hym the lerd,  
 weme ! the dwillys durt in thi berd,  
 vyle fals tratur !

171

(20)

Though thi lyppis be stokyn / yit myght thou say, mom ;  
 Great wordis has thou spokyn / then was thou not dom.  
 Be it hole worde or brokyn / com, owt with som,  
 Els on the I shaft be wrokyn / or thi ded com

He will have  
 vengeance  
 on Him for  
 His silence.

AH outt.

176

Aythere has thou no wytt,  
 Or els ar thyn eres dytt ;  
 why bot herd thou not yit ?

[Fol. 75, b.]

So, I cry and I showte.

180

(21)

*Anna.* A, sir, be not yH payde / though he not answer ;  
 he is inwardly flayde / not right in his gere.

Anna begs  
Cayphas to  
be less  
violent.

*Cayphas.* No, bot<sup>t</sup> the wordis he has saide / doth my  
hart<sup>t</sup> great<sup>t</sup> dere.

*Anna.* Sir, yit<sup>t</sup> may ye be dayde. /

*Cayphas.* nay, whils I lif nere.

*Anna.* Sir, amese you. 185

*Cayphas.* Now fowH myght<sup>t</sup> hym befaH!

*Anna.* Sir, ye ar vexed at aH,

And perauentur he shaH

here after pleas you ; 189

(22)

we may bi oure law / examyn<sup>n</sup> hym fyrst.

Cayphas is  
bursting to  
give Jesus a  
blow.

*Cayphas.* Bot<sup>t</sup> I gif hym a blaw / my hart wiH brist.

*Anna.* Abyde to ye his purpose knaw. /

*Cayphas.* nay, bot I shaH out thrist

Both his een on a raw. /

*Anna.* sir, ye wiH not, I tryst,

Be so vengeabyH ; 194

Bot<sup>t</sup> let me oppose hym.

*Cayphas.* I pray you, and sloes hym.

*Anna.* Sir, we may not lose hym

Bot<sup>t</sup> we were dampnabiH. 198

(23)

If he may  
not strike off  
His head, he  
will not eat  
till Jesus is  
in the  
stocks.

*Cayphas.* he has adyld his ded / a kyng he hym calde ;  
war ! let me gyrd of his hede ! /

*Anna.* I hope not<sup>t</sup> ye wold ;<sup>1</sup>

Bot<sup>t</sup> sir do my red / youre worship to halH.

*Cayphas.* ShaH I neuer ete bred / to that he be stald

In the stokys. 203

*Anna.* Sir, speke soft and styH,

let vs do as the law wiH.

*Cayphas.* Nay, I myself shaH hym kyH,

And murder with knokys. 207

(24)

Anna  
reminds  
Cayphas he  
is a man of  
holy church,

*Anna.* Sir, thynk ye that<sup>t</sup> ye ar / a man of holy kyrk,  
ye shuld be oure techer<sup>2</sup> / mekenes to wyrk.

*Cayphas.* yei, bot<sup>t</sup> aH is out of har / and that shaH he yrk.

*Anna.* AH soft<sup>t</sup> may men go far / oure lawes ar not myrk,

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'wald.'

<sup>2</sup> The ryme needs 'techar.'

I weyn ;	212	and they must pro- ceed by law.
Youre wordys ar bustus,		
Et hoc nos volumus		
Quod de Iure possumus :		
ye wote what I meyn ;	216	

(25)

It is best that we trete hym / with farenes.

*Cayphas.*

We, nay !

*Anna.* And so myght we gett hym / som word for to say. [Fol. 76, a.

*Cayphas.* war ! let me bett hym ! /

*Anna.* syr, do away !

ffor if ye thus thrett hym / he spekys not this day.

Bot herys ;	221	He will ex- amine Jesus himself.
wold ye sesse and abyde,		
I shuld take hym on syde		
And inquere of his pryde,		
how he oure folke lerys.	225	

(26)

*Cayphas.* he has reuyd ouer lang / with his fals lyys,

And done mekyH wrang / sir cesar he defyes ;

Therfor shaH I hym hang / or I vp ryse.

*Anna.* Sir, the law wiH not he gang / on nokyn wyse

Vndemyd ;	230	The law will not allow Him to go unjudged, but His guilt must be estab- lished.
-----------	-----	--

Bot fyrst wold I here

what he wold answare ;

Bot he dyd any dere

why shuld he be flemyd ?	234	
--------------------------	-----	--

(27)

And therfor examynyng / ffyrst wiH I make,

Sen that he callys hym a kyng. /

*Cayphas.* bot he that forsake

I shaH gyf hym a wryng / that his nek shaH crak.

*Anna.* Syr, ye may not hym dyng / no word yit he  
spake,

That I wylt.	239	<i>Cayphas</i> still threatens.
--------------	-----	---------------------------------------

hark, fellow, com nar !

wyH thou neuer be war ?

I haue merueH thou dar

Thus do thyn awne lyst.	243	
-------------------------	-----	--

[To Jesus.]

(28)

Anna asks  
Jesus if He  
is God's Son,  
and is  
answered.

Bot I shaH do as the law wyH / if the people ruse the ;  
Say, dyd thou oght this yH ? / can thou oght excuse the ?  
why standys thou so styH / when men thus accuse the ?  
ffor to hyng on a hyH / hark how thay ruse the

To dam.

248

Say, art thou godys son of heuen,

As thou art wonte for to neuene ?

Ihesus. So thou says by thy steuen ;

And right so I am ;

252

(29)

ffor after this shaH thou se / when that [I] do com downe  
In brightnes on he / in clowdys from abone.

Cayphas  
says they  
need no  
more  
witness.

Cayphas. A, iH myght the feete be / that broght the to  
towne !

Thou art worthy to de ! / say, thefe, where is thi crowne ?

Anna. Abyde, sir,

257

let vs lawfully redres,

Cayphas. we nede no wytnes,

hys self says expres ;

whi shuld I not chye, sir ?

261

(30)

Anna. was ther neuer man so wyk / bot he myght amende.  
when it com to the pryk / right as youre self kend.

[Fol. 76, b.]

Let him put  
Jesus to  
death at  
once.

Cayphas. Nay, sir, bot I shaH hym styk / euen with  
myn awne hend ;

ffor if he reue and be whyk / we ar at an end,

AH sam !

266

Therfor, whils I am in this brethe,

let me put hym to deth.

Anna. Sed nobis non licet

Interficere quemquam.

270

(31)

Anna says  
they have no  
power to  
kill.

Sir, ye wote better then I / we shuld slo no man.

Cayphas. his dedys I defy / his warkys may we ban,  
Therfor shaH he by. /

Anna. . . . . nay, on oder wyse than,

And do it lawfully. /

Cayphas. . . . . as how ?

Anna. . . . . tel you I can.

*Caiphas.* let se.

275 Men of temporal laws must judge such a matter.

*Anna.* Sir take tent to my sawes ;

Men of temporaH lawes

Thay may deme sich cause,

And so may not we.

279

(32)

*Cayphas.* My hart is fuH cold / nerehand that I swelt ;

ffor talys that ar told / I bolne at my belt,

Vnethes may it hold / my body, an ye it felt ;

yit wold I gif of my gold / yond tratoure to pelt

ffor euer.

284

Cayphas says if Anna hinders him he is not doing his duty.

*Anna.* Good sir, do as ye hett me.

*Caiphas.* whi shaH he ouer-sett me ?

*Sir* anna, if ye lett me

ye do not youre deuer.

288

(33)

*Anna.* Sir, ye ar a prelate. /

*Cayphas.* so may I weH seme,

My self if I say it. /

Anna proposes to send Jesus to Pilate.

*Anna.* be not to breme ;

Sich men of astate / shuld no men deme,

bot send them to pilate / the temporaH law to yeme

has he ;

293

he may best threte hym,

And aH to rehetete hym ;

It is shame you to bete hym

Therfor, sir, let be.

297

(34)

*Cayphas.* ffy on hym and war ! / I am oute of my gate ;

say why standys he so far. /

*Anna.* sir, he cam bot late.

*Cayphas.* No, bot I haue knyghtys that dar / rap hym

on the pate.

Cayphas wants to set his knights on Jesus ; Anna remonstrates.

*Anna.* ye ar bot to skar / good sir abate,

And here ;

302

what nedys you to chyte ?

what nedys you to flyte ?

If ye yond man smyte,

ye ar irregulere.

306

(35)

Cayphas  
laments he  
was ever  
made a  
clerk, that

[Fol. 77, a.]

he may not  
beat Jesus  
himself.

*Cayphas.* he that fyrst made me clerk / and taght me  
my lare,

On bookys for to barke / the dwiſt gyf hym care!

*Anna.* A, good sir, hark! / sich wordys myght ye spare.

*Cayphas.* Els myght I haue made vp wark / of yond  
harlot and mare,

perde!

311

Bot certys, or he hens yode,

It wold do me som good

To se knyghtys knok his hoode

with knokys two or thre.

315

(36)

ffor sen he has trespass / and broken oure law,

let vs make hym agast / and set hym in awe.

*Anna.* sir, as ye haue hast / it shalbe, I traw.

Com and make redy fast / ye knyghtys on a raw,

youre arament;

320

And that kyng to you take,

And with knokys make hym wake.

*Cayphas.* yei, syrs, and for my sake

Gyf hym good payment.

324

(37)

ffor if I myght go with you / as I wold that I myght,

I shuld make myn avowe / that ons or mydnyght

I shuld make his heede sow / wher that I hyt right.

*Primus tortor.* Sir, drede you not now / of this cursed  
wight

To day,

329

ffor we shaH so rok hym,

and with buffettys knok hym.

*Cayphas.* And I red that ye lok hym,

That he ryn not away,

333

(38)

ffor I red not we mete / if that lad skap.

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, on vs be it / bot we clowt weH his  
kap.

*Cayphas.* wold ye do as ye heytt / it were a fayr hap.

*primus tortor.* Sir, see ye and sytt / how that we hym  
knap,

Anna con-  
sents to the  
knights  
buffeting  
Jesus

They assure  
Cayphas  
they will not  
spare Him.

Oone ffeſte ;	338	They ask
Bot or we go to this thyng,		him to bleſs
Sayn vs, lord, with thy ryng.		them-with
<i>Cayphas</i> . Now he ſhaH haue my blyſſyng		his ring.
That knokys hym the beſt.	342	<i>Cayphas</i>
		promiſes
		his bleſſing
		to the one
		who buffets
		beſt.

(39)

*Secundus tortor*. Go we now to oure noyte / with this  
fond foyH.

<i>primus tortor</i> . we ſhaH teche hym, I wote / a new play		The firſt
of yoyH,		Torturer
And hold hym full hote / frawrord, a ſtoyH		sends Fro-
Go fetch vs !		ward for a
<i>ffroward</i> . We, dote ! / now els were it doyH		ſtool. Fro-
		ward and
		the other
		remonſtrate,

And vnneth ;	347
ffor the wo that he ſhaH dre	
let hym knele on his kne.	

<i>Secundus tortor</i> . And ſo ſhaH he for me ;	
Go fetch vs a light buffit.	351

(40)

<i>ffroward</i> . why muſt he ſytt ſoft / with a mekiH mys-		but are told
chaunce,		they can
That has tenyd vs thus oft ? /		buffet Jeſus
		more eaſily,

<i>primus tortor</i> .	ſir, we do it for a ſkawnce ;
If he ſtode vp on loſt / we muſt hop and dawnſe	
As cokys in a croft. /	[Fol. 77, b.]

<i>ffroward</i> .	Now a veniance
Com on hym !	356
Good ſkiH can ye ſhew,	
As feH I the dew ;	if He be
haue this, bere it, ſhrew !	ſcated.
ffor ſoyn ſhaH we fon hym.	360

(41)

<i>Secundus tortor</i> . Com, ſir, and ſyt downe / muſt ye		They bid
be prayde ?		Jeſus ſit.

lyke a lord of renowne / youre ſete is arayde.

<i>primus tortor</i> . we ſhaH preue on his crowne / the wordys	
he has ſayde.	

<i>Secundus tortor</i> . Ther is none in this towne / I trow, be	
iH payde	

All His kin  
may not  
rescue Him.

Of his sorow,  
Bot the fader that hym gate.

365

*primus tortor.* Now, for oght that I wate,  
Ah his kyn commys to late  
his body to borow.

369

(42)

They send  
Froward for  
a veil to  
blind Jesus  
with.

*Secundus tortor.* I wold we were onwarde. /

*primus tortor.* bot his een must be hyd.

*Secundus tortor.* yei, bot thay be weH spard / we lost  
that we dyd ;

Step furth thou, froward ! /

*froward.* what is now betyd ?

*primus tortor.* Thou art euer away ward. /

*froward.* haue ye none to byd

Bot me ?

374

I may syng ylla-hayH.

*Secundus tortor.* Thou must get vs a vayH.

*froward.* ye ar euer in oone tayH.

*primus tortor.* Now iH myght thou the !

378

(43)

weH had thou thi name / for thou was euer curst.

Froward  
quarrels  
with them.

*froward.* Sir, I myght say the same / to you if I durst ;

yit my hyer may I clame / no penny I purst ;

I haue had mekyH shame / hunger and thirst,<sup>1</sup>

In youre seruyce.

383

*primus tortor.* Not oone word so bold !

*froward.* why, it is trew that I told !

ffayn preue it I wold.

*Secundus tortor.* Thou shalbe cald to peruyce.

387

(44)

But brings  
the veil.

*froward.* here a vayH haue I fon / I trow it wiH last.

*primus tortor.* Bryng it hyder, good son / that is it  
that I ast.

*froward.* how shuld it be bon ? /

*Secundus tortor.* abowte his heade cast.

*primus tortor.* yei, and when it is weH won / knyht a  
knot fast

<sup>1</sup> MS. thrust.

I red.

392 They blind-  
fold Jesus.

*ffroward*. Is it weyH?

*Secundus tortor*. yei, knaue.

*ffroward*. what, weyn ye that I rafe?

Cryst curs myght he haue

That last bond his head!

396

(45)

*primus tortor*. Now sen he is blynfold / I faH to begyn,  
And thus was I counseld / the mastery to wyn.

The tor-  
[Fol. 78, a.]

*Secundus tortor*. Nay, wrang has thou told / thus shuld  
thou com in!

turers vie  
with each  
other in  
smiting  
Him,

*ffroward*. I stode and beheld / thou towchid not the  
skyn,

Bot fowH.

401

*primus tortor*. how wiH thou I do?

*Secundus tortor*. On this manere, lo!

*ffroward*. yei, that was weH gone to,

Thar start vp a cowH.

405

(46)

*primus tortor*. Thus shaH we hym refe / aH his fonde  
talys.

*Secundus tortor*. Ther is noght in thi nefe / or els thi  
hart falys.

*ffroward*. I can my hand vphefe / and knop out the  
skalys.

*primus tortor*. Godys forbot ye lefe / bot set in youre nalys

On raw.

410

Sit vp and prophecy.

*ffroward*. Bot make vs no ly.

and bid Him  
prophecy  
who smote  
Him last.

*Secundus tortor*. who smote the last?

*primus tortor*.

was it I?

*ffroward*. he wote not, I traw.

414

(47)

*primus tortor*. ffast to sir cayphas / go we togeder.<sup>1</sup>

*Secundus tortor*. Ryse vp with ih grace / so com thou  
hyder.

They bring  
Him again  
to Sir  
Caiaphas.

*ffroward*. It semys by his pase / he groches to go thyder.

*primus tortor*. we haue gyfen hym a glase / ye may  
consyder,

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'togyder.'

The tor-  
turers boast  
that they  
have almost  
killed Jesus.

To kepe.

419

*Secundus tortor.* Sir, for his great boost,  
with knokys he is indoost.

*ffroward.* In fayth, sir, we had almost  
knokyd<sup>1</sup> hym on slepe.

423

(48)

Caiaphas  
bids them  
take Jesus  
to Pilate,

*Cayphas.* Now sen he is weH bett / weynd on youre gate,  
And teH ye the forfett / vnto sir pylate;  
ffor he is a luge sett / emang men of state,  
And looke that ye not let. /

*primus tortor.*

Com furth, old crate,

Be lyfe !

428

we shaH lede the a trott.

*ijus tortor.* lyft thy feete may thou not.

*ffroward.* Then nedys me do nott

Bot com after and dryfe.

432

(49)

yet fears lest  
Pilate may  
be bribed to  
acquitt Him.

*Cayphas.* Alas, now take I hede ! /

*Anna.*

why mowrne ye so ?

*Cayphas.* ffor I am euer in drede / wandreth, and wo,  
lest pylate for mede / let ihesus go ;

Bot had I slayn hym indede / with thise handys two,

At onys,

437

AH had bene qwytt than ;

Bot gyftys marres many man.

Bot he deme the sothe than,

The dwiH haue his bonys !

441

(50)

[Fol. 78, b.]

After up-  
braiding  
Anna he  
starts off to  
follow them.

Sir anna, aH I wyte you this blame / for had ye not beyn,

I had mayde hym fuH tame / yei, stykyd hym, I weyn,

To the hart fuH wan<sup>2</sup> / with this dagger so keyn.

*Anna.* Sir, you must shame / sich wordys for to meyn

Emang men.

446

*Cayphas.* I wiH not dweH in this stede,

Bot spy how thay hym lede,

And persew on his dede.

ffare weH ! we gang, men.

450

*Explicit Coliphizacio.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. 'knokyp.'

<sup>2</sup> Assonant to 'fame, shame.'

(XXII.)

Incipit Fflagellacio.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Pilatus.</i>	<i>Primus Consultus.</i>	<i>Maria.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>	<i>Secundus Consultus.</i>	<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>
<i>Secundus Tortor.</i>	<i>Jesus.</i>	<i>Maria Jacobi.</i>
<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>	<i>Johannes Apostolus.</i>	<i>Symon.]</i>

[49 stanzas ; 4 of 13 lines, ab ab ab ab c, dddc ; 1 of 12 lines, aab ccb, bb dd bb ; 24 of 9 lines, aaaab cccb ; 13 of 8 lines, aab aab bb ; 2 of 6 lines, aaaa bb ; 4 of 4 lines, aaaa<sup>1</sup> ; 1 of 4 lines, aa bb.]

*Pilatus.*

(1)

**P**easse at my bydyng, ye wyghtys in wold !  
 Looke none be so hardy to speke a word bot I,  
 Or by mahowne most myghty, maker on mold,  
 With this brande that I bere ye shaH bytterly  
 aby.

Pilate rages,  
 boasting  
 himself full  
 of subtlety  
 and guile,  
 and there-  
 fore called  
 "mali  
 actoris."

Say, wote ye not that I am pylate, perles to behold ?

Most doughty in dedys of dukys of the Iury ;

In bradyng of batels I am the most bold,

Therfor my name to you wiH I dyscry,

No mys.

9

I am fuH of sotelty,

ffalshed, gyll, and trechery ;

Therfor am I namyd by clergy

As mali actoris.

13

(2)

ffor like as on both sydys the Iren the hamer makith playn, [Fol. 79, a.]

So do I, that the law has here in my kepyng ;

The right side to socoure, certys, I am fuH bayn,

If I may get therby a vantage or wynyng ;

17

Then to the fals parte I turne me agayn,

ffor I se more VayH wiH to me be risyng ;

Thus euery man to drede me shalbe fuH fayn,

And aH faynt of thare fayth to me be obeyng,

In judging  
 he inclines  
 first to the  
 right, then  
 to the  
 wrong, for  
 the sake of  
 bribes.

<sup>1</sup> All the aaaa lines have central rymes, markt here by bars.

Truly.

22

AH fals endytars,  
 Quest-gangars, and Iurars,  
 And thise out-rydars  
 Ar welcom to me.

26

(3)

He means to  
 pretend to  
 be Christ's  
 friend, but  
 finally to  
 crucify Him.

Bot this prophete, that has prechyd and puplyshed so playn  
 Cristen law, crist thay caH hym in oure cuntre ;  
 Bot oure prynces fuH prowldy this nyght haue hym tain,  
 ffuH tytt to be dampned he shaH be hurlyd byfore me ;  
 I shaH fownde to be his freynd vtward, in certayn,  
 And shew hym fare cowntenance and wordys of vanyte ;  
 Bot or this day at nyght on crosse shaH he be slayn,  
 Thus agans hym in my hart I bere great enmyte  
 ffuH sore.

35

ye men that vse bak-bytyngys,  
 and rasars of slanderyngys,  
 ye ar my dere darlyngys,  
 And mahowns for euermore.

39

(4)

Nothing  
 angers him  
 more than to  
 hear of  
 Christ and  
 His new law.

ffor no thyng in this warld dos me more grefe  
 Then for to here of crist and of his new lawes ;  
 To trow that he is godys son my hart wold aH to-clese,  
 Though he be neuer so trew both in dedys and in sawes.  
 Therfor shaH he suffre mekiH myschefe, .  
 And aH the dyscypyls that vnto hym drawe ;  
 ffor ouer aH solace to me it is most lefe,  
 The shedyng of cristen bloode, and that aH Iury knawes,  
 I say you.  
 My knyghtys fuH swythe  
 Thare strengthes wiH thay kyth,  
 And bryng hym be-lyfe ;  
 lo, where thay com now !

48

52

(5)

The first tor-  
 turer arrives  
 bringing

[Fol. 79, b.]

Jesus, as  
 from Herod.

*primus tortor*. I haue ron that I swett / from *sir* herode  
 oure kyng  
 With this man that wiH not lett / oure lawes to downe  
 bryng ;  
 he has done so mych forfeH / of care may he syng ;  
 Thugh dom of *sir* pylate he gettys / an yH endyng

And sore ;  
The great warkys he has wrought  
ShaH serue hym of noght,  
And bot' thay be dere boght  
lefe me no more.

57 The great  
works Jesus  
has done  
shall serve  
Him  
nothing.

61

(6)

Bot' make rowme in this rese / I byd you, belyfe,  
And of youre noys that ye sesse / both man and wyfe ;  
To *sir* pylate on dese / this man wiH we dryfe,  
his dede for to dres / and refe hym his lyfe

He bids the  
people make  
room, and  
hurries  
Jesus on.

66

This day ;  
Do draw hym forward !  
whi stand ye so bakward ?  
Com on, *sir*, hyderward,  
As fast as ye may !

70

(7)

*Secundus tortor.* Do puH hym a-rase / whyls we be gangyng ;  
I shaH spytt' in his face / though it be fare shynyng ;  
Of vs thre gettys thou no grace / thi dedys ar so noyng,  
Bot' more sorow thou hase / oure myrth is incresyng,  
No lak.

The second  
torturer  
threatens  
Jesus, and  
binds His  
hands be-  
hind Him.

75

ffelows, aH in hast,  
with this band that wiH last  
Let' vs bynde fast  
Both his handys on his bak.

79

(8)

*Tercius tortor.* I shaH lede the a dawnce / Vnto *sir* pilate haH ;  
Thou betyd an yH chawnce / to com emangys vs aH.  
Sir pilate, with youre cheftance / to you we cry and caH  
That ye make som ordynance / with this brodeH thraH,  
By skyH ;

The third  
torturer  
calls on  
Pilate to  
crucify  
Jesus.

84

This man that we led  
On crosse ye put to ded.

*Pilatus.* what ! with outten any red ?  
That is not my wyH ;

88

Pilate pre-  
tends to take  
Jesus' part,  
and sum-  
mons his  
counsellors.

(9)

Bot' ye, wysest of law / to me ye be tendand :  
This man withoutten awe / which ye led in a band,  
Nather in dede ne in saw / can I fynd with no wrang,  
wherfor ye shuld hym draw / or bere falsly on hand

It will be a  
shame if  
Jesus be  
killed.

With ih.

93

ye say he turnes oure pepyH,  
ye caH hym fals and fekyH;  
warldys shame is on you mekyH

This man if ye spyH.

97

(10)

Herod

Of aH thise causes ilkon / which ye put on hym,

[Fol. 80, a.]<sup>1</sup>

Herode, truly as stone / coud fynd with nokyns gyn

could find  
no fault in  
Him.

Nothyng herapon / that pent to any syn;

why shuld I then so soyn / to ded here deme hym?

Therfor

102

This is my counseH,

I wiH not with hym meH;

Let Him go!

let hym go where he wyH

ffor now and euermore.

106

(11)

The first  
Counsellor  
urges that  
Jesus has  
called Him-  
self a king.

*Primus consultus.* Sir; I say the oone thyng / without any  
mys,

he callys his self a kyng / ther he none is;

Thus he wold downe bryng / oure lawes, I-wys,

with his fals lesyng / and his quantys,

This tyde.

111

Pilate re-  
minds Jesus  
of His  
power.

*Pilatus.* herk, fellow, com nere!

Thou knowes I haue powere

To excuse or to dampne here,

In bayH to abyde.

115

(12)

Jesus says  
the power is  
given him by  
the Trinity.

*Ihesus.* Sich powere has thou noght / to wyrk thi wiH  
thus with me,

Bot from my fader that is broght / oone-fold god in  
persons thre.

*Pilatus.* Certys, it is fallen weH in my thoght / at this  
tyme, as weH wote ye,

A thefe that any felony has wrought / to lett hym skap  
or go fre

<sup>1</sup> At the beginning of this page of the MS., is a large initial letter D, which, however, has no connection with the ensuing text.

Away ;	120	Pilate offers to release Jesus because of the Feast, but the first torturer asks for Barabas.
Therfor ye lett hym pas.		
<i>primus tortor</i> . Nay, nay, bot barabas !		
And ihesus in this case		
To deth ye dam this day.	124	

(13)

<i>pilatus</i> . Syrs, looke ye take good hede / his cloyss <sup>es</sup> ye		Pilate bids them strip Jesus and scourge Him.
spoyH hym fro,		
ye gar his body blede / and bett hym blak and bloo.		
<i>Secundus tortor</i> . This man, as myght I spede / that has		
wroght vs this wo,		
how "Iudicare" comys in crede / shaH we teche, or we		
go,		
AH soyne.	129	

haue bynd to this pyllar.	
<i>Tercius tortor</i> . why standys thou so far ?	
<i>primus tortor</i> . To bett his body bar	
I haste, withoutten hoyne.	133

(14)

<i>Secundus tortor</i> . Now faH I the fyrst / to flap on hys hyde.		The torturers vie with each other in cruelty.
<i>Tercius tortor</i> . My hartt wold aH to-bryst / bot I myght		
tyH hym glyde.		
<i>primus tortor</i> . A swap fayn, if I durst / wold I lene the		
this tyde.		
<i>Secundus tortor</i> . war ! lett me rub on the rust / that		
the bloode downe glyde		
As swythe.	138	

<i>Tercius tortor</i> . haue att !	
<i>primus tortor</i> . Take thou that !	
<i>Secundus tortor</i> . I shaH lene the a flap,	
My strengthe for to kythe.	142

(15)

<i>Tercius tortor</i> . Where on seruys thi prophecy / thou telH		[Fol. 80, b.]
vs in this case,		
And aH thi warkys of greatt mastry / thou shewed in		They seoff at Him.
dyuers place ?		
<i>primus tortor</i> . Thyn apostels fuH radly / ar run from the		
a rase,		
Thou art here in oure baly / withoutten any grace		

They would  
scourge  
Jesus to  
death, but  
for Pilate.

Of skap.

147

*Secundus tortor.* Do, rug him.

*Tercius tortor.* Do, dyng hym.

*primus tortor.* Nay, I myself shuld kyH hym

Bot for *sir* pilate.

151

(16)

They call to  
mind His  
miracles—  
His turning  
water into  
wine and  
walking on  
the sea,

Syrs, at the ffeeste of architreclyn / this prophete he was ;

Ther turnyd he water into wyn / that day he had sich  
grace,

his apostels to hym can enclyn / and other that ther was ;

The see he past bot few yeres syn / it lete hym walk  
theron apase

At wyH ;

156

The elementys aH bydeyn,

And wyndes that ar so keyn,

The firmamente, as I weyn,

Ar hym obeyng tyH.

160

(17)

His healing  
a leper and  
the Cen-  
turyon's son,

*ijus. tortor.* A lepir cam fuH fast / to this man that  
here standys,

And prayed hym, in aH hast / of bayH to lowse his  
bandys ;

his traueH was not wast / though he cam from far landys ;

This prophete tyH hym past / and helyd hym with his  
handys,

ffuH blythe.

165

The son of Centuryon,

ffor whom his fader made greatt mone,

Of the palsy he helyd anone,

Thay lowfyd hym oft sythe.

169

(18)

His giving  
sight to a  
blind man  
on the way  
from  
Jericho.

*ijus tortor.* Sirs, as he cam from iherico / a blynde  
man satt by the way ;

To hym walkand with many mo / cryand to hym thus  
can he say,

“Thou son of dauid, or thou go / of blyndnes hele thou  
me this day.”

Ther was he helyd of aH his wo / sich wonders can  
he wyrk aH way

- At wyH ; 174 Jesus can  
he rasys men from deth to lyfe, raise the  
And castys out devyls from thame oft sythe, dead and  
seke men cam to hym fuH ryfe, cast out  
He helys thaym of aH yH. 178 devils.
- (19)
- primus tortor.* ffor aH thise dedys of great louyng / fower<sup>1</sup> But the first  
thyngys I haue fond certainly, torturer re-  
ffor which he is worthy to hyng : / oone is oure kyng that remembers  
he wold be ; that (1) He  
Oure sabbot day in his wyrkyng / he lettys not to hele the claimed to  
seke truly ; be king, (2)  
he says oure temple he shaH downe bryng / and in thre<sup>2</sup> healed the  
daies byg it in hy sick on the  
AH hole agane ; Sabbath, (3)  
Syr pilate, as ye sytt, said He  
looke wysely in youre wytt ; would de-  
Dam ihesu or ye flytt stroy the  
On crosse to suffre his payne. 183 temple and  
daies byg it again in  
three days.  
He calls on  
Pilate to  
crucify  
Jesus.
- (20)
- pilatus.* Thou man that suffurs aH this yH / Why WyH [Fol. 81, a.  
thou Vs no mercy cry ? Sig. n. 1.]
- Slake thy hart and thi greatt wyH / whyls on the we Pilate bids  
haue mastry ; Jesus work  
some  
miracle.
- Of thy greatt warkes shew vs som skyH ; / men caH the  
kyng, thou teH vs why ;  
wherfor the Iues seke the to spyH / the cause I  
wold knowe wytterly,  
perdee ; 192
- Say what is thy name,  
Thou lett for no shame,  
Thay putt on the greatt blame,  
Els myght [thou] skap for me. 196 He himself  
would re-  
lease Him.
- (21)
- Secundus Consultus.* Syr pilate, prynce peerles / this is The first  
my red, Counsellor  
alleges  
Jesus' claim  
to be king.
- That he skap not harmeles / bot do hym to ded :  
he cals hym a kyng in every place / thus wold he ouer led  
Oure people in his trace / and oure lawes downe tred

<sup>1</sup> MS. iijj, apparently a mistake for iij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. iij.

The knights  
and people  
are crying  
for His  
crucifixion.

By skyH ; 201  
Syr, youre knyghtes of good lose,  
and the pepyH with oone voce,  
To hyng hym hy on a crosse  
Thay cry and caH you vntyH. 205

## (22)

Pilate asks  
why they  
will not  
obey their  
king?

*pilatus*. Now certys, this is a wonder thyng / that ye  
wold bryng to noght  
hym that is youre lege lordyng / In faith this was far  
soght;

Bot say, why make ye none obeyng / to hym that aH has  
wroght?

The third  
torturer  
answers  
that Cesar  
is their king.

*Tercius Tortor*. Sir, he is oure chefe lordyng / *sir* Cesar  
so worthyly wroght

On mold. 210

pylate, do after vs,

And dam to deth *ihesus*

Or to *sir* Cesar we trus;

And make thy frenship cold. 214

## (23)

Pilate  
washes his  
hands,

*pilatus*. Now that I am sakles / of this bloode shaft  
ye see ;

Both my handys in expres / weshen saH be ;

This bloode bees dere boght I ges / that ye spiH so frele.

*primus tortor*. we pray it faH endles / on vs and oure  
meneye,

with wrake. 219

and bids  
them take  
Jesus and  
crucify Him.

*pilatus*. Now youre desyre fulfyH I shaft ;

Take hym emangs you aH,

On crosse ye put that thraH,

his endyng ther to take. 223

## (24)

The tor-  
turers exult.

*primus tortor*. Com on ! tryp on thi tose / without any  
fenyng ;

Thou has made many glose / with thy fals talkyng.

*Secundus tortor*. we ar worthy greatte lose / that thus  
has broght a kyng

ffrom *sir* pilate and othere fose / thus into oure ryng,

withoutt any hoyne.	228	As Jesus calls Him- self a king, He must have a crown.
Sirs, a kyng he hym cals,		
Therfor a crowne hym befals.		
<i>Tercius tortor.</i> I swere by aH myn elder sauls,		
I shaH it <sup>t</sup> ordan soyne.	232	

(25)

<i>primus tortor.</i> Lo! here a crowne of thorne / to perch	[Fol. 81, b.]
his brane within,	
putt on his hede with skorne/ and gar thyrH the skyn.	They crown Him with thorns and mock Him.
<i>Secundus tortor.</i> hayH kyng! where was thou borne / sich	
worship for to wyn?	
we knele aH the beforne / and the to grefe wiH we not	
blyn,	
That be thou bold;	237
Now by mahownes bloode!	
Ther wiH no mete do me goode	
To he be hanged on a roode,	
And his bones be colde.	241

(26)

<i>primus tortor.</i> Syrs, we may be fayn / ffor I haue fon	They find a tree for a cross, and begin to make ready.
a tree,	
I teH you in certan / it <sup>t</sup> is of greatt <sup>t</sup> bewtee,	
On the which he shaH suffre payn / be feste wiH nales	
thre,	
Ther shaH nothyng hym gayn / ther on to he dede be,	
I insure it;	246
Do, bryng hym hence.	
<i>Secundus tortor.</i> Take vp oure gere and defence.	
<i>Tercius tortor.</i> I wold spende aH my spence	
To se hym ones skelpt.	250

(27)

<i>primus tortor.</i> This cros vp thou take / and make the	The first tor- turer bids Jesus bear the cross. Mary will mourn for Him.
redy bowne;	
Withoutt gruchyng thou rake / and bere it <sup>t</sup> through the	
towne;	
Mary, thi moder, I wote wiH make / great mowrnyng and	
mone,	
But for thy fals dedys sake / shortly thou salbe slone, <sup>1</sup>	

<sup>1</sup> This line is added by a later hand.

The people  
of Bethle-  
hem and  
Jerusalem  
shall wonder  
at Jesus to  
day.

No nay ; 255  
The pepyH of bedlem,  
and gentyls of Ierusalem,  
A<sup>H</sup> the comoners of this reme,  
shaH wonder on the this day. 259

(28)

[*John and the Holy Women appear on another part of the stage.*]

John  
laments for  
Jesus.

*Iohannes apostolus.* Alas ! for my master moste of myght,  
That yester euen with lanterne bright  
before Caiphaz was broght ; 262  
Both peter and I sagh that sight,  
And sithen we fled away fuH wight,  
when Iues so wonderly wroght ; 265  
At morne thay toke to red, And fals witnes furth soght,<sup>1</sup>  
And demyd hym to be dede, That to thaym trespaste  
noght,<sup>1</sup> 267

(29)

He must tell  
Mary and  
the other  
women.

Alas ! for his modere and othere moo,  
My moder and hir syster also,  
Sat sam with syghyng sore ; 270  
Thay Wote nothyng of aH this wo,  
Therfor to teH thaym wiH I go,  
Sen I may mend no more. 273  
If he shuld dy thus tyte And thay vnwarned wore,  
I were Worthy to wyte ; I wiH go fast therfor. 275

(30)

[*Goes to the women.*]

He greets  
Mary and  
shows he  
has bad  
news.

God saue you, systers aH in fere !  
Dere lady, if thi wiH were,  
I must teH tythyngys playn. 278  
*Maria.* Welcom, Iohn, my cosyn dere !  
how farys my son sen thou was here ?  
That wold I wyt fuH fayn. 281  
*Iohannes.* A, dere lady with youre leyff, The trouth shuld  
no man layn,  
Ne with godys wiH thaym grefe.

Mary asks if  
her son be  
slain.

*Maria.* whi, Iohn, is my son slayn ? 283

<sup>1</sup> These two lines, and the corresponding ones in the next five stanzas, are written as four in the MS.

(31)

*Iohannes.* Nay lady, I saide not so,  
Bot ye me myn he told vs two

And thaim that with vs wore,  
how he with pyne shuld pas vs fro,  
And efte shuld com vs to,

To amende oure syghyng sore ; 269  
It may not stand in stede To sheynd youre self therfore.

*Maria magdalene.* Alas ! this day for drede ! Good Ioĥn,  
neven this no more ! 291

(32)

Speke preualy I the pray,  
ffor I am ferde, if we hir flay,  
That she wiĥ ryu and rafe.

*Iohannes.* The sothe behowys me nede to say,  
he is damyd to dede this day,  
Ther may no sorow hym safe.

*Maria Iacobi.* Good Ioĥn, teĥ vnto vs two What thou of  
hir wiĥ crafe,  
And we wiĥ gladly go And help that thou it haue. 299

(33)

*Iohannes.* Systers, youre mowrnyng may not amende ;  
And ye wiĥ ever, or he take ende,  
Speke with my master free,  
Then must ye ryse and with me weynd,  
And kepe hym as he shaĥ be kend

Withouthe yond same cyte ; 305  
If ye wiĥ nygh me nere, Com fast and felowe me.

*Maria.* A, help me, systers dere ! That I my son  
may see. 307

(34)

*Maria Magdalene.* Lady, we wold weynd fuĥ fayn,  
Hertely With aĥ oure myght and mayn,  
yours comfort to encrease.

*Maria.* Good Ioĥn, go before and frayn.

*Iohannes.* Lo, where he commes vs euen agayn  
with aĥ yond mekyĥ prese ! 313

Aĥ youre mowrnyng in feyr / may not his sorow sese.

*Maria.* Alas, for my son dere, / that me to moder  
chese ! [They meet Jesus.] 315

John re-  
minds her of  
the words o.  
Jesus as to  
His death  
and coming  
again.

Mary Mag-  
dalen and  
Mary the  
mother of  
James bid  
him break  
the news  
first to them.  
He tells  
them Jesus  
is con-  
demned.

[Fol. 82, b.]

If they  
would speak  
to Him  
again, they  
must make  
haste.

Mary bids  
John go be-  
fore them.

(35)

Mary would  
bear her  
Son's cross.

Alas, dere son for care / I se thi body blede ;  
My self I wiȝ for-fare / for the in this great drede,  
This cros on thi shulder bare / to help the in this nede,  
I wiȝ it bere with greatt hart sare / wheder thay wiȝ the  
lede. 319

Jesus says it  
is too heavy  
for her.

Ihesus. This cros is large in lengthe / and also bustus  
with aȝ ;  
If thou put to thi strengthe / to the ertȝe thou mon downe  
faȝ. 321

(36)

Maria. A dere son, thou let me / help the in this case !  
*et inclinabit crucem ad matrem suam.*

Ihesus. lo, moder, I teȝ it the / to bere no myght thou  
hase.

Mary bids  
Him have  
pity on Him-  
self.

Maria. I pray the, dere son, it may so be / to man thou  
gif thi grace,  
On thi self thou haue pyte / and kepe the from thi  
foyse. <sup>1</sup> 325

(37)

Jesus says  
He must die  
and rise  
again to save  
man.

Ihesus. ffor sothe, moder, this is no nay / on cros I must  
dede dre,  
And from deth ryse on the thryd day / thus prophecye  
says by me ;

Mans sauȝ that I luffyd ay / I shaȝ redeme securly,  
Into blis of heuen for ay / I shaȝ it bryng to me. 329

(38)

The other  
Maries  
lament.

Maria Magdalene. It is greatt sorow to any wyght / Ihesus,  
to se wiȝ Iues keyn,

[Fol. 83, a.  
Sig. N. 3.]

How he in dyuerse payns is dight / ffor sorow I water both  
myn eeyn. 331

Maria Iacobi. This lord that is of myght / dyd neuer  
yȝ truly,

Thise Iues thay do not right / if thay deme hym to dy.

(39)

Maria Magdalene. Alas ! what shaȝ we say ! / ihesus  
that is so leyfe, 334

To deth thise Iues this day / thay lede with paynes fuȝ  
grefe.

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs fayse, foes.

*Maria Iacobi.* He was full true, I say / though thay dam  
hym as thefe,  
Mankynde he lufed all way / for sorow my hart with  
clefe. 337

Their hearts  
will cleave  
for sorrow.

(40)

*Ihesus.* ye doghters of Ierusalem / I byd you wepe nothyng  
for me,  
Bot for youre self and youre barn-teme / behald I tell  
you securle,  
Sore paynes ar ordand for this reme / in dayes hereafter for  
to be ;  
youre myrth to bayll it shall downe streame / in euery  
place of this cyte. 341

Jesus bids  
them lament  
for them-  
selves and  
their chil-  
dren.

(41)

Childer, certys, thay shall blys / women baren that neuer  
child bare,  
And pappes that neuer gaf sowke, I wys / thus shall  
thare hartys for sorow be sare ;  
The montayns hy and thise greatt hyllys / thay shall byd  
fall upon them thare,  
ffor my bloode that sakles is / to shede and spyll thay  
with not spare. 345

*Secundus tortor.* walk on, and lese thi vayn carpyng / it  
shall not saue the fro thy dede,  
wheder thise women cry or syng / for any red that thay  
can red. 347

The second  
torturer bids  
Him cease  
His vain  
talking.

(42)

*Tercius tortor.* Say wherto abyde we here abowte,  
Thise qwenes with scremyng and with showte ?  
May no man thare wordys stere ? 350  
*primus tortor.* Go home, thou casbald, with that clowte !  
Or, by that lord I leyfe and lowte,  
Thou shall by it full dere ! 353

The other  
torturers  
threaten the  
women.

*Maria Magdalene.* This thyng shall ventyance call / on  
you holly in fere.

*Secundus tortor.* Go, hy the hens with all / or yll hayll  
cam thou here !

*iijus tortor.* let all this bargan be / syn all oure toyles ar  
before ;

This tratoure and this tre / I wold full fayn were there.

The third  
torturer  
hurries  
Jesus on.

The third  
torturer sees  
that Jesus  
cannot bear  
the cross.

*Ijus tortor.* It nedys not hym to harh / this cros dos  
hym greatt dere,  
Bot yonder commys a carll / shaH help hym for to  
bere. [Enter Simon of Cyrene.]

(43)

They bid .  
Simon ease  
Him of it.

*ijus tortor.* That shaH we soyn se on assay.  
herk, good man, wheder art thou on away ?

Thou walkes as thou were wrath. 362

Simon says  
he is on a  
great  
journey.

*Symon.* Syrs, I haue a greatt Iornay

That must be done this same day,

Or els it wiH me skathe. 365

[Fol. 83, b.]

*Tercius tortor.* Thou may with lytyH payn / easse hym  
and thi self both.<sup>1</sup>

*Simon*<sup>1</sup>. Good syrs, that wold I fayn / bot for to tary  
were fuH loth.<sup>1</sup> 367

(44)

The first tor-  
turer presses  
him for  
pity's sake,  
but Simon  
alleges his  
haste.

*primus tortor.* Nay, nay ! thou shaH fuH soyn be sped ;  
lo here a lack that must be leck

ffor his yH dedys to dy, 370

And he is bressed and aH for bled,

That makys vs here thus stratly sted ;

we pray the, sir, for-thi, 373

That thou wiH take this tre / bere it to caluary.

*Symon*<sup>1</sup>. Good sirs, that may not be / ffor fuH greatt  
haste haue I, 375

(45)

The second  
torturer says  
that Jesus  
must be dead  
by noon,  
and Simon  
must needs  
help them.

No longere may I hoyn.

*ijus tortor.* In fayth thou shaH not go so soyn

ffor noght that thou can say 378

This dede must nedys be done,

And this carll be dede or noyn,

And now is nere myd day ; 381

And therfor help vs at this nede / and make vs here no  
more delay.

*Symon*<sup>1</sup>. I pray you do youre dede / and let me go my  
way ; 383

(46)

Simon still  
excuses him-  
self.

And I shaH com fuH soyn agane,

To help this man with aH my mayn,

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs 'bath, lath.'

At youre awne wyH. 386

*ijus tortor.* what and wold thou trus with sich a trane ?

The tortur-  
ers threaten  
Simon.

Nay fatur, thou shaH be full fayn,

This forward to fulfyH ; 389

Or, by the myght of mahowne ! / thou shaH lyke it  
full yH.

*primus tortor.* Tytt, let dyng this dastard downe / bot  
he lay hand ther tyH. 391

(47)

*Symon.* Certys, that were vnwysely wrought,  
To beytt me bot if I trespass oght

Aythere in worde or dede. 394

*ijus tortor.* Apon thi bak it shaH be broght,  
Thou berys it wheder thou wiH or noght !

He shall  
bear the  
Cross,  
whether he  
will or no.

DewyH ! whom shuld we drede ? 397

And therfor take it here belyfe / And bere it furth, good  
spede.

*Symon.* It helpys not here to strife / bere it behoues me  
nede ; 399

Simon sees  
he must bear  
it,

(48)

And therfor, syrs, as ye haue sayde,  
To help this man I am weH payde,

and is well  
content to  
help Christ.

As ye wold that it were. 402

*ijus tortor.* A, ha ! now ar we right arayde,  
bot loke oure gere be redy grade,

To wyrk when we com there. 405

*primus tortor.* I warand aH redy / oure toyles both moore  
and les,

[Fol. 84, a.,  
Sig. N. 4.]

And *sir* symon truly / gose on before with cros. 407

(49)

*Tercius tortor.* Now by mahowne, oure heuen kyng,

The tortur-  
ers hurry to  
their work.

I wold that we were in that stede  
where we myght hym on cros bryng.

Step on before, and furth hym lede

A trace. 412

*primus tortor.* Com on thou !

*ijus tortor.* Put on thou !

*ijus tortor.* I com fast after you,

And folowse on the chace. 416

*Explicit Flagellacio.*

## (XXIII.)

## Sequitur Processus crucis.

## [Dramatis Personae]

Pilatus.  
Primus Tortor.  
Secundus Tortor.  
Tercius Tortor.

Quartus Tortor.  
Jesus.  
Maria.  
Johannes.

Longeus.  
Josephus.  
Nichodemus.]

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, abab cbebd ccd ; 9 *eleven-line*, no. 38 aab ccb bd bbd, nos. 39, 40, 45, 70, 71, 72 aab aab bc bbc, nos. 53 and 54 aaab cccb dbd ; 1 *ten-line*, no. 52, aaab cceb, cb ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 57, aaaab cceb ; 5 *eight-line*, no. 1 abab abab, no. 51 abab aaab, nos. 50, 56 and 65 aaab cceb ; 1 *seven-line*, no. 3, aa bbc bc ; 71 *six-line*, nos. 62, 63, 66, 68, 69 aaaab b, the rest aab ccb ; 3 *five-line*, nos. 59, 61, 67 aaab b ; 6 *four-line*, no. 44 ab ba, 49, 55, 58, 60 and 64 aaaa ; 1 *three-line*, no. 90, and 7 *couplets*.]

pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls  
for silence,  
with threats.

**P**Easse I byd euereich Wight !  
Stand as styH as stone in WaH,  
Whyls ye ar present in my sight,  
That none of you clatter' ne caH ;

4

ffor if ye do, youre dede is dight,  
I warne it you both greatt and smaH,  
With this brand burnyshyd so bright,  
Therfor in peasse loke ye be aH.

8

(2)

Those who  
interrupt  
him, he will  
tame on the  
gallows, or  
beat them.

What ! peasse in the dwillys name !  
harlottys and dustardys aH bedene !

On galus ye be maide fuH tame,

Thefys and mychers keyn !

12

wiH ye not peasse when I bid you ?

by mahownys bloode, if ye me teyn,

I shaH ordan sone for you,

paynes that neuer ere was seyn,

And that anone !

17

Be ye so bold' beggars, I warn you,

ffuH boldly shaH I bett you,

To heH the dwiH shaH draw you,

Body, bak and bone.

21

(3)

I am a lord that mekiH is of myght,  
prynce of aH Iury, sir pilate I hight,  
Next kyng herode gettyst of aH;  
Bowys to my byddlyng both greatt and smaH,  
Or els be ye shentt;

[Fol. 84, b.]  
His name is  
Pilate.

He is  
second only  
to King  
Herod.

26

Therfor stere youre tonges, I warn you aH,  
And vnto vs take tent.

28

(4)

*primus tortor.* AH peasse, aH peasse, emang you aH!  
And herkyns now what shaH befaH  
Of this fals chuffer here;  
That *with* his fals quantyse,  
hase lett hymself as god wyse,  
Emangys vs many a yere.

The 1st  
torturer bids  
the people  
listen to  
what shall  
befall Jesus,  
"this false  
chuffer,"

31

34

(5)

he cals hym self a prophett,  
And says that he can bales bete,  
And make aH thyngys amende;  
Bot or oght lang wytt we shaH  
wheder he can bete his awne bale,  
Or skapp out of oure hende.

who says He  
can mend all  
evils.  
Can He now  
mend His  
own?

37

40

(6)

Was not this a wonder thyng,  
That he durst caH hym self a kyng  
And make so greatt a lee?  
Bot, by mahowne! whils I may lyf,  
Those prowde wordes shaH I neuer forgyf,  
TyH he be hanged on he.

He called  
Himself a  
king, and  
shall not be  
forgiven His  
pride till He  
be hanged  
for it.

43

46

(7)

*Secundus tortor.* hys pride, fy, we sett at nought,  
Bot ich man now kest in his thoght,  
And looke that we nought wante;  
ffor I shaH fownde, if that I may,  
By the order of knyghtede, to day  
To cause his hart pante.

The 2nd  
torturer  
will make  
Christ's  
heart pant  
this day.

49

52

(8)

*Tercius tortor.* And so shaH I with aH my myght,  
Abate his pride this ylk nyght,

- The 3rd  
torturer says  
that Jesus  
can do a foul  
deed when  
He will.
- And rekyn hym a crede ; 55  
Lo, he letys he cowde none yH,  
Bot he can ay, when he wyH,  
Do a fuH fowH dede. 58
- (9)
- The 4th bids  
them see  
that they  
have all they  
need to  
fasten Jesus  
with.
- Quartus tortor.* yei felows, ye, as haue I rest !  
Emangys vs aH I red we kest  
To bryng this thefe to dede ; 61  
Loke that we haue that we shuld nate,  
ffor to hald this shrew strate.  
*primus tortor.* That was a nobyH red ! 64
- (10)
- [Fol. 85, a.] Lo, here I haue a bande,  
They have  
bands,  
If nede be to bynd his hande ;  
This thowng, I trow, wiH last. 67  
*Secundus tortor.* And here oone to the othere syde,  
That shaH abate his pride,  
Be it be drawen fast. 70
- (11)
- hammer and  
nails.
- iiijus tortor.* lo, here a hamere and nales also,  
ffor to festen fast oure foo  
To this tre, fuH soyn. 73  
*iiijus tortor.* ye ar wise, withoutten drede,  
That so can help youre self at nede,  
Of thyng that shuld be done. 76
- (12)
- All His  
"mawmen-  
try" shall  
not serve  
Him now.
- primus tortor.* Now dar I say hardely,  
he shaH with aH his mawmentry  
No longere vs be tell. 79  
*ijus tortor.* Syn pilate hase hym tyH vs geyn,  
haue done, belyfe ! let it be seyn  
how we can with hym meH. 82
- (13)
- They arrive  
at Calvary,  
and prepare  
for their  
"play."
- iiijus tortor.* Now ar we at the monte of caluarye ;  
haue done, folows, and let now se  
how we can with hym lake. 85  
*iiijus tortor.* yee, for as modee as he can loke,  
he wold haue turnyd an othere croke  
Myght he haue had the rake. 88

(14)

*primus tortor.* In fayth, syr, sen ye callyd you a kyng,  
you must prufe a worthy thyng

That falles vnto the were;

91

ye must lust in tornamente;

Bot ye sytt fast els be ye shentt,

Els downe I shaH you bere.

94

As Jesus  
calls Him-  
self a king,  
He must  
joust in  
tournament,  
and sit fast  
on His  
Cross.

(15)

*Secundus tortor.* If thou be godys son, as thou tellys,  
Thou can the kepe; how shuld thou ellys?

Els were it merueH greatt;

97

And bot if thou can, we wiH not trow

That thou hase saide, bot make the mow

when thou syttys in yond sett.

100

If He be  
God's Son,  
He can  
guard Him-  
self.

(16)

*iiijus tortor.* If thou be kyng we shaH thank adyH,  
ffor we shaH sett the in thy sadyH,

ffor fallyng be thou bold.

103

I hete the weH thou bydys a shaft;

Bot if thou sytt weH thou had better laft

The tales that thou has told.

106

They will  
set Him in  
His saddle,  
and He need  
not fear a  
fall.

(17)

*iiijus tortor.* Stand nere, felows, and let se  
how we can hors oure kyng so fre,

By any craft;

109

Stand thou yonder on yond syde,

And we shaH se how he can ryde,

And how to weld a shaft.

112

Let them see  
how they can  
horse their  
King!

[Fol. 85, b.]

(18)

*primus tortor.* Sir, commys heder and haue done,  
And wyn apon youre palfray sone,

ffor he [is] redy bowne.

115

If ye be bond tiH hym, be not wrothe,

ffor be ye secure we were fuH lothe

On any wyse that ye feH downe.

118

His palfrey  
is ready,  
and He must  
be bound to  
it.

(19)

*Secundus tortor.* knyht thou a knott, with aH thi strenght,  
ffor to draw this arme on lengthe,

They draw  
out Christ's  
arms,

TyH it com to the bore. 121  
*Tercius tortor.* Thou maddys, man, bi this light!  
 It wantys, tyH ich mans sight,  
 Othere half span and more. 124  
 (20)

bind them  
with ropes,

*Quartus tortor.* yit drawe owt this arme and fest it fast,  
 with this rope that weH wiH last,  
 And ilk man lay hand to. 127  
*primus tortor.* yee, and bynd thou fast that band;  
 we shaH go to that othere hand  
 And loke what we can do. 130  
 (21)

and nail  
them;

*ijus tortor.* Do dryfe a nayH ther thurgh outt,  
 And then thar vs nothyng doutt,  
 ffor it wiH not brest. 133  
*iiijus tortor.* That shaH I do, as myght I thryfe!  
 ffor to clynke and for to dryfe,  
 Therto I am full prest; 136  
 (22)

So lett it styk, for it is wele.  
*iiijus tortor.* Thou says sothe, as haue I cele!  
 Ther can no man it mende. 139

hold down  
His knees,

*primus tortor.* hald downe his knees.  
*Secundus tortor.* that shaH I do.  
 his norysh yede neuer better to;  
 Lay on aH your hende. 142  
 (23)

draw down  
the legs  
hard,

*Tercius tortor.* Draw out hys lymmes, let se, haue at!  
*iiijus tortor.* That was weH drawen that that;  
 ffare faH hym that so puld!  
 ffor to haue gotten it to the marke,  
 I trow lewde man ne clerk  
 Nothyng better shuld. 148  
 (24)

pierce them,  
and nail  
them.

*primus tortor.* hald it now fast thor,  
 And oone of you take the bore,  
 And then may it not fayH. 151  
*ijus tortor.* That shaH I do withoutten drede,  
 As euer myght I weH spede,  
 hym to mekyH bayH. 154

(25)

*Tercius tortor.* So, that is weH, it wiH not brest,  
Bot let now se who dos the best  
with any slegthe of hande.

157

[Fol. 86, a.]  
They begin  
to pull the  
Cross into  
place with  
a rope.

*iiijus tortor.* Go we now vnto the othere ende ;  
ffelowse, fest' on fast youre hende,  
And pull weH at this band.

160

(26)

*primus tortor.* I red, felowse, by this wedyr,  
That' we draw aH ons togedir,  
And loke how it wyH fare.

163

At first  
all pull to-  
gether.

*ijus tortor.* let now se and lefe youre dyn !  
And draw we ilka syn from syn ;  
ffor nothyng let vs spare.

166

(27)

*iiijus tortor.* Nay, felowse, this is no gam !  
we wiH no longere draw aH sam,  
So mekiH haue I asspyed.

169

But the  
3rd and 4th  
torturers  
think some  
one is sham-  
ming.

*iiijus tortor.* No, for as haue I blys !  
Som can twyk, who so it is,  
Sekys easse on som kyn syde.

172

(28)

*primus tortor.* It' is better, as I hope,  
On by his self to draw this rope,  
And then may we se  
who it is that' ere while  
AH his felows can begyle,  
Of this companye.

175

The 1st pro-  
poses that  
each man  
pulls by him-  
self.

178

(29)

*Secundus tortor.* Sen thou wiH so haue, here for me !  
how draw I, as myght thou the ?

181

They vie  
with each  
other in  
pulling.

*Tercius tortor.* Thou drew right wele.  
haue here for me half a foyte !  
*quartus tortor.* wema, man ! I trow thou doyte !  
Thou flyt it neuer a dele ;

184

(30)

Bot haue for me here that I may !  
*primus tortor.* WeH drawen, son, bi this day !

The tortur-  
ers excite  
each other  
to pull the  
Cross to the  
mark.

Thou gose weH to thi warke ! 187

*Secundus tortor.* yit efte, whils thi hande is in,  
puH therat with som kyn gyn.

*ijus tortor.* yee, & bryng it to the marke. 190

(31)

*quartus tortor.* puH, puH !

*primus tortor.* haue now !

*ijus tortor.* let se !

*ijus tortor.* A ha !

*iiijus tortor.* yit a draght !

*primus tortor.* Therto with aH my maght.

Hold still  
there !  
Now to bore  
the hole for  
the Cross to  
stand in !

*ijus tortor.* A, ha ! hold stiH thore ! 193

*ijus tortor.* So felowse ! looke now belyfe,  
which of you can best dryfe,

And I shaH take the bore. 196

(32)

[Fol. 86, b.] *Quartus tortor.* let me go therto, if I shaH ;

I hope that I be the best mershaH

ffor [to] clynke it right. 199

do rase hym vp now when we may,

ffor I hope he & his palfray

ShaH not twyn this nyght. 202

(33)

They call to  
one another  
to lift the  
Cross,

*primus tortor.* Com hedir, felowse, & haue done !

And help that this tre sone

To lyft with aH youre sleght. 205

*ijus tortor.* yit let vs wyrke a whyle,

And noman now othere begyle

To it be broght on heght. 208

(34)

*iiijus tortor.* ffellowse, fest on aH youre hende,

ffor to rase this tre on ende,

And let se who is last. 211

and set it in  
the mortice.

*iiijus tortor.* I red we do as that he says ;

Set we the tre in the mortase,

And ther wiH it stand fast. 214

(35)

*primus tortor.* Vp with the tymbre.

*Secundus tortor.*

a, it heldys !

ffor hym that aH this world weldys

put fro the with thi hande!	217	Let it drop into the mor- tice: it will stand then.
<i>ijus tortor.</i> halð euen emangys vs aH.		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> yee, and let it into the mortase faH, ffor then wiH it best stande.	220	

(36)

<i>primus tortor.</i> Go we to it and be we strong, And rase it, be it neuer so long, Sen that it is fast bon.	223	They lift it into place, and mock Jesus.
<i>ijus tortor.</i> Vp with the tymbre fast on ende!		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> A felowse, fayr faH youre hende!		
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> so sir, gape agans the son!	226	

(37)

<i>primus tortor.</i> A felow, war thi crowne!		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> Trowes thou this tymbre wiH oght downe?		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> yit help that it were fast.	229	
<i>iiijus tortor.</i> Shog hym weH & let vs lyfte.		
<i>primus tortor.</i> ffuH shorte shalbe his thryfte.		
<i>ijus tortor.</i> A, it standys vp lyke a mast!	232	It stands up like a mast.

(38)

<i>Ihesus.</i> I pray you pepyH that passe me by, That lede youre lyfe so lykandly, heyfe vp youre hartys on hight!	235	Jesus calls to them that pass by to see how He suffers.
Behold if euer ye sagH body Buffet & bett thus bloody, Or yit thus dulfully dight;	238	
In warld was neuer no wight That suffred half so sare. My mayn, my mode, my myght, Is noght bot sorow to sight, And comforth none, bot care.	243	

(39)

My folk, what haue I done to the, That thou aH thus shaH tormente me?		[Fol. 87, a.] What have I done to thee, My folk, that thou tor- mentest Me thus?
Thy syn by I fuH sore.	246	
what haue I greuyd the? answer me, That thou thus nalys me to a tre, And aH for thyn erreure;	249	

- How shalt thou atone  
for this dishonour thou  
doest Me?
- where shaH thou seke socoure?  
This mys how shaH thou amende?  
when that thou thy saveoure  
Dryfes to this dyshonoure,  
And nalys through feete and hende!  
(40)
- Beasts and birds have  
their resting places, but  
God's Son has only His  
shoulder to lay His head  
on.
- AH creatoures that kynde may kest,  
Beestys, byrdys, aH haue thay rest,  
when thay ar wo begon;  
Bot godys son, that shuld be best,  
hase not where apon his hede to rest,  
Bot on his shuder bone.  
To whome now may I make my mone?  
when thay thus martyr me,  
And sakles wiH me slone,  
And beete me blode and bone,  
That my brethere shuld be!  
(41)
- I have made thee in My  
likeness, and thou re-  
payest Me thus.
- what kyndnes shuld I kythe theym to?  
haue I not done that I aght to do,  
Maide the to my lyknes?  
And thou thus refys me rest & ro,  
And lettys thus lightly on me, lo!  
Sich is thi catyfnes.  
(42)
- I haue the kyd kyndnes, / Vnkyndly thou me quytys;  
Se thus thi wekydnes! / loke how thou me dyspytys!  
(43)
- By this guiltless  
suffering I buy Adam's  
blood.
- Gyltles thus am I put to pyne,  
Not for [my] mys, man, bot for thyne,  
Thus am I rent on rode;  
ffor I that tresoure wold not tyne,  
That I markyd & made for myne,  
Thus by I adam blode,  
(44)
- That sonkyn was in syn,  
with none erthly good;  
Bot with my flesh and blode  
That lothe was for to wyn.

251

254

257

260

265

268

271

273

276

279

283

(45)

My brethere that I com forto by,  
has hanged me here thus hedusly,

And freyndys fynde I foyne ;

Thus haue thay dight me drerely,

And aH by-spytt me spytusly,

As helpes man in won.

Bot, fader, that syttys in trone,

fforgyf thou them this gylt,

I pray to the this boyn,

Thay wote not what thay doyn,

Nor whom thay haue thus spylt.

(46)

*primus tortor.* yis, what we do fuH weH we knaw.

*ijus tortor.* yee, that shaH he fynde within a thraw.

(47)

*iiijus tortor.* Now, with a myschaunce tyH his cors,

wenys he that we gyf any force,

what dwiH-so euer he ayH?

*iiijus tortor.* ffor he wold tary vs aH day,

Of his dede to make delay

I teH you, sansfayH.

(48)

*primus tortor.* lyft vs this tre emanges vs aH.

*ijus tortor.* yee, and let it into the mortase faH,

And that shaH gar hym brest.

*iiijus tortor.* yee, and aH to-ryfe hym lym from lym.

*iiijus tortor.* And it wiH breke ilk ionte in hym.

let se now who dos best.

(49)

[*Mary advances.*]

*Maria.* Alas ! the doyn I dre / I drowpe, I dare in drede !

Whi hyngys thou, son, so hee ? / my bayH begynnes to  
brede.

AH blemys hyd is thi ble / I se thi body blede !

In warld, son, were neuer we / so wo as I in wede.

(50)

My foode that I haue fed,

In lyf longyng the led,

ffuH stratly art thou sted

Emanges thli foo-men feH ;

The brethren  
I came to  
save have  
hanged Me  
thus ;

286

289 [Fol. 87, b.]

but, Father,  
forgive them  
this guilt,  
they know  
not what  
they do.

294

296

The tortur-  
ers say they  
know well  
enough what  
they are  
about.

299

302

305

They lift the  
Cross, and  
let it fall  
again into  
the mortice,  
to make His  
body burst  
asunder.

308

312

Mary la-  
ments for  
her Son's  
agony.

316

No tongue  
can tell her  
grief at her  
child's  
suffering.

Sich sorow forto se,  
My dere barn, on the,  
Is more mowmynge to me  
Then any tong may teH.

320

## (51)

How may  
she look on  
His face and  
body thus  
disfigured!

Alas! thi holy hede  
hase not wheron to helde;  
Thi face with blode is red,  
Was fare as floure in feylde;  
how shuld I stand in sted  
To se my barne thus blede?  
Bett as blo as lede,  
And has no lym to weylde!

324

328

## (52)

His hands  
[Fol. 88, a.]  
and feet are  
nailed,  
His skin  
torn,  
His sides  
stream with  
blood.

ffestynd both handys and feete  
With nalys fuH vnmete,  
his woundes wrynyng wete,  
Alas, my childe, for care!  
ffor aH rent is thi hyde;  
I se on aythere syde  
Teres of blode downe glide  
Ouer aH thi body bare.  
Alas! that euer I shuld byde  
And se my feyr thus fare!

332

336

338

## (53)

[John advances.]

John shares  
in her grief  
for her Son,  
who was a  
good Master  
to him and  
many more.

Iohannes. Alas, for doyH, my lady dere!  
AH for-changid is thi chere,  
To see this prynce withoutten pere  
Thus lappyd aH in wo;  
he was thi fode, thi faryst foine,  
Thi luf, thi lake, thi lufsom son,  
That high on tre thus hyngys alone  
with body blak and blo;  
Alas!  
To me and many mo  
A good master he was.

342

346

349

(54)

Bot, lady, sen it is his wiH  
The prophecy to fulfyH,  
That mankynde in sy[n] not spiH  
ffor theym to thole this payn ;  
And with his dede raunson to make,  
As prophetys befor of hym spake,  
ffor-thi I red<sup>t</sup> thi sorowe thou slake,  
Thi Wepying may not gayn ;  
In sorowe  
Oure boytt he byes fuH bayn,<sup>1</sup>  
Vs aH from bale to borowe.<sup>1</sup>

But Jesus  
suffers this  
pain by His  
own will,  
therefore  
she should  
slake her  
sorrow.

353

357

360

(55)

Maria. Alas ! thyn een as crist aH clere / that shoy n as  
son in sight,  
That luffly were in lyere / lost thay haue thare light,  
And wax aH faed in fere / aH dym then ar thay dight !  
In payn has thou no pere / that is withoutten pight.

Mary la-  
ments  
afresh.

364

(56)

Swete son, say me thi thoght,  
what wonders has thou wroght  
To be in payn thus broght,  
Thi blissed blode to blende ?  
A son, thynk on my wo !  
whi wiH thou fare me fro ?  
On mold<sup>t</sup> is noman mo  
That may my myrthes amende.

She calls on  
Jesus to tell  
her why He  
endures  
these things.

368

372

(57)

Iohannes. Comly lady, good and couth, / ffayn wold I  
comfort<sup>h</sup> the ;  
Me mynnys my master with mowth, / told vnto his menyee  
That he shuld<sup>t</sup> thole fuH mekiH payn / and dy apon a tre,  
And to the lyfe ryse vp agayn, / apon the thryd day shuld  
it be  
ffuH right !  
ffor-thi, my lady swete,  
Stynt a while of grete !  
Oure bale then wiH he bete  
As he befor has hight.

[Fol. 88, b.]  
John re-  
minds her of  
the words of  
Jesus as to  
His death  
and resur-  
rection.

377

381

<sup>1</sup> These two lines are written as one in the MS.

(58)

Mary is mad  
with her  
grief;

*Maria.* Mi sorow it is so sad / no solace may me safe ;  
Mowrnyng makys me mad / none hope of help I hafe ;  
I am redles and rad / ffor ferd that I mon rafe ;  
Noght may make me glad / to I be in my grafe. 385

(59)<sup>1</sup>

she sees the  
robe she  
gave Jesus  
all rent.

To deth my dere is dryffen,  
his robe is aH to-ryffen,  
That of me was hym gyffen,  
And shapen with my sydys ; 389  
Thise Iues and he has stryffen / That aH the bale he bydys.

(60)

She laments  
for her come-  
ly child,

Alas, my lam so mylde / whi wiH thou fare me fro  
Emang thise wulfes wylde / that wyrke on the this wo ?  
ffor shame who may the shelde / ffor freyndys has thou fo !  
Alas, my comly childe / whi wiH thou fare me fro ? 394

(61)<sup>1</sup>

and calls on  
maids and  
wives to  
weep with  
her.

Madyns, make youre mone !  
And wepe ye, wyfès, euerichon,  
with me, most wrich, in wone,  
The childe that borne was best !  
My harte is styf as stone / That for no bayH wiH brest. 399

(62)

John says it  
is His love  
which makes  
Jesus suffer  
thus for us.

*Iohannes.* A, lady, weH wote I / thi hart is fuH of care  
when thou thus openly / sees thi childe thus fare ;  
luf gars hym rathly / hym-self wiH he not spare,  
Vs aH fro baiH to by / of blis that ar fuH bare 403  
ffor syn.

My lefe lady, for-thy / Of mowrnyng loke thou blyn. 405

(63)

[Fol. 89, a.,  
Sig. O. i.]

*Maria.* Alas ! may euer be my sang / Whyls I may lyf  
in leyd ;

Mary thinks  
she has lived  
too long.

Me thynk now that I lyf to lang / to se my barne thus blede ;  
Iuès wyrke with hym aH wrang / wherfor do thay this  
dede ?

lo, so hy thay haue hym hang / thay let for no drede : 409

Whi so

his fomen is he emang ? / No freynde he has, bot fo. 411

<sup>1</sup> These stanzas, as well as No. 67, are really six-line stanzas, aaab ab.

(64)

My frely foode now farys me fro / what shaH worth on me ?	What shall
Thou art warpyd aH in wo / and spred here on a tre	become of
ffuH hee /	her when her
	child is thus
	tortured ?
I mowrne, and so may mo / That sees this payn on the.	

414

(65)

<i>Iohannes.</i> Dere lady, weH were me	John would
If that I myght comfortH the ;	fain comfort
ffor the sorow that I see	her.

Sherys myn harte in sondere ;	419
when that I se my master hang	
With bytter paynes and strang,	
Was neuer wightH with wrang	
Wroght so mekiH wonder.	423

(66)

<i>Maria.</i> Alas, dede, thou dwellys to lang ! / whi art thou	Mary up-
hid fro me ?	braids Death
Who kend the to my childe to gang ? / aH blak thou	for going to
makys his ble ;	her Son,
	and not slay-
	ing her also.

Now witterly thou wyrkys wrang / the more I wiH wyte the,	
Bot if thou wiH my hartè stang / that I myght with	
hym dee	427
And byde ;	

Sore syghyng is my sang, / ffor thyrlyd is his hyde !	429
---	-----

(67)

A, dede, what has thou done ? / with the wiH I moytt sone,	
Sen I had childer none bot oone / best vnder son or moyn ;	
ffreyndys I had fuH foyne / that gars me grete and grone	God grant
ffuH sore.	her to live
	no more.
	433

Good lord, graunte me my boyn / and let me lyf no more !	
--	--

(68)

GabrieH, that good / som tyme thou can me grete,	O Gabriel,
And then I vnderstud / thi wordys that were so swete ;	how have
Bot now thay meng my moode / ffor grace thou can me hete,	thy promises
To bere aH of my blode / a childe ouré baiH shuld bete	to me been
with right ;	fulfilled ?

Now hyngys he here on rude / Where is that thou me hight ?	
--	--

(69)

AH that thou of blys / hight me in that stede,	
ffrom myrth is faren omys / and yit I trow thi red ;	442

Mary cries  
[Fol. 89, b.]  
to Jesus for  
mercy.

Thi counceH now of this / my lyfe how shaH I lede  
When fro me gone is / he that was my hede 444  
In hy?  
My dede now comen it is / My dere son, haue mercy ! 446

## (70)

Jesus bids  
her cease  
from the  
sorrow that  
pains Him  
more than  
His own.  
He suffers  
to save man-  
kind.

Ihesus. My moder mylde, thou chaunge thi chere !  
Sease of thi sorow and sighyng sere,  
It syttys vnto my hart fuH sare<sup>1</sup> ; 449  
The sorow is sharp I suffre here,  
Bot doyH thou drees, my moder dere,  
Me marters mekiH mare.<sup>1</sup> 452  
Thus wiH my fader I fare,  
To lowse mankynde of bandys ;  
his son WiH he not spare,  
To lowse that bon was are  
ffuH fast in feyndys handys. 457

## (71)

Let her cease  
from weep-  
ing, and let  
John and she  
be as son  
and mother.

The fyrst cause, moder, of my commyng  
Was for mankynde myscaryng,  
To salf thare sore I soght<sup>t</sup> ; 460  
Therfor, moder, make none mowrnyng,  
Sen mankynde thurgh my dyyng  
May thus to blis be boght. 463  
Woman, wepe thou right nought !  
Take ther IoHn vnto thi chyld !  
Mankynde must nedys be boght,  
And thou kest, cosyn, in thi thoght ;  
IoHn, lo ther thi moder mylde ! 468

## (72)

He calls on  
mankind to  
repay His  
suffering  
with stead-  
fastness.

Blo and bloody thus am I bett,  
Swongen with swepys & aH to-swett,  
Mankynde, for thi mysdede ! 471  
ffor my luf lust when Wold thou lett,  
And thi harte sadly sett,  
Sen I thus for the haue blede ? 474

<sup>1</sup> MS. sore, more.

Sich lyf, for sothe, I led,  
That vnothes may I more ;  
This suffre I for thi nede,  
To marke the, man, thi mede :

Jesus  
thirsts.

Now thyrst I, wonder sore. 479

(73)

*primus tortor.* Noght bot hold thi peasse !

Thou shaH haue drynke within a resse,

The 1st  
torturer  
offers Him a  
bitter drink.

My self shalbe thy knaue ; 482

haue here the draght that I the hete,

And I shaH warand it is not swete,

On aH the good I haue. 485

(74)

*Secundus tortor.* So syr, say now aH youre wiH !

ffor if ye couth haue holden you styH

The others  
mock Him  
by recalling  
His words:—

ye had not had this brade. 488

*Tercius tortor.* Thou wold aH gaytt be kyng of Iues,

Bot by this I trow thou rues

His claim of  
kingship,

AH that thou has sayde. 491

(75)

*iiijus tortor.* he has hym rused of great prophes,

That he shuld make vs tempyllès,

His boast  
[Fol. 90, a.,  
Sig. O. 2.]

And gar it cleyne downe faH ; 494

And yit he sayde he shuld it rase

As weH as it was, within thre dayes !

of destroying  
the temple,  
and raising  
it in three  
days.

he lyes, that wote we aH ; 497

(76)

And for his lyes, in great dispyte

we wiH departe his clothyng tyte,

In despite  
of His lies  
they will  
divide His  
clothes be-  
tween them.

Bot he can more of arte. 500

*primus tortor.* yee, as euer myght I thryfe,

Soyne wiH we this mantyH ryfe,

And ich man take his parte. 503

(77)

*ijus tortor.* how wold thou we share this clothe ?

*iiijus tortor.* Nay forsothe, that were I lothe,

There is one  
garment too  
good to be  
cut:  
for this they  
will draw  
lots.

Then were it aH-gate spylt ; 506

Bot assent thou to my saw,

lett vs aH cutt draw,

And then is none begylt. 509

(78)

The 4th  
torturer  
wins the gar-  
ment,  
and the 1st  
offers to buy  
it of him.

*iiijus tortor.* how so befallys now wyth I draw!

This is myn by comon law,

Say not ther agayn.

512

*primus tortor.* Now sen it may no better be,

Chevich the with it for me,

Me thyнк thou art ful fayn.

515

(79)

They see an  
inscription  
newly writ-  
ten on the  
Cross,  
and guess it  
is by Pilate.

*ijus tortor.* how felowse, se ye not yond skraw?

It is writen yonder within a thraw,

Now sen that we drew cut.

518

*iiijus tortor.* There is noman that is on lyfe

Bot it were pilate, as myght I thrife,

That durst it ther haue putt.

521

(80)

They go to  
look at it.

*iiijus tortor.* Go we fast and let vs loke

what is wretyn on yond boke,

And what it may bemeyn.

524

*primus tortor.* A the more I loke thereon

A the more I thyнке I fon;

AH is not worth a beyn.

527

(81)

It is in He-  
brew, Latin,  
and Greek,  
and hard to  
expound.

*ijus tortor.* yis, for sothe, me thyнк I se

Theron writen langage thre,

Ebrew and latyn

530

And grew, me thyнк, writen thereon,

ffor it is hard for to expowne.

*iiijus tortor.* Thou red, by appolyn!

533

(82)

The 3rd  
torturer is  
the best  
"Latin  
wright,"  
and explains  
it as

*iiijus tortor.* yee, as I am a trew knyght,

I am the best latyn wright

Of this company;

536

I wiH go withoutten delay

And teH you what it is to say;

Behald, syrs, witterly!

539

(83)

Jesus of  
Nazareth,  
King of the  
Jews,

yonder is wretyn) "ihesu of nazareyn

he is kyng of Iues," I weyn.

[Fol. 90, b.]

- primus tortor.* A! that is writen) wrangl. 542 The torturers think the inscription wrong, and complain to Pilate.
- Secundus tortor.* he callys hym so, bot he is none.
- iiijus tortor.* Go we to pilate and make oure mone ;  
haue done, and dweH not lang. 545
- (84) [*They approach Pilate.*]
- pilate, yonder is a falsabyH,  
Theron is wryten noght bot fabyH ;  
Of Iues he is not kyng ! 548
- he callys hym so, bot he not is :  
It is falsly writen, Iwys,  
This is a wrangwys thyng. 551
- (85)
- Pilatus.* Boys, I say, what meH ye you ?  
As it is writen shaH it be now,  
I say certane ; 554
- Quod scriptum scripsi,  
That same wrote I,  
What gadlyng gruches ther agane ? 557
- (86)
- quartus tortor.* Sen that he is man of law / he must nedys  
haue his wiH ;  
I trow he had not writen that saw / without som propre  
skyH. 558
- (87)
- primus tortor.* yee, let it hyng aboue his hede,  
It shaH not saue hym fro the dede,  
Noght that he can write. 562
- ijus tortor.* Now yHa hale was he borne.  
*iiijus tortor.* Ma-fay, I teH his lyfe is lorne,  
he shalbe slayn as tyte. 565
- (88)
- If thou be crist, as men the caH,  
Com downe emangys vs aH,  
And thole not thies myssaes. 568
- iiijus tortor.* yee, and help thi self that we may se,  
And we shaH aH trow in the,  
what soeuer thou says. 571
- (89)
- primus tortor.* he cals hym self good of myght,  
Bot I wold se hym be so wight
- At any rate it won't save Jesus from death.
- They bid Him come down from the Cross, and save Himself.

Jesus could  
raise Laza-  
rus, but  
cannot help  
Himself.

To do sich a dede  
he rasyd lazare out of his delfe,  
Bot he can not help hym self,  
Now in his greatt nede.

574

577

(90)

Jesus cries  
to God.

*Ihesu.* hely, hely, lamazabatany !  
My god, my god, wherfor and why  
has thou forsakyn me ?

580

(91)

The tortur-  
ers mis-  
understand  
Him.

*ijus tortor.* how ! here ye not, as weH as I,  
how he can now on hely cry  
Apon his wyse ?

583

[Fol. 91, a.,  
Sig. O. 3.]

*Tercius tortor.* yee, ther is none hely in this countre  
ShaH delyuer hym from this meneze,  
On nokyns wyse.

586

(92)

Jesus com-  
mends His  
soul to the  
Father.

*iiijus tortor.* I warand you now at the last  
That he shaH soyn yelde the gast,  
ffor brestyn is his gaH.

589

*Ihesu.* Now is my passyon broght tyH ende !  
ffader of heuen, in to thyn hende  
I betake my sauH !

592

(93)

The tortur-  
ers make  
Longeus, a  
blind knight,  
pierce His  
side with a  
spear.

*primus tortor.* let one pryk hym with a spere,  
And if that it do hym no dere  
Then is his lyfe nere past.

595

*ijus tortor.* This blynde knyght may best do that.  
*longeus.* Gar me not do bot I wote what.

*iiijus tortor.* Not bot put vp fast.

598

(94)

Longeus  
receives his  
sight, and  
craves for-  
giveness for  
wounding  
the body of  
Jesus.

*longeus.* A, lord, what may this be ?  
Ere was I blynde, now may I se ;  
Godys son, here me, ihesu !  
ffor this trespas on me thou rew.  
ffor, lord, othere men me gart,  
that I the stroke vnto the hart :  
I se thou hyngys here on hy,  
And dyse to fulfyH the prophecy.

602

606

(95)

*iiijus tortor.* Go we hence and leyfe hym here,

ffor I shaH be his borghe to-yere

he felys no more payn ;

ffor hely ne for none othere man

AH the good tha euer he wan

Gettys not his lyfe agayn.

The 3rd  
torturer says  
they may  
leave Jesus  
now, for  
none may  
bring Him to  
life again.

609

612

[*Exeunt Tortores. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus advance.*]

(96)

*Ioseph.* Alas, alas, and walaway !

That euer shuld I abyde this day,

To se my master dede ;

Thus wykydly as he is shent,

with so bytter tornamente,

ThrugH fals Iues red.

Joseph of  
Arimathea  
laments the  
death of  
Jesus.

615

618

(97)

*Nychodeme,* I wold we yede

To *sir* pilate, if we myght spede,

his body for to craue ;

I wiH fownde with aH my myght,

ffor my seruyce to aske that knyght

his body for to graue.

He proposes  
to Nicodemus  
that  
they beg  
leave of Pilate  
to bury  
the body.

621

624

(98)

*Nichodemus.* Ioseph, I wiH weynde with the

ffor to do that is in me,

ffor that body to pray ;

ffor oure good wiH and oure trauale

I hope that it mon vs awayH

here afterward som day.

Nicodemus  
will go with  
him.

627

630

(99)

*Ioseph.* Syr pylate, god the saue !

[*They go to Pilate.*]

[Fol. 91, b.]

Graunte me that I craue,

If that it be thi wiH.

Joseph asks  
a boon ;  
Pilate grants  
it.

633

*pilatus.* Welcom, Ioseph, myght thou be !

what so thou askys I graunte it the,

So that it be skyH.

636

(100)

*Ioseph.* ffor my long seruyce I the pray

Graunte me the body—say me not nay—

Joseph's  
boon is that  
he may bury  
Jesus.

Of ihesu, dede on rud. 639

*pilatus.* I graunte weH if he ded be,

Good leyfe shaH thou haue of me,

Do with hym what thou thynk gud. 642

(101)

He thanks  
Pilate for  
granting it,  
and himself  
draws the  
nails from  
the Cross,

*Ioseph.* Gramercy, syr, of youre good grace,

That ye haue graunte me in this place ;

Go we oure way : [*They return to Calvary.*] 645

*Nychodemus,* com me furth with,

ffor I my self shaH be the smyth

The nales out for to dray. 648

(102)

*Nichodemus.* Ioseph, I am redy here

To go with the with full good chere,

To help the at my myght ; 651

while Nico-  
demus up-  
holds the  
body of  
Jesus.

puH furth the nales on aythere syde,

And I shaH halde hym vp this tyde ;

A, lord, so thou is dight ! 654

(103)

They wrap  
the body,  
and bear it  
to the tomb.

*Ioseph.* help now, felow, with aH thi myght,

That he were wonden and weH dight,

And lay hym on this bere ; 657

Bere we hym furth vnto the kyrke,

To the tombe that I gard wyrk,

Sen full many a yere. 660

(104)

Nicodemus  
prays that  
Christ, who  
died and rose  
again, may  
bless the  
spectators.

*Nichodemus.* It shaH be so with outten nay.

he that dyed on gud fryday

And crownyd was with thorne, 663

Saue you aH that now here be !

That lord that thus wold dee

And rose on pasche morne. 666

*Explicit crucifixio Christi.*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. xpi.

(XXIV.)

Incipit Processus talentorum.

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Pilatus.</i>		<i>Secundus Tortor,</i>		<i>Tercius Tortor.</i>
<i>Primus Tortor.</i>		<i>(Spyll-payn)</i>		<i>Consultus.]</i>

[2 *ten-line stanzas*, no. 5 aaaaab cceb, no. 54 ab aab cdbcb ; 8 *nine-line*, aaaab cceb ; 13 *eight-line*, no. 6 abab cded, no. 47 abca bdbd, no. 53 abc acd cd, the rest aaab cceb ; 15 *seven-line*, no. 29 abacd bd, no. 55 aaab cdb, the rest ababc bc ; 1 *six-line*, no. 46 aba cdc ; 5 *five-line*, no. 17, 18 abbba, nos. 22-3, 32 ababc ; 11 *four-line*, no. 26 abba, nos. 27, 33, 44 abcb, no. 38 abca, nos. 51-2 abcd, the rest abab.]

[Fol. 92, a.,  
Sig. O. 4.]

*pilatus.*

(1)

**C**Ernite qui statis / <sup>1</sup> quod mire sim prohibitis,  
Hec cognoscatis / vos cedam ni taceatis,  
Cuncti discatis / quasi sistam vir deitatis  
Et maiestatis / michi fando ne neceatis,  
hoc modo mando ;

Pilate calls  
in Latin for  
silence.

5

Neue loquaces,  
Siue dicaces,  
poscite paces,

Dum fero fando.

9

(2)

Stynt, I say ! gyf men place / quia sum dominus dominorum !  
he that agans me says / rapietur lux oculorum ;  
Therfor gyf ye me space / ne tendam vim brachiorum,  
And then get ye no grace / contestor Iura polorum,

In Latin  
and English  
he bids the  
people make  
room,

Caueatis ;

14

Rewle I the Iure,

Maxime pure,

Towne quoque rure,

Me paueatis.

18

(3)

Stemate regali / kyng atus gate me of pila ;  
Tramite legali / Am I ordand to reyn apou Iuda,  
Nomine wlgari / pownce pilate, that may ye weH say,  
Qui bene wlt fari / shuld caH me fownder of aH lay.

boasting of  
his lineage  
and power.

<sup>1</sup> The metrical bars (/) are not in the MS., but the lines are divided by dots, thus : The rymes in this play are very irregular : see st. 30, 46, 53, 54, etc.

<sup>2</sup> "Kyng Atus gate me of Pila" ; hence "Pilatus."

## Iudeorum

23

He is ruler  
of the Jews.

Iura gubernò,  
pleasse me and say so,  
Omnia firmo  
Sorte deorum.

27

## (4)

Cæsar has  
exalted him,  
and all men  
must be  
obedient.

Myghty lord of aH / me Cesar magnificauit ;  
Downe on knees ye faH / greatt god me *sanctificauit*,  
Me to obey ouer aH / regi reliquo *quasi* dauid,  
hanged hy that he saH / hoc iussum qui reprobauit,

I swere now ;

32

Bot ye youre hedis

Bare in thies stedis

Redy my swerde is

Of thây m to shere now.

36

## (5)

[Fol. 92, b.]

He is  
armipotent,  
quasi-cuncti-  
potent, and  
his laws  
must be  
kept.

Atrox armipotens / I graunt men girth by my good grace,  
Atrox armipotens / most myghty callyd in ylk place,  
vir quasi cunctipotens / I graunt men girth by my good  
grace,

Tota refert huic gens / that none is worthier in face,

Quin eciam bona mens / doith trowth and right bi my  
trew lays,

Silete !

42

In generali,

Sic speciali,

yit agane byd I

Iura tenete.

46

## (6)

Leaving his  
Latin, he  
threatens to  
hang any boy  
who will not  
bow to his  
law.

loke that no boy be to bustus, blast here for to blaw,  
Bot truly to my talkyng loke that ye be intendyng ;  
If here be any boy that wiH not loutt tiH oure law,  
By myghty mahowne, hygh shaH he hyng ;

50

South, north, eest, west,

In aH this warld in lengthe and brede,

Is none so doughty as I, the best,

doughtely dyntand on mule and on stede.

54

(7)

Therfor I say,  
loke that ye lowte to my lykance,  
ffor dowte of dynt in greuance ;  
dilygently ply to my plesance,  
As prynce most myghty me pay,

Let them  
bow, then,  
and obey,

59

(8)

And talke not a worde ;  
ffor who so styrres or any dyn makys,  
deply in my daunger he rakys,  
That as soferan me not takys  
And as his awne lorde.

and speak  
not a word.

64

(9)

he has myster of nyghtys rest that nappys not in noynyng !  
boy, lay me downe softly and hap me weH from colde ;  
loke that no laddys noy me nawder with cryyng nor with  
cronyng,

He bids his  
boy lay him  
down softly,  
and see that  
no lads dis-  
turb him.

Nor in my sight ones greue me so bold.  
If ther be any boyes that make any cry,  
Or els that wiH not obey me,  
he were better be hanged hy,  
Then in my sight ones mese me.

68

72

(10)

primus tortor. war, war ! for now com I,  
The most shrew in this cuntry ;  
I haue ron full fast in hy,  
hedir to this towne ;

The 1st  
torturer  
comes in,  
having run  
from Cal-  
vary.

76

To this towne now comen am I  
ffrom the mownt of caluery ;  
Ther crist hang, and that full hy,  
I swe[re] you, bi my crowne.

[Fol. 93, a.]

80

(11)

At caluery when he hanged was,  
I spyd and spyt right in his face,  
when that it shoyne as any glas,  
so semely to my sight ;  
Bot yit for all that fayr thyng,  
I loghe hym vnto hethyng,  
And rofe of his clethyng ;  
To me it was full light.

He had spit  
in Christ's  
face, though  
it shone as  
glass,  
and had  
stripped  
Him of His  
clothing.

84

88

(12)

When they  
had stripped  
Jesus, they  
mocked and  
crowned  
Him as a  
king.

And when his clothes were of in fere,  
lord, so we loghe and maide good chere,  
And crownyd that carle with a brere,

As he had bene a kyng ;

92

And yit I did fuH properly,  
I clappyd his cors by and by,  
I thoght I did fuH curiously

In fayth hym for to hyng.

96

(13)

He has  
brought the  
clothing now  
for Pilate to  
decide who  
is to have it.

Bot to mahowne I make avowe,  
hedir haue I broght his clethyng now,  
To try the trowthe before you,

Euen this same nyght ;

100

Of me and of my felowse two  
with whom this garmente shaH go ;  
bot sir pilate must go therto,

I swere you by this light.

104

(14)

Whoever  
gets these  
clothes may  
walk fear-  
lessly, for  
they guard  
him from  
loss.

ffor whosoeuer may get thise close,  
he ther neuer rek where he gose,  
ffor he semys nothyng to lose,

If so be he theym were.

108

bot now, now, felose, stand on rowme,  
ffor he commes, shrewes, vnto this towne,  
And we wiH aH togeder rowne,

so semely in oure gere.

112

(15)

The 2nd  
torturer fol-  
lows the 1st  
in hot haste.

*Secundus tortor.* war, war ! and make rowme,  
ffor I wiH with my felose rowne,  
And I shaH knap hym on the crowne

That standys in my gate ;

116

I wiH lepe and I wiH skyp

As I were now out of my wytt ;

Almost my breke thay ar beshyt

ffor drede I cam to late.

120

(16)

[Fol. 93, b.]

Bot, by mahowne ! now am I here !

The most shrew, that dar I swere,

That ye shaH fynde aw where,

SpyH-payn in fayth I hight.	124	His name is Spill-pain.
I was at caluery this same day, where the kyng of Iues lay, And ther I taght hym a newe play, Truly, me thoght it right.	128	

(17)

The play, in fayth, it was to rowne, That he shuld lay his hede downe, And sone I bobyd hym on the crowne, That gam me thoght was good.	132	He has borne his part in torturing Jesus.
when we had played with hym oure fyH, Then led we him vnto an hyH, And ther we wroght with hym oure wilH, And hang hym on a rud.	136	

(18)

Nomore now of this talkyng, Bot the cause of my commyng; Both on earnest and on hethyng This cote I wold I had; ffor if I myght this cote gett, Then wold I both skyp and lepe, And therto fast both drynke and ete, In fayth, as I were mad.	140	The cause of his coming is that he al- so is anxious to get the coat.
	144	

(19)

<i>Tercius tortor.</i> war, war! within thise wones, ffor I com rynyng aH at ones! I haue brysten both my balok stones, So fast hyed I hedyr; And ther is nothyng me so lefe As murder a mycher and hang a thefe: If here be any that doth me grefe I shaH them thresh togedir.	148	The 3rd torturer comes in as hurriedly as the others.
	152	

(20)

ffor I may swere with mekiH wyn I am the most shrew in aH myn kyn, That is from this towne vnto lyn,		He is the greatest shrew from this town to Lynn.
--	--	--

He and his  
fellows are  
come to di-  
vide the  
coat.

Io, here my felowse two ! 156  
Now ar we thre commen in  
A new gam forto begyn,  
This same cote forto twyn,  
Or that we farther go. 160

(21)

He proposes  
to go to  
Pilate, but  
they must  
see that  
Pilate does  
not take the  
gown him-  
self.

Bot to *sir* pilate prynce I red that we go hy,  
And present hym the playnt how that we ar stad ;  
Bot this gowne that is here, I say you for-thy,  
By myghty mahowne I wold not he had. 164

(22)

[Fol. 94, a.]  
The others  
agree.

*primus tortor.* I assent to that sagh, by myghty mahowne !  
Let vs Weynde to *sir* pilate withoutten any fabyh ;  
Bot syrs, bi my lewte, he gettys not this gowne ;  
Vnto vs thre it were right prophetahyh ;  
Spih-payn what says thou ? 169

(23)

*Secundus tortor.* youre sawes craftely assent I vnto.  
*primus tortor.* Then wiht I streght furth in this place,  
And speke wiht *sir* pilate wordys oone or two,  
ffor I am right semely and fare in the face ;  
And now shaht we se or we hence go. 174

(24)

They ask the  
Counsellor  
for Pilate,  
and are told  
he lies there  
in the devil's  
service,

*Tercius tortor.* Sir, I say the, by my lewtee,  
where is *sir* pilate of pryce ?  
*Consultus.* Sir, I say the, as myght I the,  
he lygys here in the dewyht seruyce. 178

(25)

but shall be  
waked.

*primus tortor.* wiht that prynce—fowht myght he faht—  
Must we haue at do.  
*Consultus.* I shaht go to hym and caht,  
And loke what ye wiht say hym to. 182

(26)

Pilate bids  
the Coun-  
sellor call  
him no more.

My lord, my lorde !  
*pilatus.* what, boy, art thou nyse ?  
caht nomore, thou has callid twyse.  
*Consultus.* my lord ! 186

(27)

*pilatus.* what mytyng is that that mevys me in my mynde ? Pilate asks  
if there be  
any disaffec-  
tion, and is  
told "no."  
*Consultus.* I, lord, youre counselloure, pight in youre saw.  
*pilatus.* Say ar ther any catyffys combred that ar vnkynde ?  
*Consultus.* Nay, lord, none that I knawe. 190

(28)

*pilatus.* Then noy vs nomore of this noyse ; He is angry  
at being dis-  
turbed,  
but takes his  
seat in his  
hall.  
 you carles vnkynde, who bad you caH me ?  
 By youre mad maters I hald you bot boyes,  
 And that shaH ye aby, els fowH myght befaH me. 194  
 I shaH not dy in youre dett !  
 Bewshere, I byH the vp thou take me,  
 And in my sete softly loke that thou se me sett. 197

(29)

Now shaH we wytt, and that in hy,  
 If that saghe be trew that thou dyd say ;  
 If I fynde the With lesyng, lad, thou shaH aby, [Fol. 94, b.]  
 fforto meH in the maters that pertenyth agans the lay.

(30)

*Consultus.* Nay, sir, not so, withoutten delay, 202 The Coun-  
sellor tells  
him that Je-  
sus is dead.  
 The cause of my callyng is of that boy bold,  
 ffor it is saide sothely now this same day,  
 That he shuld dully be dede,  
 Certayn ; 206  
 Then may youre cares be fuH cold  
 If he thus sakles be slayn. 208

(31)

*pilatus.* ffare and softly, sir, and say not to far ; Pilate bids  
the Counsel-  
lor not to  
meddle in  
these mat-  
ters.  
 Sett the with sorow, then semys thou the les,  
 And of the law that thou leggyys be wytty and war,  
 lest I greue the greatly with dyntys expres ; 212  
 ffals fatur, in fayth I shaH slay the !  
 Thy reson vnrad I red the redres,  
 Or els of thise maters loke thou nomore meH the. 215

(32)

The Counsel-  
lor upbraids  
Pilate,  
and exalts  
the value of  
his own ad-  
vice.

*Consultus.* Why shuld I not meH of those maters that  
I haue you taght?

Thoug ye be prynce peerles withoutt any pere,  
were not my wyse wysdom youre wyttys were in waght;  
And that is seen expresse and playnly right here,  
And done in dede. 220

(33)

*pilatus.* Why, boy, bot has thou sayde?

*Consultus.* yee, lorde.

Pilate laughs  
at him for  
not knowing  
the way of  
kings.

*pilatus.* Therfor the devyH the spede, thou carle vnkyn de  
Sich felowse myght weH be on rowme!  
ye know not the comon cowrs that longys to a kyng.<sup>1</sup> 225

(34)

The 1st  
torturer cer-  
tifies that  
Jesus, whom  
Pilate con-  
demned, is  
now dead.

*primus tortor.* Mahowne most myghtfuH, he mensk you  
with mayn,

Sir pilate pereles, prynce of this prese!  
And saue you, sir, syttand semely suffrayn!  
we haue soght to thy sayH no sayng to sesse, 229  
Bot certyfie sone;  
ye wote that ye demyd this day apon desse,  
we dowte not his doying, for now is he done. 232

(35)

Pilate is glad  
of it,  
but bids

*pilatus.* ye ar welcom, Iwys, ye ar worthy ay war;  
Be it fon so of that fatur, in fayth then am I fayne.

[Fol. 95, a.]

*Secundus tortor.* we haue markyd that mytyng, nomore  
shaH he mar;

them keep  
it secret.

we prayed you, sir pilate, to put hym to payn, 236  
And we thoght it weH wroght.

*pilatus.* lefe syrs, let be youre laytt and loke that ye layn;  
ffor nothyng that may be nevyn ye it noght. 239

(36)

The 3rd  
torturer asks  
if Pilate  
claims Jesus'  
clothes.

*Tercius tortor.* Make myrth of that mytyng fuH mekyH  
we may,

And haue lykyng of oure lyfe for los of that lad;  
Bot, syr pilate peerles, a poynt I the pray;  
hope ye with hethyng that harnes he had 243

<sup>1</sup> ? assonance to "vnkynde."

To hold that was hys?

Pilate at  
once claims  
them.

*Pilatus.* That appentys vnto me, mafa! art thou mad?

I ment that no mytyng shuld meH hym of this. 246

(37)

*primus tortor.* Mefe the not, master, more if he meH,  
ffor thou shaH parte from that pelfe, thar thou not pleyte.

The 1st  
torturer ob-  
jects,  
and Pilate  
then asks  
the gown  
as a gift.

*pilatus.* yit styrt not farer for noght that ye feH;

I aske this gowne of youre gyfte, it is not so greatt, 250  
And yit may it agayn you.

*Secundus tortor.* how, aH in fageyng? in fayth I know of  
youre featte,

ffor it fallys to vs four fyrst wiH I frayn you. 253

(38)

*pilatus.* And I myster to no maner of mans bot myn.

*Tercius tortor.* yee, lord, let shere it in shredys.

The 3rd  
torturer  
proposes to  
cut it into  
pieces.

*pilatus.* Now that hald I good skyH! take thou this, &  
thou that,

& this shaH be thyne, 257

(39)

And by lefe and by law this may leyfe styH.

*primus tortor.* O lordyng! I weyn it is wrang,  
To tymely I toke it, to take it the vntyH

The farest, and the fowlest thy felowse to fang. 261

The tortur-  
ers are dis-  
contented  
with their  
shares.

(40)

*pilatus.* And thou art payed of thi parte fuH truly I trowe.

*primus tortor.* It is shame forto se, I am shapyn bot  
a shrede.

*Secundus tortor.* The hole of this harnes is holdyn to you,  
And I am leuerd a lap is lyke to no lede, 265

ffor-tatyrd and torne.

*Tercius tortor.* By myghty mahowne that mylde is of  
mode,<sup>1</sup>

If he skap wiH this cote it were a great skorne. 268

(41)

*pilatus.* Now sen ye teyn so at this, take it to you

with aH the mawgre of myn and myght of mahowne!

[Fol. 95, b.]

*primus tortor.* Drede you not doutles, for so WiH we dow;

Grefe you not greatly ye gett not this gowne,

Pilate gives  
the gown to  
them to di-  
vide.

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs "mede."

The 2nd  
torturer  
asks for a  
falcon.

bot in fower<sup>1</sup> as it fallys.

273

*Secundus tortor.* had I a fawchon, then craftely to cutt it  
were I bowne.<sup>2</sup>

*Tercius tortor.* lo it here that thou callys!

275

(42)

It is sharp with to shere, shere if thou may.

*Secundus tortor.* Euen in the mydward to marke were  
mastre to me.

277

He cannot  
find a seam  
along which  
to cut it.  
Pilate bids  
them leave  
it whole.

*primus tortor.* Most semely is in certan the seym to assay.

*Secundus tortor.* I haue soght aH this syde and none  
can I se,

279

of greatt nor of smaH.

*pilatus.* Bewshers, abyd you, I byd you let be!

I commaunde not to cutt it, bot hold it hole aH.

282

(43)

The 1st  
torturer  
objects,  
and Pilate  
threatens  
him.

*primus tortor.* Now ar we bon, for ye bad, withhald on  
youre hud.

*pilatus.* we! harlottys! go hang you, for hole shaft it be.

*Tercius tortor.* Grefe you not greatly, he saide it for gud.

*pilatus.* wyst I that he spake it in spytyng of me

286

Tytt shuld I spede forto spyH hym.

*Secundus tortor.* That were hym loth, lord, by my lewte,  
ffor-thi grauntt hym youre grace.

*pilatus.* No greuans I wiH hym.

290

(44)

They make  
it up,

*primus tortor.* Gramercy thi gudnes!

*pilatus.* yee, bot greue me nomo<sup>3</sup>;

ffuH dere beys if boght

In fayth, if ye do.

294

(45)

and agree to  
draw lots.

*primus tortor.* Shaft I then saue it?

*pilatus.* yee, so saide I, or to draw cutt is the lelyst,  
and long cut, lo, this wede shaft wyn.

297

*Tercius tortor.* Sir, to youre sayng yit assent we vnto;

Bot oone assay, let se who shaft begyn.

299

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. there were I bowne craftely to cut it.

<sup>3</sup> MS. nomore.

(46)

*pilatus.* we ! me falles aH the fyrst, and forther shaH ye.

*Secundus tortor.* Nay, drede you not doutles, for that  
do ye not ;

O, he sekys as he wold<sup>d</sup> dyssaue vs now we se. 302

*Tercius tortor.* Bewshers, abyde you, heder haue I brog<sup>ht</sup>  
thre dyse vs emang.

The thirld  
torturer has  
brought  
three dice.

*primus tortor.* That is a gam aH the best, bi hym that me  
boght,

ffor at the dysyng he dos vs no wrang. 306

(47)

*pilatus.* And I am glad of that gam ; On assay, Who  
shaH begyn ?

[Fol. 96, a.]

*primus tortor.* ffyrst shaH ye, and sen after we aH.  
haue the dyse and haue done,

Pilate and  
the first  
torturer are  
ready to de-  
cide by  
them.

and lefe aH youre dyn, 310

ffor who so has most<sup>t</sup> this frog shaH he faH,

And best of the bonys.

*pilatus.* I assent to youre sayng ; assay now I shaH,

As I wold<sup>d</sup> at a wap wyn aH at ones. 314

(48)

[*Pilate throws.*]

*Secundus tortor.* A, ha ! how now ! here ar a hepe.

*pilatus.* haue mynde then emang you how many ther ar.

*Tercius tortor.* thretteen<sup>1</sup> ar on thre, thar ye not threpe.

*pilatus.* Then shaH I wyn or aH men be war. 318

Pilate  
throws thir-  
teen, and  
thinks he  
will win. The  
first torturer  
tries his  
hand

*primus tortor.* Truly lord, right so ye shaH ;

Bot grefe you not<sup>t</sup> greatly, the next shaH be nar

If I haue hap to my hand, haue here for aH ! 321

(49)

[*He throws.*]

*pilatus.* And I haue sene as greatt a freke of his forward  
falyd.

here ar bot Aght<sup>2</sup> turnyd vp at ones.

and throws  
only eight,  
at which he  
curses the  
dice.

*primus tortor.* Aght<sup>?</sup> a, his armes, that is yH ! what so  
me alyd,

I was falsly begylyd with thise byched bones ;

Ther cursyd thay be ! 326

*Secundus tortor.* WeH I wote this wede bees won in thise  
wones,

I wold<sup>d</sup> be fayn of this frog myght it faH vnto me. 328

<sup>1</sup> MS. xiiij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. viij.

(50)

*pilatus.* It bees in waght, in fayth, and thou wyn.The second  
torturer  
throws  
seven.*Secundus tortor.* No, bot war you away! [*He throws.*]*Tercius tortor.* here is baddyst aboue, by mahownes bonys!  
seuen<sup>1</sup> is bot the seconde, the sothe for to say. 332

(51)

*Secundus tortor.* we, fy! that is shortt.The third  
prepares to  
cast*Tercius tortor.* Do shott at thi hud! now fallys me  
the fyrst,

And I haue hap to this gowne, go now on gud;

The byched bones that ye be I byd you go bett; 336

(52)

[*He throws.*]and throws  
fifteen.ffelowse, in forward here haue I fefteen<sup>2</sup>!

As ye wote I am worthi, won is this wede.

Pilate is  
furious.*pilatus.* what, whistyl ye in the wenyande! where haue  
ye beyn?

Thou shaH abak, bewshere, that blast I forbede. 340

[Fol. 96, b.]

*Tercius tortor.* here ar men vs emang,

lele in oure lay, wiH ly for no leyd,

And I wytnes at thaym if I wroght any wrang. 343

(53)

The first tor-  
turer says  
the third has  
won the coat  
fairly, but  
Pilate is still  
discon-  
tented.*primus tortor.* Thou wroght no dyssaytt, for sothe, that  
we saw,ffor-thi thou art worthi, and won is this weyd At thyn  
awne wyH.*pilatus.* yee, bot me pays not that playng to puf nor to  
blaw;

If he haue right I ne rek or reson thertyH, 347

I refe it hym noght.

*Tercius tortor.* haue gud day, sir, and grefe you not yH,

ffor if it were duble fuH dere is it boght. 350

(54)

He asks for  
the coat as a  
favour, and  
uses threats  
when it is  
refused.*pilatus.* Sir, sen thou has won this weyd, say wiH thou  
vowche safe

Of thi great gudnes this garment on me?

*Tercius tortor.* Sir, I say you certan this shaH ye not haue.*pilatus.* Thou shaH forthynk it, in fayth;<sup>3</sup>

ffy, what thou art fre! 355

<sup>1</sup> MS. vij.<sup>2</sup> MS. xv.<sup>3</sup> ? assonance to 'have.'

vnbychid, vnbayn !

*Tercius tortor.* ffor ye thrett me so throle,  
were it sich thre

here I gif you this gud.

*pilatus.* Now, gramercy agayn !

360

(55)

MekiH thank and myn and this shalbe ment.

*primus tortor.* Bot I had not left it so lightly, had play  
me it lent.

*pilatus.* No, bot he is faythfuH and fre, and that shaH be  
ment ;

And more if I may,

364

If he myster to me,

amend hym I mon.

*Tercius tortor.* I vowche safe it be so, the sothe forto say.

(56)

*primus tortor.* Now thise dyse that ar vndughty / for los  
of this good,

here I forswere hertely / by mahownes blood ;

ffor was I neuer so happy / by mayn nor by mode,

To wyn with sich sotelty / to my lyfys fode,

As ye ken ;

372

Thise dysars and thise hullars,

Thise cokkers and thise bollars,

And aH purs-cuttars,

Bese weH war of thise men.

376

(57)

*Secundus tortor.* ffy, fy, on thise dyse / the deviH I theym  
take !

vnwyttty, vnwyse / With thaym that Wold lake ;

As fortune assyse / men wyH she make ;

hir maners ar nyse / she can downe and vptake ;

And ryche

381

She turnes vp-so-downe,

And vnder abone,

Most chefe of renowne

She castys in the dyche.

385

(58)

By hir meanes she makys / dysers to seH,

As thay sytt and lakys / thare corne and thare cateH ;

The third  
torturer  
gives up the  
coat and is  
thanked.

The first  
would not  
have given  
it up so  
lightly, but  
Pilate pro-  
mises to  
make  
amends for  
it.

The first  
torturer for-  
swears the  
use of dice,  
and bids all  
men beware  
of dicers.

The second  
commits the  
dice to the

[Fol. 97, a.  
Sig. P. 1.]

devil. For-  
tune delights  
to set men  
up and cast  
them down.

She makes  
dicers sell  
corn and  
cattle.

Then they  
cry out and  
want to  
fight.

Then cry thay and crakkys / bowne vnto bateH,  
his hyppys then bakys / no symneH  
ffor hote.

390

Bot fare weH, thryfte!  
Is ther none other skyfte  
Bot syfte, lady, syfte?

Thise dysars thay dote.

394

(59)

The third  
torturer  
traces loss  
and oft-  
times man-  
slaughter to  
dicing. Let  
them leave  
such vanity  
and serve  
God.

*Tercius tortor.* what commys of dysyng / I pray you hark  
after,

Bot los of good in lakyng / and oft tymes mens slaughter!  
Thus sorow is at partyng / at metyng if ther be laghter;  
I red leyf sich vayn thyng / and serue god hereafter,  
ffor heuens blys;

399

That lord is most myghty,  
And gentyllyst of Iury,  
we helde to hym holy;

how thynk ye by this?

403

(60)

Pilate  
praises the  
torturers  
and dis-  
misses them  
with a  
French  
blessing.

*pilatus.* weH worth you aH thre, most doughty in dede!  
Of aH the clerkys that I know, most conyng ye be,  
By soteltes of youre sawes, youre lawes forto lede;  
I graunt you playn powere and frenship frele,

I say;

408

<sup>1</sup> Dew vows [garde], mon senyours!  
Mahowne most myghty in castels and towres  
he kepe you, lordyngys, and aH youre,  
And hauys aH gud day.

412

*Explicit processus talentorum.*

<sup>1</sup> *i. e.* Dieu vous [garde], monseigneurs!

(XXV.)

Incipit extraccio animarum, &c.

[29 eight-line stanzas abababab; 1 six-line (no 18) aab aba; 40 four-line abab; 4 couplets.]

[Dramatis Personae.

<i>Ihesus.</i>	<i>Simeon.</i>	<i>Ribald.</i>	<i>Sathanas.</i>
<i>Adam.</i>	<i>Iohannes Baptista.</i>	<i>Belzebub.</i>	<i>Ysaías.]</i>
<i>Eua.</i>	<i>Moyse.</i>	<i>David.</i>	

*Ihesus.* (1)

**M**y fader me from blys has send  
TiH erth for mankynde sake,  
Adam mys forto amend,  
My deth nede must I take.

Jesus re-  
counts how  
He has  
been born,  
ministered,  
and died for  
man's salva-  
tion.

4

(2)

I dwellyd ther thyrty yeres and two,  
And somdele more, the sothe to say;  
In anger, pyne, and mekyH wo,  
I dyde on cros this day.

8

(3)

Therfor tiH heH now WiH I go,  
To chalange that is myne;  
Adam, eue, and othere mo,  
Thay shaH no longer dweH in pyne.

He must now  
rescue His  
own from  
hell.

12

(4)

The feynde theym wan With trayn,  
Thurgh fraude of earthly fode,  
I haue theym boght agan  
With shedyng of my blode.

16

(5)

And now I wiH that stede restore,  
which the feynde felH fro for syn;  
Som tokyn wiH I send before,  
with myrth to gar thare gammes begyn.

He will send  
thither a  
light as a  
token of His  
coming.

20

(6)

A light I wiH thay haue  
To know I wiH com sone;  
My body shaH abyde in graue  
TiH aH this dede be done.

24

(7)

Adam calls  
his brethren  
to listen : he  
sees tokens  
of solace.

*Adam.* My brether, herkyn vnto me here !

More hope of helth neuer we had ;

Fower thowsand<sup>1</sup> and sex hundreth<sup>2</sup> yere

haue we bene here in darknes stad ;

28

Now se I tokyns of solace sere,

A glorious gleme to make vs glad,

Wher through I hope that help is nere,

That sone shaH slake oure sorowes sad.

32

(8)

Eve, too,  
takes the  
light as a  
good sign.

*Eua.* Adam, my husband heynd,

This menys solace certan ;

Sich light can on vs leynd

In paradyse full playn.

36

(9)

Isaiah re-  
calls Adam's  
first sin,

*Isaias.* Adam, through thi syn

here were we put to dwell,

This wykyd place within ;

The name of it is hell ;

40

here paynes shaH neuer blyn,

That wykyd ar and fell.

loue that lord with wyn,

his lyfe for vs wold seH.

44

*Et content omnes "saluator mundi," primum versum.*

(10)

and his own  
prophecy of  
the light  
that should  
come to them  
that walked  
in darkness.

Adam, thou weH vnderstand

I am Isaias, so crist me kende.

I spake of folke in darknes walkand,

I saide a light shuld on theym lende ;

48

This light is aH from crist commande

That he tiH vs has hedir sende,

Thus is my poynt proved in hand,

as I before to fold it kende.

52

(11)

*Simeon.* So may I tel of farlys feyH,

ffor in the tempyH his freyndys me fande,

Me thoght daynteth with hym to deyH,

I halsid hym homely with my hand ;

56

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiij M<sup>l</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> MS. vi C.

[Fol. 98, a.  
Sig. P. 2.]

I saide, lord, let thi seruandys leyH  
 pas in peasse to lyf lastande ;  
 Now that myn eeyn has sene thyn hele  
 no longer lyst I lyf in lande.

Simeon re-  
 members  
 Christ's pre-  
 sentation in  
 the Temple  
 and his own  
 "Nunc  
 dimittis."

60

(12)

This light thou has purvayde  
 ffor theym that lyf in lede ;  
 That I before of the haue saide  
 I se it is fulfilld in dede.

He now sees  
 the light  
 which he  
 then fore-  
 told.

64

(13)

*Iohannes baptista.* As a voce cryand I kend  
 The wayes of crist, as I weH can ;  
 I baptisid hym with both myn hende  
 in the water of flume Iordan ;  
 The holy gost from heuen discende  
 As a white dowfe downe on me than ;  
 The fader voyce, oure myrthes to amende,  
 Was made to me lyke as a man ;

John the  
 Baptist re-  
 calls the  
 Baptism of  
 Christ and  
 the voice  
 from  
 Heaven.

68

72

(14)

"yond is my son," he saide,  
 "and which me pleasses fuH weH,"  
 his light is on vs layde,  
 and commys oure karys to kele.

Christ's  
 light comes  
 to assuage  
 their cares.

76

(15)

*Moses.* Now this same nyght lernyng haue I,  
 to me, moyses, he shewid his myght,  
 And also to anothere oone, hely,  
 where we stud on a hiH on hyght ;  
 As whyte as snaw was his body,  
 his face was like the son for bright,  
 Noman on moldt was so myghty  
 grathly durst loke agans that light ;

Moses re-  
 calls the  
 Transfigura-  
 tion and the  
 wondrous  
 light there  
 shown.

80

84

(16)

And that same light here se I now  
 shynyng on vs, certayn,  
 where through truly I trow  
 that we shaH sone pas fro this payn.

That same  
 light he sees  
 now.

88

(17)

Rybald is  
full of fore-  
boding that  
the souls  
will escape.

*Rybald.* Sen fyrst that heH was mayde / And I was put  
therin,

Sich sorow neuer ere I had / nor hard I sich a dyn ;  
My hart begynnys to brade / my wytt waxys thyn,  
I drede we can not be glad / thise saules mon fro vs twyn.

(18)

He bids  
Beelzebub  
bind them.

how, belsabub ! bynde thise boys,<sup>1</sup> / sich harow was neuer  
hard in heH.

*Belzabub.* Out, rybald ! thou rores, / what is betyd ? can  
thou oght teH ?

*Rybald.* whi, herys thou not this vgly noyse ?<sup>2</sup>  
thise lurdans that in lyombo dweH<sup>2</sup>

Thay make menyng of many Ioyse,<sup>3</sup>  
and Muster myrthes theym emeH.<sup>3</sup> 98

(19)

*Belzabub.* Myrth ? nay, nay ! that poynt is past,  
more hope of helth shaH thay neuer haue.

They are  
crying on  
Christ and  
say He will  
save them.

*Rybald.* They cry on crist fuH fast,  
And says he shaH theym saue. 102

(20)

[Fol. 98, b.]

Beelzebub  
bids him  
call up  
Astaroth  
and other  
devils,

*Beelzabub.* yee, though he do not, I shaH,  
ffor they ar sparyd in specyaH space ;  
whils I am prynce and pryncypaH  
they shaH neuer pas out of this place. 106

CaH vp astarot and anabaH  
To gyf vs counseH in this case ;  
BeH, berith, and bellyaH,  
To mar theym that sich mastery mase. 110

(21)

and tell  
Satan, and  
bid him  
bring  
Lucifer.

Say to sir satan oure syre,  
and byd hym bryng also  
Sir lucyfer, lufly of lyre.  
*Rybald.* AH redy lord I go. 114

Jesus calls  
for the gates  
to be raised.

*Ihesus.* Attollite portas, principes, vestras & eleuamini  
porte eternas, & introibit rex glorie.

<sup>1</sup> Originally "oure bowys" (and probably "bende").

<sup>2</sup> & <sup>3</sup> These and following lines are single lines with central  
rymes.

(22)

*Rybald*. Out, harro, out! what deviſſ is he

That callys hym kyng ouer vs aſſ?

hark belzabub, com ne,

ffor hedusly I hard hym caſſ.

Rybald cries  
to Beelze-  
bub, who  
bids him  
lock the  
gates and set  
watches,

119

*Belzabub*. Go, spar the yates, yſſ mot thou the!

And set the wachies on the waſſ;

If that brodeſſ com ne

With vs ay won he ſhaſſ;

123

(23)

And if he more caſſ or cry,

To make vs more debate,

lay on hym hardely,

And make hym go his gate.

and to fall  
upon Jesus  
if He calls  
again.

127

(24)

*David*. Nay, with hym may ye not fyght,

ffor he is king and conqueroure,

And of so mekiſſ myght,

And styf in euey stoure;

Of hym commys aſſ this light

that shynys in this bowre;

he is fuſſ fers in fight,

worthi to wyn honoure.

David warns  
him that  
they may  
not fight  
with Jesus,  
Who is King  
and Con-  
queror.

131

135

(25)

*Belzabub*. honowre! harsto, harlot, for what dede?

Alle erthly men to me ar thraſſ;

That lad that thou callys lord in lede

he had neuer harbor, house, ne haſſ.

Beelzebub  
claims all  
earthly men  
as his thralls.

139

(26)

how, sir sathanas! com nar

And hark this cursid rowte!

*Sathanas*. The deviſſ you aſſ to-har!

What ales the so to showte?

He calls  
Satan, who  
asks what is  
the matter.

143

And me, if I com nar,

thy brayn bot I bryst owte!

*Belzabub*. Thou must com help to spar,

we ar beseged abowte.

Beelzebub  
says they are  
besieged.

147

## (27)

Satan bids  
them see  
that Jesus  
does not  
escape.

*Sathanas.* Besegyð aboute ! whi, who durst be so bold  
for drede to make on vs a fray ?

*Belzabube.* It is the Iew that Iudas sold  
ffor to be dede this othere day.

151

*Sathanas.* how ! in tyme that tale was told,  
that trature trausses vs aH-way ;  
he shalbe here full hard in hold,  
bot loke he pas not, I the pray.

155

## (28)

Beelzebub  
says Jesus  
has far other  
thoughts.

*Belzabub.* Pas ! nay, nay, he wiH not weynde  
ffrom hens or it be war ;  
he shapys hym for to sheynd  
A H heH or he go far.

159

## (29)

Satan defies  
Jesus.

*Sathanas.* ffy, fatur ! therof shaH he fayH,  
ffor aH his fare I hym defy ;  
I know his trantes fro top to tayH,  
he lyffys by gawdys and glory.

163

[Fol. 99, a.  
Sig. P. 3.]  
He coun-  
selled the  
Jews to kill  
Him,

Therby he broght furth of oure bayH  
The lath lazare of betany,  
Bot to the Iues I gaf counsayH  
That thay shuld cause hym dy ;

167

## (30)

and per-  
suaded  
Judas to  
carry out  
the agree-  
ment.

I enterd ther into Iudas,  
that forward to fulfyH,  
Therfor his hyere he has,  
A H wayes to won here styH.

171

## (31)

Rybald asks  
Satan, as  
this is his  
doing, if he  
hopes to  
defeat  
Jesus ?

*Rybald.* Sir sathan, sen we here the say  
thou and the Iues were at assent,  
And wote he wan the lazare away  
that vnto vs was taken to tent,  
hopys thou that thou mar hym may  
to Muster the malyce that he has ment ?  
ffor and he refe vs now oure pray  
we wiH ye witt or he is went.

175

179

(32)

*Sathanas.* I byd the noght abaste,  
bot boldly make you bowne,  
With toyles that ye intraste,  
And dyng that dastard downe.

Satan en-  
courages  
him.

183

*Ihesus.* Attollite portas, principes, vestras, &c.

Jesus calls  
again.

(33)

*Rybald.* Outt, harro! what harlot is he  
that sayes his kyngdom shalbe cryde?

*dauid.* That may thou in sawter se,  
for of this prynce thus ere I saide;

David re-  
calls his pro-  
phesy of

188

(34)

I saide that he shuld breke  
youre barres and bandys by name,  
And of youre warkys take wreke;  
now shaH thou se the same.

Christ's  
triumph.

192

(35)

*Ihesus.* ye prynces of heH open youre yate,  
And let my folk furth gone;  
A prynce of peasse shaH enter therat  
wheder ye wiH or none.

Jesus sum-  
mons them  
to open the  
gates.

196

(36)

*Rybald.* What art thou that spekys so?

*Ihesus.* A kyng of blys that hight iHesus.

*Rybald.* yee, hens fast I red thou go,  
And meH the not with vs.

Rybald and  
Beelzebub  
defy Him.

200

(37)

*Belzabub.* Oure yates I trow wiH last,  
thay ar so strong I weyn;  
Bot if oure barres brast,  
ffor the they shaH not twyn.

204

(38)

*Ihesus.* This stede shaH stand no longer stokyn;  
open vp, and let my pepiH pas.  
*Rybald.* Out, harro! oure bayH is brokyn,  
and brusten ar aH oure bandys of bras!

Jesus bursts  
the bars to  
the dismay  
of Rybald.

208

(39)

Beelzebub  
laments.

*Belzabub.* harro ! oure yates begyn to crak !  
 In sonder, I trow, they go,  
 And heH, I trow, wiH aH to-shak ;  
 Alas, what I am wo !

212

(40)

*Rybald.* lymbo is lorne, alas !  
 sir sathanas com vp ;  
 This wark is wars then it was.

*Sathanas.* yee, hangyd be thou on a cruke<sup>1</sup> !

216

(41)

Satan re-  
proaches the  
devils for  
not over-  
throwing  
Christ,

Thefys, I bad ye shuld be bowne,  
 If he maide mastres more,  
 To dyng that dastard downe,  
 sett hym both sad and sore.

220

(42)

[Fol. 99, b.]

*Belzabub.* To sett hym sore, that is sone saide !  
 com thou thi self and serue hym so ;  
 we may not abyde his bytter brayde,  
 he wold vs mar and we were mo.

224

and calls for  
his own  
armour.

*Sathanas.* ffy, fature ! wherfor were ye flayd ?  
 haue ye no force to flyt hym fro ?  
 loke in haste my gere be grayd,  
 my self shaH to that gadlyng go.

228

(43)

He chal-  
lenges Jesus,

how ! thou belamy, abyde,  
 with aH thi boste and beyr !  
 And teH me in this tyde  
 what mastres thou makys here.

232

(44)

Who an-  
nounces His  
mission to  
save the  
prisoners.

*Ihesus.* I make no mastery bot for myne ;  
 I wiH theym saue, that shaH the sow ;  
 Thou has no powere theym to pyne,  
 bot in my pryson for thare prow  
 here haue they soriornyd, noght as thyne,  
 bot in thi wayrd, thou wote as how.  
*Sathanas.* why, where has thou bene ay syn,  
 that neuer wold negh theym nere or now ?

236

240

<sup>1</sup> assonance with 'up.'

(45)

*Ihesus.* Now is the tyme certan  
My fader ordand her for,  
That thay shuld pas fro payn,  
In blys to dwell for euermore.

The ordained  
time has  
come.

244

(46)

*Sathanas.* Thy fader knew I weH by syght,  
he was a wright, his meett to wyn ;  
Mary, me mynnys, thi moder hight,  
the vtmost ende of aH thy kyn ;  
Say who made the so mekiH of myght?

Satan asks  
how the son  
of Joseph  
and Mary is  
so mighty?

248

*Ihesus.* Thou wykyd feynde, lett be thi dy[n] !  
my fader wonnes in heuen on hight,  
In blys that neuer more shaH blyn ;

Jesus re-  
veals that  
He is God's  
Son.

252

(47)

I am his ononly son, / his forward to fulfyH,  
Togeder wiH we won, / In sonder when we wyH.

254

(48)

*Sathan*. Goddys son ! nay, then myght thou be glad,  
for no cateH thurt the craue ;  
Bot thou has lyffyd ay lyke a lad,  
In sorow, and as a sympiH knaue.

258

(49)

*Ihesus.* That was for the hartly luf I had  
Vnto mans sauH, it forto saue,  
And forto make the masyd and mad,  
And for that reson rufully to rafe.

He has con-  
cealed His  
Godhead to  
save men's  
souls and  
confound  
the devil.

262

(50)

My godhede here I hyd  
In mary, moder myne,  
where it shaH neuer be kyd  
to the ne none of thyne.

266

(51)

*Sathan*. how now ? this wold I were told in towne ;  
thou says god is thi syre ;  
I shaH the prove by good reson  
thou moyttys as man dos into myre.

270

Satan claims  
the souls as  
God's  
enemies.

To breke thi byddyng they were full bowne,  
And soyn they wrought at my desyre ;  
ffrom paradise thou putt theym downe,  
In heH here to haue thare hyre ;

274

(52)

[Fol. 100, a.  
Sig. P. 4.]

And thou thy self, by day and nyght,  
taght euer aH men emang,  
Euer to do reson and right,  
And here thou wyrkys aH wrang.

278

(53)

Jesus re-  
minds him  
of the pro-  
phesies of  
His coming.

*Ihesus.* I wyrk no wrang, that shaH thou wytt,  
if I my men fro wo wiH wyn ;  
My prophetys playnly prechyd it,  
AH the noytys that I begyn ;  
They saide that I shuld be that ilke <sup>1</sup>  
In heH where I shuld intre in,  
To saue my seruandys fro that pytt  
where dampnyd saullys shaH syt for syn.

282

286

(54)

And ilke true prophete tayH  
shalbe fulfillid in me ;  
I haue thaym boght fro bayH,  
in blis now shaH they be.

290

(55)

Satan quotes  
Solomon  
and Job to  
show that  
once in hell  
there is no  
release.

*Sathanas.* Now sen thou lyst to legge the lawes,  
thou shalbe tenyd or we twyn,  
ffor those that thou to witnes drawes  
ffull euen agans the shaH begyn ;  
As salamon saide in his sawes,  
who that ones commys heH within  
he shaH neuer owte, as clerkys knawes,  
therfor, belamy, let be thy dyn.

294

298

(56)

Iob thi seruande also  
In his tyme can teH  
That nawder freynde nor fo  
shaH fynde relese in heH.

302

<sup>1</sup> assonance with 'it.'

(57)

*Ihesus.* he sayde full soyth, that shaft thou se,

In heft shalbe no relese,

Bot of that place then ment he

where synfull care shaft euer encrease.

306

In that bayth ay shaft thou be,

where sorowes seyr shaft neuer sesse,

And my folke that were most fre

shaft pas vnto the place of peasse ;

310

(58)

ffor they were here with my wiht,

And so thay shaft furth weynde ;

Thou shaft thiself fulfyrh

euer wo withoutten ende.

314

(59)

*Sathan*<sup>l</sup>. Whi, and wiht thou take theym aht me fro ?

then thynk me thou art vnkynde ;

Nay, I pray the do not so ;

Vmthynke the better in thy mynde ;

318

Or els let me with the go,

I pray the leyffe me not behynde !

*Ihesus.* Nay, tratur, thou shaft won in wo,

and tiht a stake I shaft the bynde.

322

(60)

*Sathan*<sup>l</sup>. Now here I how thou menyys emang,

with mesure and malyce forto meht ;

Bot sen thou says it shalbe lang,

yit som let aht-ways with vs dwell.

326

*Ihesus.* Yis, wytt thou weht, els were greatt wrang ;

thou shaft haue caym that slo abeht,

And aht that hastys theym self to hang,

As dyd Iudas and architopheht ;

330

(61)

And daton and abaron / and aht of thare assent,

Cursyd tyrantys euer ilkon / that me and myn tormente.

(62)

And aht that wiht not lere my law,

That I haue left in land for new,

That makys my commyng know,

And aht my sacramentys persew ;

336

Jesus answers that there is no release from the eternal hell in which the devil shall be kept, but these souls shall depart to bliss.

Satan pleads that they may be left, or that he, too, may go.

Jesus says he shall keep some souls, such as Cain and Judas,

and all who will not learn His law.

[Fol. 100, b.] My deth, my rysyng, red by raw,

He will  
judge these  
worse than  
the Jews.

Who trow thaym not thay ar vntrewe ;

vnto my dome I shaH theym draw,

And Iuge theym wars then any Iew.

340

(63)

And thay that lyst to lere / my law, and lyf therby,

ShaH neuer haue harmes here, / bot welth as is worthy.

342

(64)

Satan is  
pleased with  
the bargain.

*Sathanas.* Now here my hand, I hold<sup>d</sup> me payde,

thise poyntys ar playnly for my prow ;

If this be trew that thou has saide,

we shaH haue mo then we haue now ;

346

Thies lawes that thou has late here laide,

I shaH theym lere not to alow ;

If thay myn take thay ar betraide,

and I shaH turne theym tytt I trow.

350

(65)

He will go  
east and  
west and  
make men  
sin. Jesus  
tells him he  
shall be fast  
bound.

I shaH walk eest, I shaH walk west,

and gar theym wyrk weH war.

*Ihesus.* Nay feynde, thou shalbe feste,

that thou shaH flyt no far.

354

(66)

*Sathan*<sup>l</sup>. ffeste? fy! that were a wykyd treson!

belamy, thou shalbe smytt.

*Ihesus.* DeviH, I commaunde the to go downe

into thi sete where thou shaH syt.

358

Satan sinks  
into hell,  
Rybald re-  
viling him.

*Sathan*<sup>l</sup>. Alas, for doyh and care!

I synk into heH pyt!

*Rybald*<sup>l</sup>. Sir sathanas, so saide I are,

now shaH thou haue a fytt.

362

(67)

Jesus sum-  
mons forth  
His chil-  
dren.

*Ihesus.* Com now furth, my childer aH,

I forgyf you youre mys ;

With me now go ye shaH

to Ioy and endles blys.

366

(68)

Adam gives  
thanks.

*Adam.* lord, thou art fuH mekyH of myght,

that mekys thiself on this manere,

To help vs aH as thou had vs hight,

when both forfett I and my fere ;

370

here haue we dwelt withoutten light

Fower thousand<sup>1</sup> and sex<sup>2</sup> hundreth yere;

Now se we by this solempne sight

how that thi mercy makys vs dere.

This sight  
comes to  
them after  
4600 years of  
darkness.

374 <sup>1</sup> MS. iiii M.  
<sup>2</sup> MS. vj.

(69)

*Eua.* lord, we were worthy / more tornamentys to tast;

Thou help vs lord with thy mercy / as thou of myght is mast.

(70)

Eve con-  
fesses they  
deserved  
more punish-  
ment.

*Iohannes.* lord, I loue the inwardly,

that me wold make thi messyngere,

Thi commyng in erth to cry,

and tech thi fayth to folk in fere;

The Baptist  
gives thanks  
to Christ for  
having made  
him His  
messenger.

380

Sythen before the forto dy,

to bryng theym bodword that be here,

how thay shuld haue thi help in hy,

now se I aft those poyntyng appere.

384

(71)

*MoySES.* Dauid, thi prophete trew,

oft tymes told vnto vs,

Of thi commyng he knew,

and saide it shuld be thus.

Moses re-  
calls the  
prophecies  
of David,

388

(72)

*Dauid.* As I saide ere yit say I so,

“ne derelinquas, domine,

Animam meam in inferno;”

“leyfe neuer my sauht, lord, after the,

who repeats  
his prayer  
that his soul  
be not left  
in hell.

392

In depe heht wheder dampned shaht go;

suffre thou neuer thi sayntyng to se

The sorow of thaym that won in wo,

ay fuht of fylth, and may not fle.”

396

(73)

*MoySES.* Make myrth both more and les,

and loue oure lord we may,

That has broght vs fro bytternes

In blys to abyde for ay.

[Fol. 101, a.]

Moses and  
Isaiah unite  
in exhorta-  
tion to love  
God.

400

(74)

*ysaias.* Therfor now let vs syng

to loue oure lord ihesus;

Vnto his blys he wiht vs bryng,

Te deum laudamus.

404

*Explicit extraccio animarum ab inferno.*

## XXVI.

## Resurreccio domini.

[Dramatis Personae.

Pilatus.  
Caiaphas.  
Centurio.  
Anna.  
Primus Miles.

Secundus Miles.  
Tercius Miles.  
Quartus Miles.  
Angeli, Primus &  
Secundus.

Ihesus.  
Maria Magdalene.  
Maria Jacobi.  
Maria Salomee.

[1 eleven-line stanza, no. 11, aaab ab acb cb ; 1 nine-line, no. 101 ab abbbc bc ; 4 eight-line, no. 7 aaab cccb, nos. 95, 99, 100 aab aab cc ; 93 six-line stanzas, nos. 51-3 aaab cb, no. 73 ababcc, no. 96 aab aab, the rest aaab ab ; 1 three-line, no. 97 aab ; 1 couplet, no. 24.]

pilatus.

(1)

Pilate calls  
for silence

**P**Easse, I warne you, woldys in wytt!  
And standys on syde or els go sytt,  
ffor here ar men that go not yit,  
And lordys of me[kih] myght ; 4  
We thynk to abyde, and not to flytt,  
I telh you euery wyght. 6

(2)

on pain of  
hanging.

Spare youre spech, ye brodel's bold,  
And sesse youre cry tilh I haue told  
What that my worship wold,  
here in thise wonys ; 10  
whoso that wyghtly nold  
ffuH hy bese hanged his bonys. 12

(3)

He is Pilate,  
who has  
punished  
Jesus.

wote ye not that I am pilate,  
That' satt' apon the Iustyce late,  
At caluarie where I was att  
This day at morne ? 16  
I am he, that' great' state,  
That lad has aH to-torne. 18

(4)

Let watch  
be kept if  
any follow  
His words.

Now sen that lothly loseH is thus ded,  
I haue great' ioy in my manhede,  
Therfor wold' I in ilk sted  
It' were tayn hede, 22  
If any felowse felow his red,  
Or more his law wold lede. 24

(5)

ffor and I knew it, cruelly  
his lyfe bees lost, and that shortly,  
that he were better hyng ful hy

[Fol. 101, b.]

If they do  
Pilate will  
kill them,

On galow tre ;

28

Therfor ye prelatys shuld aspy

If any sich be.

30

(6)

As I am man of myghtys most,  
If ther be any that blow sich bost,  
with tormentys keyn bese he indost

and the  
devil harry  
their ghost  
to hell.

ffor euermore ;

34

The deviH to heH shaH harry hys goost,

Bot I say nomore.

36

(7)

*Caiphas.* Sir, ye thar nothyng be dredand,  
ffor centurio, I vnderstand,  
youre knyght is left abydand

Caiaphas  
says the Cen-  
turion has  
been left  
behind to  
arrest  
ribalds.

Right ther behynde ;

40

We left hym ther, for man most wyse,

If any rybaldys wold oght ryse,

To sesse theym to the next assyse,

And then forto make ende.

44

*Tunc veniet centurio velut miles equitans.*

(8)

*Centurio.* A, blyssyd lord adonay,<sup>1</sup>

what may this merueH sygnyfy

That here was shewyd so openly

vnto oure sight,

48

When the rightwys man can dy

that ihesus hight?

50

(9)

heuen it shoke abone,

Of shynyng blan both son and moyne,

And dede men also rose vp sone,

Outt of thare grafe ;

54

And stones in waH anone

In sonder brast and clafe.

56

<sup>1</sup> This stanza is written as three lines in the MS, with central rhymes.

(10)

The princes  
were wrong,  
and Jesus  
was indeed  
the Son of  
God.

Ther was seen many a full sodan sight,  
Oure prynces, for sothe, dyd nothyng right,  
And so I saide to theym on hight,

As it is trew, 60

That he was most of myght,

The son of god, ihesu. 62

(11)

Birds in the  
air and fish  
in the sea  
knew that  
their Lord  
was being  
put to death.

ffowlys in the ayer and fish in floode,

That day changid thare mode,

when that he was rent on rode,

That lord veray ; 66

ffull weH thay vnderstode

That he was slayn that day. 68

Therfor right as I meyn / to theym fast wiH I ryde,

To wyt withoutten weyn / what they wiH say this tyde

Of this enfray ; 71

I wiH no longer abyde

bot fast ride on my way. 73

(12)

[Fol. 102, a.]

He ex-  
changes  
greetings  
with Pilate,

God saue you, syrs, on euery syde !

Worship and welth in warld so wyde !

*pilatus.* Centurio, welcom this tyde,

Oure comly knyght ! 77

*Centurio.* God graunt you grace weH forto gyde,

And rewH you right. 79

(13)

who asks his  
news.

*pilatus.* Centurio, welcom, draw nere hand !

TeH vs som tythyngys here emang,

ffor ye haue gone thurghoutt oure land,

ye know ilk dele. 83

*Centurio.* Sir, I drede me ye haue done wrang

And wonder yH. 85

The Cen-  
turioun says  
they have  
sinned in  
slaying a  
righteous  
man.

(14)

*Cayphas.* wonder yH ? I pray the why ?

declare that to this company.

*Centurio.* So shaH I, sir, full securly,

with aH my mayn ; 89

The rightwys man, I meyn, hym by

that ye haue slayn. 91

(15)

<i>pilatus.</i> Centurio, sese of sich saw ;	Pilate re-
ye ar a greatt man of oure law,	bukes him.
And if we shuld any wytnes draw,	
To vs excuse,	95
To mayntene vs euermore ye aw,	
And noght refuse.	97

(16)

<i>Centurio.</i> To mayntene trewth is weH worthy ;	The Cen-
I saide when I sagH hym dy,	turion main-
That it was godys son almyghty,	tains it was
That hang thore ;	God's Son
	they cruci-
	fied.
So say I yit and abydyys therby,	101
ffor euermore.	103

(17)

<i>Anna.</i> yee, sir, sich resons may ye rew,	Annas asks
Thou shuld not neuene sich notes new,	for a proof.
Bot thou couth any tokyns trew,	
vntiH vs tell.	107
<i>Centurio.</i> Sich wonderfuH case neuer ere ye knew	
As then befeH.	109

(18)

<i>Cayphas.</i> we pray the tell vs, of what thyng?	The Cen-
<i>Centurio.</i> Of elymentys, both old and ying,	turion re-
In thare manere maide greatt mowrnyng,	counts the
In ilka stede ;	mourning of
	the elements
	as for their
	king.
Thay knew by contenance that thare kyng	113
was done to dede.	115

(19)

The son for wo it waxed aH wan,	
The moyn and starnes of shynyng blan,	
And erth it tremlyd as a man	
Began to speke ;	119
The stone, that neuer was styrryd or than,	
In sonder brast and breke ;	121

(20)

And dede men rose vp bodely, both greatt and smaH.  
*pilatus,* Centurio, bewar with aH !  
 ye wote the clerkys the clyppys it caH

Pilate says  
that clerks  
call such a  
sight an  
eclipse.

Sich sodan sight ; 125

That son and moyne a seson shaß  
lak of thare light. 127

(21)

[Fol. 102, b.] *Cayphas.* Sir, and if that dede men ryse vp bodely,  
The dead  
may arise  
through  
sorcery.

That may be done through socery,  
Therfor nothyng we sett therby,  
that be thou bast. 131

*Centurio.* Sir, that I saw truly,  
That shaß I euermore trast. 133

(22)

The Cen-  
turion trusts  
his eyes, and  
asks an ex-  
planation of  
the rending  
of the veil of  
the Temple.

Not for that ilk warke that ye dyd wyrke,  
Not oonly for the son wex myrke,  
Bot how the vayß rofe in the kyrke,  
ffayn wyt I wold. 137

*pilatus.* A, sich tayles full sone wold make vs yrke,  
if thay were told. 139

(23)

Pilate bids  
him begone.

harlot ! wherto commys thou vs emang  
with sich lesyngys vs to fang ?  
Weynd furth ! hy myght thou hang,  
Vyle fatur ! 143

*Cayphas.* Weynd furth in the Wenyande,  
And hold styß thy clattur. 145

(24)

He takes his  
leave.

*Centurio.* Sirs, sen ye set not by my saw, / haues now  
good day !  
God lene you grace to know / the sothe aß way. 147

(25)

*Anna.* with draw the fast, sen thou the dredys,  
ffor we shaß weß mayntene oure dedys.  
*pilatus.* Sich wonderfull resons as now redys  
were neuer beforne, 151

*Cayphas.* To neuen this note nomore vs nedys,  
Caiaphas  
would hush  
the matter  
up.

nawder euen nor morne, 153

(26)

Bot forto be war of more were  
That afterward myght do vs dere,  
Therfor, sir, whils ye ar here

- vs aH emang, 157 They must  
 Avyse you of thise sawes sere consult  
 how thay wiH stand. 159 together.
- (27)
- ffor ihesus saide fuH openly Jesus pro-  
 Vnto the men that yode hym by, phesied that  
 A thyng that grevys aH Iury, He should  
 And right so may, 163 rise again  
 That he shuld<sup>t</sup> ryse vp bodely the third  
 within the thryde day. 165 day.
- (28)
- If it be so, as myght I spede, They must  
 The latter dede is more to drede guard  
 Then was the fyrst, if we take hede against this.
- And tend therto; 169
- Avyse you, sir, for it is nede, 171  
 the best<sup>t</sup> to do.
- (29)
- Anna. Sir, neuer the les if he saide so, [Fol. 103, a.]  
 he hase no myght to ryse and go, Annas  
 Bot his dyscypyls steyH his cors vs fro thinks the  
 And bere away; 175 disciples  
 That were tiH vs, and othere mo, will steal the  
 A fowH enfray. 177 body.
- (30)
- Then wold the pepyH say euerilkon The tomb,  
 That he were rysen hym self alon, therefore,  
 Therfor ordan to kepe that stone should be  
 with knyghtys heynd, 181 watched by  
 To thise thre.<sup>1</sup> dayes be commen and gone knights.  
 And broght tiH ende. 183
- (31)
- pilatus*, Now, certys, sir, fuH weH ye say,  
 And for this ilk poynt to puruay  
 I shaH, if that I may;  
 he shaH not ryse, 187 Pilate  
 Nor none shaH wyn hym thens away agrees.  
 of nokyns wyse. 189

## (32)

Pilate bids  
his knights  
guard the  
body of  
Jesus,

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys dughty,  
And chosen for chefe of cheualry,  
As I may me in you affy,

By day and nyght, 193  
ye go and kepe ihesu body  
with aH youre myght; 195

## (33)

that no  
traitor steal  
it.

And for thyng that be may,  
kepe hym weH vnto the thryd day,  
That no tratur steyH his cors you fray,

Out of that sted; 199  
ffor if ther do, truly I say,  
ye shaH be dede. 201

## (34)

They express  
their readi-  
ness with  
boasts,

*primus Miles.* yis, sir pilate, in certan,  
we shaH hym kepe with aH oure mayn;  
Ther shaH no tratur with no trayn

SteyH hym vs fro; 205  
Sir knyghtys, take gere that best may gayn,  
And let vs go. 207

## (35)

and take up  
their station  
round the  
tomb, still  
boasting.

*Secundus Miles.* yis, certys, we are aH redy bowne,  
we shaH hym kepe tiH youre renowne;

On euery syde lett vs sytt downe,  
we aH in fere; 211

And I shaH fownde to crak his crowne  
whoso commys here. 213

## (36)

*primus Miles.* who shuld be where, fayn wold I wytt.

*Secundus Miles.* Euen on this syde wyH I sytt.

*Tercius Miles.* And I shaH fownde his feete to flytt.

*iiijus miles.* we ther shrew ther! 217  
Now by mahowne, fayn wold I wytt  
who durst com here 219

## (37)

[Fol. 103, b.]

This cors with treson forto take,  
ffor if it were the burnand drake  
Of me styfly he gatt a strake,

- haue here my hand ; 223 They will warrant the safety of the body for these three days.
- To this thre<sup>1</sup> dayes be past, [The soldiers sleep : 225
- This cors I dar warand. Jesus rises.] 225
- Tunc cantabunt angeli "Christus<sup>2</sup> resurgens," & postea dicet ihesus.*
- (38)
- Ihesus. Erthly man, that I haue wrought, 229 Jesus calls men to remember what He has done for them.
- wightly wake, and slepe thou noght !
- with bytter bayH I haue the boght,
- To make the fre ; 229
- Into this dongeon depe I soght
- And aH for luf of the. 231
- (39)
- Behold how dere I wold the by !
- My woundys ar weytt and aH bloody ;
- The, synfuH man, fuH dere boght I
- With tray and teyn ; 235 Let them not defile themselves now
- Thou fyle the noght eft for-thy,
- Now art thou cleyn. 237 He has cleansed them.
- (40)
- Clene haue I mayde the, synfuH man,
- With wo and wandreth I the wan,
- ffrom harte and syde the blood out ran,
- Sich was my pyne ; 241
- Thou must me luf that thus gaf than
- My lyfe for thyne. 243
- (41)
- Thou synfuH man that by me gase,
- Tytt vnto me thou turne thi face ;
- Beholdt my body, in ilka place
- how it was dight ; 247 Let them look on His torn and wounded body.
- AH to-rent and aH to-shentt,
- Man, for thy plight. 249
- (42)
- With cordes enewe and ropys toghe
- The Iues felt my lymmes out-drogh,
- ffor that I was not mete enoghe
- vnto the bore ; 253
- with hard stowndys thise depe woundys
- Tholyd I thefore. 255

<sup>1</sup> MS. iij.

<sup>2</sup> MS. xps.

(43)

His pains  
and shame  
were all  
borne for  
man,

A crowne of thorne, that is so kene,

Thay set apon my hede for tene,

Two thefys hang thai me betwene,

Aȝ for dyspyte ;

259

This payn ilk dele thou shaȝ wyt wele,

May I the wyte.

261

(44)

Behald my shankes and my knees,

Myn armes and my thees ;

[Fol. 104, a.]

Behold me weȝ, looke what thou sees,

Bot sorow and pyne ;

265

Thus was I spylt, man, for thi gylt,

And not for myne.

267

(45)

And yit more vnderstand thou shaȝ ;

In stede of drynk thay gaf me gaȝ,

Aseȝ thay menged it withaȝ,

The Iues feȝ ;

271

to save his  
soul from  
hell.

The payn I haue, tholyd I to saue

Mans sauȝ from heȝ.

273

(46)

Beholdȝ my body how Iues it dang

with knottys of whyppys and scorges strang ;

As stremes of weȝ the bloode out sprang

On euery syde ;

277

knottes where thay hyt, weȝ may thou wyt,

Maide woundys wyde.

279

(47)

And therfor thou shaȝ vnderstand

In body, heed, feete, and hand,

ffour hundreȝ woundys and fyue<sup>1</sup> thowsand

here may thou se ;

283

And therto neyn<sup>2</sup> were delt fuȝ euen

ffor luf of the.

285

(48)

Beholdȝ on me noght els is lefte,

And or that thou were fro me reffe,

Aȝ thise paynes wold I thole efte

And for the dy ;	289	Man may see
here may thou se that I luf the,		how great is
Man, faythfully.	291	the love of
		Jesus for
		him.

(49)

Sen I for luf, man, boght the dere,		
As thou thi self the sothe sees here,		
I pray the hartely, with good chere,		Let him then
luf me agane ;	295	love Jesus
		again,

That it lyked me that I for the		
tholyd all this payn.	297	

(50)

If thou thy lyfe in syn haue led,		
Mercy to ask be not adred ;		and ask for
The leste drope I for the bled		the mercy
Myght clens the soyn,	301	which can
		cleanse from
		all sin.

All the syn the warld with in		
If thou had done.	303	

(51)

I was weH wrother with Iudas		
ffor that he wold not ask me no grace,		Jesus was
Then I was for his trespas		ready to
That he me sold ;	307	show mercy
		even to
		Judas,
		would he but
		have asked
		it.

I was redy to shew mercy,		
Aske none he wold.	309	

(52)

lo how I hold myn armes on brede,		
The to saue ay redy mayde ;		
That I great luf ay to the had,		
weH may thou knaw !	313	

Som luf agane I wold fuH fayn		
Thou wold me shaw. <sup>1</sup>	315	

(53)

Bot luf noght els aske I of the,		
And that thou fownde fast syn to fle ;		[Fol. 104, b.]
pyne the to lyf in charyte		He only asks
		for man's
		love.

Both nyght and day ;	319	
----------------------	-----	--

Then in my blys that neuer shaft mys		
Thou shaft dweH ay.	321	

<sup>1</sup> MS. shew.

(54)

Those who      ffor I am veray prynce of peasse,  
 will cease      And synnes seyr I may releasse,  
 from sin and      And whoso wiH of synnes seasse  
 ask mercy      And mercy cry,      325  
 He will feed      I grauntt theym here a measse  
 on His own      In brede, myn awne body.      327  
 body,

(55)

the bread      <sup>1</sup>[That ilk veray brede of lyfe  
 which by five      Becommys my fleshe in wordys fyfe ;  
 words be-      who so it resaues in syn or stryfe  
 comes His      Bese dede for euer ;      331  
 flesh.  
 And whoso it takys in rightwys lyfe  
 Dy shaH he neuer.<sup>1</sup>] [*Jesus retires, and the three*

(56) *Maries advance.*]

Mary Mag-      *Maria Magdalene.* Alas ! to dy with doyh am I dyght !  
 dalen la-      In warld was neuer a wofuller wight,  
 ments the      I drope, I dare, for seyng of sight  
 death of      That I can se ;      337  
 Jesus.  
 My lord, that mekiH was of myght,  
 Is dede fro me.      339

(57)

Alas ! that I shuld se hys pyne,  
 Or that I shuld his lyfe tyne,  
 ffor to ich sore he was medecyne  
 And boytte of aH ;      343  
 help and hold to euer ilk hyne  
 To hym wold caH.      345

(58)

Mary Jacobi.      *Maria Iacobi.* Alas ! how stand I on my feete  
 faints to      when I thynk on his woundys wete !  
 think of His      Ihesus, that was on luf so swete,  
 wounds.      And neuer dyd yH,      349  
 Is dede and grafen vnder the grete,  
 withoutten skyH.      351

(59)

*Maria solomee.* withoutten skyH thise Iues ilkon  
 That luffly lord thay haue hym slone,  
 And trespas dyd he neuer none,

<sup>1</sup> Crossed out with red ink (after the Reformation ?).

- In nokyn sted ; 355  
 To whom shaft we now make oure mone ?  
 Oure lord is ded. 357  
 (60)  
*Maria Magdalene.* Sen he is ded, my systers dere,  
 weynd we wiH with fuH good chere.  
 with oure anoyntmentys fare and clere  
 That we haue broght, 361  
 ffor to anoyntt his woundys sere,  
 That Iues hym wroght. 363  
 (61)  
*Maria Iacobi.* Go we then, my systers fre,  
 ffor sore me longis his cors to see,  
 Bot I wote neuer how best may be ;  
 help haue we none, 367  
 And which shaft of vs systers thre  
 remefe the stone ? 369  
 (62)  
*Maria salomee.* That do we not bot we were mo,  
 ffor it is hogh and heuy also.  
*Maria Magdalene.* Systers, we thar no farther go  
 Ne make mowrnyng ; 373  
 I se two syt where we weynd to,  
 In whyte clothynng. 375  
 (63)  
*Maria Iacobi.* Certys, the sothe is not to hyde,  
 The graue stone is put besyde.  
*Maria salomee.* Certys, for thyng that may betyde,  
 Now wiH we weynde 379  
 To late the luf, and with hym byde,  
 that was oure freynde. 381  
 (64)  
*primus angelus.* ye mowrnyng women in youre thoght,  
 here in this place whome haue ye soght ?  
*Maria Magdalene.* Ihesu that vnto ded was broght,  
 Oure lord so fre. 385  
*Secundus angelus.* Certys, women, here is he noght ;  
 Com nere and se. 387

Mary Salome  
 asks to  
 whom may  
 they make  
 their moan  
 now Jesus is  
 dead ?

The Mag-  
 dalene pro-  
 poses that  
 they go and  
 anoint His  
 wounds.

[Fol. 105, a.  
 Sig. Q. 1.]

The others  
 wonder how  
 they shall  
 move the  
 heavy stone.

The Mag-  
 dalene sees  
 two sitting  
 by the tomb  
 in white  
 clothing.

The angels  
 tell the  
 women that  
 Jesus is not  
 there.

(65)

Jesus is  
risen,*primus angelus.* he is not here, the sothe to say,

The place is voyde ther in he lay;

The sudary here se ye may

was on hym layde;

391

he is rysen and gone his way,

As he you sayde.

393

(66)

and shall be  
found in  
Galilee.*Secundus angelus.* Euen as he saide so done has he,

he is rysen thurgh his pauste;

he shalbe fon in galale,

In fleshe and feth;

397

To his dyscypyls now weynd ye,

And thus thaym tell.

399

(67)

The Mag-  
dalene bids  
the others  
preach what  
they have  
heard.*Maria Magdalene.* My systers fre, sen it is so,

That he is resyn the deth thus fro,

As saide tiH vs thise angels two,

Oure lord and leche,

403

As ye haue hard where that ye go

Loke that ye preche.

405

(68)

*Maria Iacobi.* As we haue hard so shaH we say;

Mare, oure syster, haue good day!

*Maria Magdalene.* Now veray god, as he weH may,

Man most of myght,

409

he wysH you, systers, weH in youre way,

And rewle you right.

411

(69)

[Fol. 105, b.]

She again  
laments  
Christ's suf-  
ferings.

Alas, what shaH now worth on me?

My catyf hart wyH breke in thre

when that I thynk on that ilk bodye

how it was spylt;

415

Thurgh feete and handys nalyd was he

Withoutten) gylt.

417

(70)

withhoutten gylt then was he tayne,

That lufly lord, thay haue hym slayne,

And tryspas dyd he neuer nane,

- Ne yit no mys ; 421 It was for  
It was my gylt he was fortayn, her guilt He  
And nothing his. 423 suffered, for  
none of His  
(71) own.
- how myght I, bot I lufyd that swete  
That for me suffred woundys wete,  
Sythen to be grafen vnder the grete,  
Sich kyndnes kythe ; 427  
Ther is nothyng tiht that we mete  
may make me blythe. [*The women retire, and the*  
(72) *soldiers then wake.*]
- primus Miles.* Outt, alas ! what shaht I say ?  
where is the cors that here in lay ?  
*Secundus Miles.* what alys the man ? he is away  
That we shuld tent ! 433  
*primus Miles.* Ryse vp and se.  
*Secundus miles.* harrow ! thefe ! for ay  
I cownte vs shent ! 435  
(73)
- Tercius miles.* what devyht alys you two  
sich nose and cry thus forto may ?  
*Secundus Miles.* ffor he is gone.<sup>1</sup>  
*Tercius Miles.* Alas, wha ? 439  
*Secundus Miles.* he that here lay.  
*Tercius Miles.* harrow ! deviht ! how swa gat he away ? 441  
(74)
- Quartus miles.* what, is he thus-gatys from vs went,  
The fals tratur that here was lentt,  
That we truly to tent  
had vndertane ? 445 They fear  
they will be  
punished.  
Certainly I teht vs shent  
holly ilkane. 447  
(75)
- primus Miles.* Alas, what shaht I do this day  
Sen this tratur is won away ?  
And safely, syrs, I dar weht say  
he rose alon. 451  
*Secundus Miles.* wytt sir pilate of this enfray  
we mon be slone. 453

<sup>1</sup> "go" is needed to ryme with "two."

(76)

The second  
soldier him-  
self saw  
Jesus go.

*Quartus Miles.* wote ye weH he rose in dede?

*Secundus Miles.* I sagh myself when that he yede.

*primus Miles.* when that he styrryd out of the steed

None couth it ken.

457

*Quartus Miles.* Alas, hard hap was on my hede

emang aH men.

459

(77)

[Fol. 106, a.  
Sig. Q. 2.]

*Tercius Miles.* ye, bot wyt sir pilate of this dede,

That we were slepand when he yede,

we mon forfett, withoutten drede,

AH that we haue.

463

They think  
they must  
invent some  
lie,

*Quartus Miles.* we must make lees, for that is nede,

Oure self to saue.

465

(78)

*primus Miles.* That red I weH, so myght I go.

*Secundus Miles.* And I assent therto also.

*Tercius Miles.* A thowsand shaH I assay, and mo,

weH armed ilkon,

469

as that a  
thousand  
armed men  
stole the  
body.

Com and toke his cors vs fro,

had vs nere slone.

471

(79)

The fourth  
soldier is  
bold to tell  
Pilate what  
has really  
happened.

*Quartus miles.* Nay, certys, I hold ther none so good

As say the sothe right as it stude,

how that he rose with mayn and mode,

And went his way;

475

To sir pilate, if he be wode,

Thus dar I say.

477

(80)

*primus Miles.* why, and dar thou to sir pilate go

with thise thythyngys, and tell hym so?

*Secundus Miles.* So red I that we do also,

we dy bot oones.

481

*Tercius Miles & omnes.* Now he that wroght vs aH this wo

wo worth his bones!

483

(81)

*Quartus Miles.* Go we sam, sir knyghtys heynd,

Sen we shaH to sir pilate weynd,

I trow that we shaH parte no freynd,

Or that we pas.	[They come to Pilate.]	487	The first soldier greets Pilate and the priests.
<i>primus Miles.</i> Now and I shaH telH ilka word tiH ende,			
right as it was.		489	

(82)

Sir pilate, prynce withoutten peyr,		
Sir Cayphas and Anna both in fere,		
And aH the lordys aboute you there,		
To neuen by name ;		493
Mahowne you saue on sydys sere		
ffro syn and shame.		495

(83)

<i>pilatus.</i> ye ar welcom, oure knyghtys so keyn,			Pilate asks for news.
A mekiH myrth now may we meyn,			
Bot telH vs som talkyng vs betwene,			
How ye haue wroght.		499	
<i>primus Miles.</i> Oure walkyng, lord, withoutten wene,			
Is worth to noght.		501	

(84)

<i>Cayphas.</i> To noght? alas, seasse of sich saw.			They tell him the prophet is risen.
<i>Secundus Miles.</i> The prophete ihesu, that ye weH know,			
Is rysen, and went fro vs on raw,			
with mayn and myght.		505	
<i>pilatus.</i> Therfor the deviH the aH to-draw,			He reproaches them.
vyle recrayd knyght !		507	

(85)

what ! combred cowardys I you caH !			
lett ye hym pas fro you aH ?			
<i>Tercius Miles.</i> Sir, ther was none that durst do bot smaH			They plead fright.
when that he yede.		511	
<i>Quartus Miles.</i> we were so ferde we can d'owne faH,			
And qwoke for drede.		513	

(86)

[Fol. 106, b.]

<i>primus miles.</i> we were so rad, euerilkon,			
when that he put besyde the stone,			
we quoke for ferd, and durst styr none,			
And sore we were abast.		517	
<i>pilatus.</i> whi, bot rose he bi hym self alone ?			Jesus rose by Himself alone.
<i>Secundus miles.</i> ye, lord, that be ye trast,		519	
T. PLAYS.			Y

(87)

There was a  
wondrous  
melody when  
He rose.

we hard neuer on euyn ne morne,

Nor yit oure faders vs beforne,

Sich melody, myd-day ne morne,

As was maide thore.

523

*pilatus.* Alas, then ar oure lawes forlorne

ffor euer more !

525

(88)

Pilate asks  
the advice  
of Caiaphas.

A, deviH ! what shaH now worth of this ?

This warld farys with quantys ;

I pray you, Cayphas, ye vs wys

Of this enfray.

529

*Caiphas.* Sir, and I couth oght by my clergys,

ffayn wold I say.

531

(89)

Annas  
counsels  
him to re-  
ward the  
soldiers, and  
make them  
tell another  
story.

*Anna.* To say the best for sothe I shaH ;

It shalbe profett for vs aH,

yond knyghtys behovys thare wordys agane caH,

how he is myst ;

535

we wold not, for thyng that myght befaH,

That no man wyst :

537

(90)

And therfor of youre curtessie

Gyf theym a rewarde for-thy.

*pilatus.* Of this counseH weH paide am I,

It shalbe thus.

541

Sir knyghtys, that ar of dedys doghty,

Take tent tiH vs ;

543

(91)

Pilate bids  
them say  
10,000 men  
in good  
array stole  
the body  
from them.

herkyns now how ye shaH say,

where so ye go by nyght or day ;

Ten thowsand<sup>1</sup> men of good aray

Cam you vntiH,

547

And thefysly toke his cors you fray

Agans youre wiH.

549

(92)

loke ye say thus in euery land,

And therto on this couande

Ten thowsand pounds<sup>2</sup> haue in youre hande

<sup>1</sup> MS. XM<sup>l</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> XM<sup>l</sup> li.

To youre rewarde ;	553	He gives them £10,000 as their reward.
And my frenship, I vnderstande,		
ShaH not be sparde ;	555	

(93)

Bot loke ye say as we haue kende.		
<i>primus miles.</i> yis, sir, as mahowne me mende,		They promise compliance, and are dismissed.
In ilk contree where so we lende		
By nyght or day,	559	

where so we go, where so we weynd,		
Thus shaH we say.	561	

(94)

*pilatus.* The blyssyng of mahowne be with you nyght and day !

[*Pilate and the soldiers retire. Mary and Jesus advance.*]

<i>Maria magdalene.</i> Say me, garthynere, I the pray,	[Fol. 107, a. Sig. Q. 3.]
---	---------------------------

If thou bare oght my lord away ;

TeH me the sothe, say me not nay,	
where that he lyys,	566

And I shaH remeue hym if I may,	
On any kyn wyse.	568

(95)

*Ihesus.* woman, why wepys thou ? be styH !

whome sekys thou ? say me thy wyH,	
And nyk me not with nay.	571

*Maria Magdalene.* ffor my lord I lyke fuH yH ;

The stede thou bare his body tyH	
TeH me I the pray ;	574

And I shaH if I may / his body bere with me,	
Vnto myn endyng day / the better shuld I be.	576

(96)

*Ihesus.* woman, woman, turn thi thoght !

wyt thou weH I hyd hym noght,	
Then bare hym nawre with me ;	579

Go seke, loke if thou fynde hym oght.

<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> In fayth I haue hym soght,	
Bot nawre he wiH fond <sup>e</sup> be.	582

(97)

*Ihesus.* why, what was he to the / In sothfastnes to say ?

<i>Maria Magdalene.</i> A ! he was to me / no longer dweH I may.	
--	--

<i>Ihesus.</i> Mary, thou sekys thy god, and that am I.	585	Jesus reveals Himself.
---	-----	------------------------

(98)

Mary wor-  
ships Jesus.*Maria Magdalene.* Rabony, my lord so dere !

Now am I hole that thou art here,

Suffer me to negh the nere,

And kys thi feete ;

589

Myght I do so, so weH me were,

ffor thou art swete.

591

(99)

He bids her  
not to touch  
Him, but to  
bear His  
commands  
to His dis-  
ciples.*Ihesus.* Nay, mary, neghe thou not me,

ffor to my fader, teH I the,

yit stevynd I noght ;

594

TeH my brethere I shaH be

Before theym aH in trynyte

whose wiH that I haue wroght.

597

To peasse now ar thay boght / that prysond were in pyne,

wherfor thou thank in thoght / god, thi lord and myne 599

(100)

Mary thou shaH weynde me fro,

Myn erand shaH thou grathly go,

In no fowndyng thou faH ;

602

To my dyseypyls say thou so,

That wilsom ar and lappyd in wo,

That I thaym socoure shaH.

605

By name peter thou caH / and say that I shaH be

Before hym and theym aH / my self in galye.

607

(101)

Mary pro-  
mises obedi-  
ence, and  
rejoices at  
having seen  
the Lord.*Maria Magdalene.* lord, I shaH make my vyage

to teH theym hastely ;

ffro thay here that message

thay wiH be aH mery.

611

[Fol. 107, b.]

This lord was slayn, alas for-thy,

ffalsly spylyt, noman wyst why,

whore he dyd mys ;

614

Bot with hym spake I bodely,

ffor-thi commen is my blys.

616

(102)

Mi blys is commen, my care is gone,

That lufly haue I mett alone ;

I am as blyth in bloode and bone

As euer was wight <sup>t</sup> ;	620	He is risen that was slain.
Now is he resyn that ere was slone,		
Mi hart is light <sup>t</sup> .	622	

(103)

I am as light as leyfe on tre,	
ffor ioysfuH sight that I can se,	
ffor weH I wote that it was he	
My lord ihesu ;	626
he that betrayde that fre	
sore may he rew.	628

(104)

To galyle now wiH I fare,		She will go to Galilee and release the disciples from care.
And his dyscyples each from care ;		
I wote that thay wiH mowrne no mare,		
Commyn is thare blys ;	632	
That worthi childe that mary bare		
he amende youre mys.	634	

*Explicit resurreccio domini.*

## XXVII.

### Peregrini.<sup>1</sup>

[2 nine-line stanzas, no 4 aaaab cccb, no. 30 ababc ddde ; 5 eight-line, abababab ; 6 seven-line, nos. 39, 59 abab cdc, the rest ababc bc ; 40 six-line, aaab ab ; 6 four-line, abab ; 1 couplet.]

[*Dramatis Personae :*

*Cleophas*

*Lucas*

*Jesus.]*

*Cleophas.*

(1)

A

lmyghty god, ihesu ! ihesu  
That borne was of a madyn fre,  
Thou was a lord and prophete trew,  
whyls thou had lyfe on lyfe to be  
Emangys thise men ;

yH was thou ded, so wo is me  
that I it ken !

Cleophas  
laments for  
Jesus.

4

7

<sup>1</sup> "fysher pagent" is written underneath the title in a later hand.

(2)

Why was  
man so  
blind as to  
slay his  
Lord?

I ken it weH that thou was slayn

Oonly for me and aH mankynde;

Therto thise Iues were fuH bayn.

Alas! why was thou, man, so blynde

11

Thi lord to slo?

On hym why wold thou haue no mynde,

bot bett hym blo?

14

(3)

[Fol. 108, a.  
Sig. Q. 4.]

Blo thou bett hym bare / his brest thou maide aH blak,

his woundes aH wete thay ware / Alas, withoutten lak! 16

(4)

Luke  
laments the  
death of  
man's  
physician.

*Lucas.* That lord, alas, that leche / that was so meke and  
mylde,

So weH that couth vs preche / with syn was neuer fylde;

he was fuH bayn to preche / vs aH from warkes wylde,

his ded it wiH me drech, / ffor thay hym so begylde

This day;

21

Alas, why dyd thay so

To tug hym to and fro?

ffrom hym wold thay not go

To his lyfe was away.

25

(5)

They recall  
how Jesus  
was tortured  
by the Jews.

*Cleophas.* Thise cursyd Iues, euer worth thaym wo!

Oure lord, oure master, to ded gart go,

AH sakles thay gart hym slo

Apon the rode,

29

And forto bete his body blo

Thay thought fuH good.

31

(6)

*Lucas.* Thou says fuH sothe, thay dyd hym payn,

And therto were thay euer fayn.

Thay wold no leyf or he was slayn

And done to ded;

35

ffor-thi we mowrne with mode and mayn,

with rufuH red.

37

(7)

*Cleophas.* yee, rufully may we it rew,

ffor hym that was so good and trew,

That thrugh the falshede of a Iew

was thus betrayd ;	41	Their own sorrow is ever fresh.
Therfor oure sorow is euer new,		
Oure ioy is layd.	43	

(8)

<i>Lucas</i> , Certys, it was a wonder thyng		They marvel at the un- belief of the Jews,
That thay wold for no tokynyng,		
Ne yit for his techyng,		
Trast in that trew ;	47	
Thay myght haue sene in his doying		
ffuH great vertu.	49	

(9)

<i>Cleophas</i> . ffor aH that thay to hym can say		and the meekness of Jesus.
he answard neuer with yee, ne nay,		
Bot as a lam meke was he ay,		
ffor aH thare threte ;	53	
he spake neuer, by nyght ne day,		
No wordes greatte.	55	

(10)

<i>Lucas</i> . AH if he wor withoutten plight,		
Vnto the ded yit thay hym dight ;		
If he had neuer so mekiH myght		
he suffred aH ;	59	He stood still as stone in wall.
he stud as stiH, that bright,		
As stone in waH.	61	

(11)

<i>Cleophas</i> . Alas, for doyh ! what was thare skyH		How could the Jews slay Him ?
That precyous lord so forto spiH ?		
And he seruyd neuer none yH		
In worde, ne dede ;	65	
Bot prayd for theym his fader tiH		
To ded when that he yede.	67	

(12)

<i>Lucas</i> . When I thynk on his passyon,		[Fol. 108, b.]
And on his moder how she can swoyn,		The remem- brance of His mother's sorrow
To dy nere am I bowne,		
ffor sorow I sagh hir make ;	71	makes them ready to die.
Vnder the crosse when she feH downe,		
ffor hir son sake.	73	

(13)

The blows of  
the Jews  
made His  
body blue.

*Cleophas.* Me thynk my hart is fuH of wo  
when I sagh hym to ded go ;

Th[e] wekyd Iues thay were so thro

To wyrk hym woghe,

77

his fare body thay maide fuH blo

with strokes enoghe.

79

(14)

When He  
asked for  
drink they  
gave Him  
vinegar and  
gall.

*Lucas.* Me thynk my hart droppys aH in bloode  
when I sagh hym hyng on the roode,

And askyd a drynk, with fuH mylde mode,

Right than in hy ;

83

AseH and gaH, that was not good,

Thay broght hym then truly.

85

(15)

No man ever  
suffered half  
as much.

*Cleophas.* was neuer man in no-kyns steede

That suffred half so greatt' mysdede

As he, to ded or that he yede,

Ne yit the care ;

89

ffor-thi fuH carefuH is my red

where soeuer I fare.

91

(16)

*Lucas.* where so I fare he is my mynde,

Bot when I thynk on hym so kynde,

how sore gyltles that he was pyynde

Apon a tre,

95

Vnethes may I hold' my mynde,

So sore myslykys me.

97

*hic venit ihesus in apparatu peregrini.*

(17)

Jesus asks  
why they  
walk so sor-  
rowfully?

*Ihesus.* Pylgrymes, whi make ye this mone,

And walk so rufully by the way ?

haue ye youre gates vngrathly gone ?

Or what you alys to me ye say.

101

(18)

what wordes ar you two emange,

That ye here so sadly gang ?

To here theym eft' fuH sore I lang,

here of yow two ;	105	He desires to know what are they talking of?
It semys ye ar in sorow strang,		
here as ye go.	107	

(19)

<i>Cleophas.</i> what way, for shame, man, has thou tain		Cleophas asks how it is He has not heard of this affray?
That thou wote not of this affray?		
Thow art a man by the alane,		
Thow may not please me to my pay.	111	

(20)

<i>Ihesus.</i> I pray you, if it be youre wiH,		
Those Wordys ye wold reherse me tyH ;		[Fol. 109, a.] Jesus asks them to tell Him.
ye ar aH heuy and lykys yH		
here in this way ;	115	
If ye wiH now shew me youre [wyll]		
I wold you pray.	117	

(21)

<i>Lucas.</i> Art thou a pilgreme thi self alone,		Luke cannot believe He has not heard.
walkand in contry bi thyn oone,		
And wote not what is comen and gone		
within few dayes ?	121	
Me thynk thou shuld make mone,		
And wepe here in thi wayes.	123	

(22)

<i>Ihesus.</i> whi, what is done can ye me say		Jesus again asks to be told.
In this land this ylk day ?		
Is ther fallen any affray		
In land awre whare ?	127	
If ye can, me teH I you pray,		
Or that I farthere fare.	129	

(23)

<i>Cleophas.</i> why, knowys thou not what thyng is done		They tell Him they are mourning the death of a prophet, Jesus of 'Nazarene.'
here at Ierusalem thus sone,		
ThrugH wykyd Iues, withoutten hone,		
And noght lang syn ?	133	
flor the trewe prophete make we this mone,		
And for his pyne.	135	

(24)

*Lucas.* yee for ihesu of nazarene,  
That was a prophete true and clene,  
In word, in wark, fuH meke, I wene,

They found  
Him ever  
true.

And that fonde we ; 139  
And so has he fuH long bene,  
As mot I the, 141

(25)

To god and to the people bath ;  
Therfor thise daies he has takyn skath,  
Vnto the ded, withoutten hagh,

The Jews  
put Him to  
death,

Thise Iues hym dight ; 145  
ffor-thi for hym thus walk we wrath  
By day and nyght. 147

(26)

*Cleophas*, Thise wykyd Iues trayed hym with gyle  
To thare high preestys within a whyle,  
And to thare prynces thay can hym fyle,  
withoutten drede ; 151

crucifying  
Him a mile  
hence.

Apon a crosse, noght hens a myle,  
To ded he yede. 153

(27)

They expect  
Him to come  
again to life,

*Lucas*. we trowyd that it was he truly  
his awne lyfe agane shuld by,  
As it is told in prophecy

Of Cristys doying ; 157  
And, certys, thay wiH neuer ly  
ffor nokyns thyng. 159

(28)

but know  
not whether  
He be risen  
or no.

ffro he was of the crosse tain  
he was layde fuH sone agane  
In a graue, vnder a stane,

And that we saw ; 163

[Fol. 109, b.]

wheder he be rysen and gane  
yit we ne knaw. 165

(29)

Jesus will  
expound the  
prophets to  
them.

*Ihesus*. Pilgremes, in speche ye ar fuH awth,  
That shaH I weH declare you why,  
ye haue it hart, and that is rawth,  
ye can no better stand therby,

Thyng that ye here ; 169  
And prophetys told it openly  
On good manere. 172

(30)

Thay saide a childe there shuld be borne

To by mankynde combryd in care ;

Thus saide dauid here beforne

And othere prophetys wyse of lare,

And danieH ;

177

Som saide he ded shuld be,

And ly in ertH by dayes thre,

And sithen, thurgh his pauste,

Ryse vp in flesh and feH.

181

(31)

*Cleophas.* Now, sir, for sothe, as god me saue,

women has flayed vs in oure thoght ;

Thay saide that thay were at his graue,

And in that sted thay faunde hym noght,

Bot saide a light

185

Com downe with angels, and vp hym broght

Ther in thare sight.

188

(32)

we wold not trow theym for nothyng,

If thay were ther in the mornyng,

we saide thay knew not his rysyng

when it shuld be ;

192

Bot som of vs, without dwellyng,

wentt theder to se.

194

(33)

*Lucas.* yee, som of vs, sir, haue beyn thare,

And faunde it as the women saide,<sup>1</sup>

Out of that sted that cors was fare,

And also the graue stone put besyde,

we se with ee ;

198

The teres outt of myn ees can glyde,

ffor doyH I dre.

201

(34)

*Ihesus.* ye foyles, ye ar not stabyH !

where is youre witt, I say ?

wilsom of hart ye ar vnabyH

And outt of the right way,

205

It was fore-  
told that He  
should lie  
three days in  
earth and  
rise by His  
power.

The disciples  
tell of the  
report of  
the women,

of how they  
distrusted it,

but found it  
was true.

Jesus re-  
proaches  
them.

<sup>1</sup> assonance to "besyde," "glyde."

Jesus knew  
that Judas  
should be-  
tray Him.

ffor to trow it is no fabyH  
that at is fallen this same day.  
he wyst, when he sat at his tabiH,  
that Iudas shuld hym sone betray.

209

(35)

Did not the  
prophets  
foretell His  
death and  
resurrection?

Me thyнк you aH vntrist to trow,  
both in mode and mayn,  
AH that the prophetys told to you  
before, it is no trane.

213

[Fol. 110, a ]

Told not thay what wyse and how  
That cryst shuld suffre payn ?  
And so to his paske bow  
To entre tiH his ioy agane.

217

(36)

Take tent to moyses and othere mo,  
that were prophetys trew and good ;  
Thay saide ihesus to ded shuld go,  
And pynde be on roode ;  
Through the Iues be maide fuH blo,  
his woundys rynyng on red blode ;  
Sithen shuld he ryse and furth go  
before, right as he yode.

221

225

(37)

Christ must  
needs suffer  
thus, and  
then enter  
into bliss.

Crist behoid to suffre this,  
fforsothe, right as I say,  
And sithen enter into his blys  
vnto his fader for ay,  
Euer to won with hym and his,  
where euer is gam and play ;  
Of that myrth shaH he neuer mys  
ffro he weynde hens away.

229

233

(38)

Cleophas  
thanks Jesus  
for His  
words

*Cleophas.* Now, sir, we thank it fuH oft sythes,  
the commyng of you heder ;  
To vs so kyndly kythes  
the prophecy aH to geder.

237

(39)

*Ihesus.* By leyff now, sirs, for I must weynde,  
ffor I haue far of my iornay.  
*lucas.* Now, sir, we pray you, as oure freynde,

AH nyght to abyde for charite,	241	Luke prays
And take youre r[est];		Him to stay
At morne more prest then may ye be		with them
to go fuH prest.	244	this night,

(40)

Cleophas. Sir, we you pray, for godys sake,	
This nyght penance with vs to take,	
With sich chere as we can make,	
And that we pray;	248
we may no fartherhe walk ne wake,	
Gone is the day.	250

(41)

Lucas. DweH with vs, sir, if ye myght,	
ffor now it <sup>1</sup> waxes to the nyght,	
The day is gone that was so bright,	
No far thou shaH;	254
Mete and drynk, sir, we you hight	
ffor thi good tale.	256

(42)

Ihesus. I thank you both, for sothe, in fere,		Jesus says
At this tyme I ne may dweH here,		He may not
I haue to walk in wayes sere,		rest with
where I haue hight;	260	them.
I may not be, withoutten were,		
With you aH nyght.	262	

(43)

Cleophas. Now, as myght I lyf in qwarte,		They entreat
At this tyme wiH we not parte,		Him.
Bot if that thou can more of arte		
Or yit of lare;	266	
Vnto this cyte, with good harte,		
Now let vs fare.	268	

(44)

Lucas. Thou art a pilgreme, as we ar,	
This nyght shaH thou fare as we fare,	
Be it les or be it mare	
Thou shaH assay;	272
Then to-morne thou make the yare	
To weynde thi Way.	274

[Fol. 110, b.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. is.

(45)

Jesus con-  
sents to  
abide awhile.

*Ihesus.* ffreyndys, forto fulfiH youre wiH  
I wiH abyde with you awhyte.

*Cleophas.* Sir, ye ar welcom, as is skyH,  
To sich as we haue, bi sant gyle.

278

(46)

They invite  
Him to sit  
down and  
eat.

*Lucas.* Now ar we here at this towne,  
I red that we go sytt vs downe,

And forto sowpe we make vs bowne,  
Now of oure fode ;

282

we haue enogh, sir, bi my crowne,  
Of godys goode.

284

*Tunc parent mensam.*

(47)

*Cleophas.* lo, here a borde and clothe laide,  
And breed theron, aH redy graide ;

Sit we downe, we shalbe paide,  
And make good chere ;

288

It is bot penaunce, as we saide,  
That we haue here.

290

*Tunc recumbent & sedebit ihesus in medio eorum, tunc  
benedicet ihesus panem & franget in tribus partibus,  
& postea euanebit ab oculis eorum ; & dicet lucas,*

(48)

They are  
amazed at  
His sudden  
disappear-  
ance in  
breaking  
bread.

*Lucas.* wemmow ! where is this man becom,  
Right here that sat betwix vs two ?

he brake the breed and laide vs som ;  
how myght he hens now fro vs go

294

At his awne lyst ?

It was oure lorde, I trow right so,  
And we not wylt.

297

(49)

*Cleophas.* When went he hens, whedir, and how,  
What I ne wote in warld so wyde,

ffor had I wyten, I make a vowe,  
he shuld haue byden, what so betyde ;

301

(50)

Bot it were *ihesus* that with vs was,  
Selcowth me thynke, the sothe to say,

Thus preualy from vs to pas,  
I wist neuer when he went away.  
we were full blynde, euer alas!  
I tell vs now begylde for ay,  
ffor spech and bewte that he has  
Man myght hym know this day.

305

They hold  
themselves  
beguiled for  
not having  
recognised  
Him.

309

(51)

*Lucas.* A, dere god, what may this be?  
Right now was he here by me;  
Now is this greatt vanyte,  
he is away;  
We ar begyled, by my lewte,  
So may we say.

313

[Fol. 111, a.]

315

(52)

*Cleophas.* where was oure hart, where was oure thoght,  
So far on gate as he vs broght,  
knowlege of hym that we had noght  
In all that tyme?  
So was he lyke, bi hym me wroght,  
Till oon pylgryme.

319

321

He was so  
like to a  
pilgrim.

(53)

*Lucas.* Dere god, why couth we hym not knowe?  
so openly all on a raw  
The tayles that he can till vs shaw,  
By oone and oon;  
And now from vs within a thraw  
Thus sone is gone.

325

327

(54)

*Cleophas.* I had no knowlege it was he,  
Bot for he brake this brede in thre,  
And delt it here to the and me  
With his awne hande;  
When he passyd hence we myght not se,  
here syttande.

331

333

(55)

*Lucas.* Wee ar to blame, yee, veramente,  
That we toke no better tente  
whils we bi the way wente

They blame  
themselves  
for not  
taking more  
heed.

With hym that stownd<sup>t</sup> ; 337  
 knowlege of hym we myght haue hentt,  
 Syttyng on grownd<sup>t</sup>. 339

(56)

They knew  
 Him as soon  
 as He took  
 the bread  
 and brake it.

*Cleophas.* ffro he toke breede full weH I wyst,  
 And brake it here with his awne fyste,  
 And laide it vs at his awne lyst,

As we it hent ; 343  
 I knew hym then, and sone it kyst  
 with good<sup>t</sup> intende. 345

(57)

*Lucas.* That we hym knew wist he weH enogh,  
 Therfor aH sone he hym with-drogh,  
 ffro he saw that we hym knogh,

with in this sted ; 349  
 I haue ferly what way and how  
 Away that he shuld glyde.<sup>1</sup> 351

(58)

*Cleophas.* Alas, we war full myrk in thocht,  
 bot we were both full wiH of red<sup>t</sup> ;  
 Man, for shame whi held<sup>t</sup> thou noght  
 when he on borde brake vs this breede ? 355

(59)

he soght the prophecy more and les  
 And told it vs right in this sted<sup>t</sup>,  
 how that he hym self was  
 With wykid Iues broght to ded<sup>t</sup>, 359  
 And more ;  
 we wiH go seke that kyng  
 That suffred woundes sore. 362

(60)

They will go  
 to Jerusalem  
 and tell the  
 brethren.

*lucas.* Ryse, go we hence fro this place,  
 To Ierusalem take we the pace,  
 And tell oure brethere aH the case,

I red right thus ; 366  
 ffrom ded<sup>t</sup> to lyfe when that he rase  
 he apperyd tiH vs. 368

<sup>1</sup> assonance to "sted."

(61)

*Cleophas.* At Ierusalem I vnderstande, [Fol. 111, b.]  
Ther hope I that they be dwelland,  
In that countre and in that land

We shaſt theym mete. 372

Weynd we furth, I dar warand,  
Right in the strete. 374

(62)

*lucas.* let vs not tary les ne mare, They will be  
Bot on oure feete fast lett vs fare ; sure to meet  
I hope we shaſt be cachid fro care them there.

fluſt sone, Iwys ; 378

That blyssid childe that marie bare  
Grauntt you his blys. 380

*Expliciunt peregrini.*

## XXVIII.

### Thomas Indie.<sup>1</sup>

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Maria Magdalene.</i>	<i>Quartus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Octavus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Paulus.</i>	<i>Quintus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Novenus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Petrus.</i>	<i>Sextus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Decimus Apostolus.</i>
<i>Tercius Apostolus.</i>	<i>Septimus Apostolus.</i>	<i>Thomas Apostolus.</i>

[10 six-line stanzas, aab aab ; 72 four-line no. 5, abab, the rest (with central rymes), aaaa ; and 1 triplet, with central rymes, no. 14.]

*Maria Magdalene.* (1)

**H** AyH brether ! and god be here !  
I bryng to amende youre chere,  
Trist' ye it' and knawe ;  
he is rysen, the soth to say,  
I met hym goyng bi the way,  
he bad me tell it you.

Mary Magdalene brings news of Christ's Resurrection.

3

6

(2)

*petrus.* Do way, woman, thou carpys wast !  
It is som spirite, or els som gast ;  
Othere was it noght ;

9

<sup>1</sup> This Play was originally entitled "Resurreccio domini," the title being written in large letters with red ink as usual ; the alteration to "Thomas Indie" is in small letters and black ink.

- Peter cannot believe a dead man has risen to life.      we may trow on nokyns wyse  
That ded man may to lyfe ryse ;  
This then is oure thoght. 12  
(3)
- Paul recalls Jesus' sufferings.      *paulus.* It may be sothe for mans mede,  
The Iues maide hym grymly blede  
Thurgh feete, handys, and syde ; 15  
With nayles on rode thay dyd hym hang,  
wherfor, woman, thou says wrang,  
As myght I blys abide. 18  
(4)
- Mary must be wrong.      *Maria Magdalene.* Do way youre threpyng ! ar ye wode ?  
I sagh hym that dyed on roode,  
And with hym spake with mowth ; ' 21  
[Fol. 112, a.] Therfor you both, red I,  
spake with Jesus.      putt away your heresy,  
Tryst it stedfast and cowth. 24  
(5)
- Peter reproves her.      *petrus.* Do way, woman ! let be thi fare,  
ffor shame and also syn !  
If we make neuer sich care  
his lyfe may we not wyn. 28  
(6)
- Paul tells her 'there is no trust in woman's saw.'      *paulus.* And it is wretyn in oure law  
' Ther is no trust in womans saw,  
No trust faith to belefe ; 31  
ffor with thare quayntyse and thare gyle  
Can thay laghe and wepe som while,  
And yit nothyng theym grefe.' 34  
(7)
- Women are like apples in hoard, fair to look on, rotten at the core.      In oure bookes thus fynde we wretyn,  
Aȝ manere of men weȝ it wyttyn,  
Of women on this wyse ; 37  
Tiȝ an appyȝ she is lyke—  
Withhoutten faiȝ ther is none slyke—  
In horde ther it lyse, 40  
(8)
- Bot if a man assay it wittely,  
It is fuȝ roten inwardly  
At the colke within ; 43

Wherfor in woman is no laghe,  
ffor she is withoutten aghe,  
As crist me lowse of syn.

They are  
irresponsible  
creatures.

46

(9)

Therfor trast we not trystely,  
Bot if we sagh it witterly  
Then wold we trastly trow ;  
In womans saw affy we noght,  
ffor thay ar fekiß in word and thoght,  
This make I myne avowe.

We will  
believe when  
we see, but  
not on a  
woman's  
word.

49

52

(10)

*Maria magdalene.* As be I lowsid of my care,  
It is as trew as ye stand thare,  
By hym that is my brothere.

Mary pro-  
tests the  
truth of her  
story.

55

*petrus.* I dar lay my heede to wed,  
Or that we go vntiß oure bed  
That we shaß here anothere.

58

(11)

*paulus.* If it be sothe that we here say,  
Or this be *the* thrid day <sup>1</sup>  
The sothe then mon we se.

61

*Maria magdalene.* Bot it be sothe to trow,  
As ye mon here, els pray I you  
ffor fals that ye hold me.

64

(12)

*petrus.* Waloway ! my lefe deres / <sup>2</sup> there I stand in this  
sted,

Peter begins  
a lamenta-  
tion for  
Jesus.

sich sorow my hart sheres / for rewth I can no red ;  
sen that mawdleyne witnes beres / that *ihesus* rose from ded,  
Myn ees has letten salt teres / on erthe to se ym trede. 68

(13)

Bot alas ! that euer I woke / that carefuß catyf nyght,  
When I for care and cold qwoke / by a fyre burnyng fuß  
bright,

Alas that he  
denied Him.

When I my lord *ihesu* forsoke / ffor drede of womansmyght ;  
A rightwys dome I wiß me loke / that I tyne not that  
semely sight,

[Fol. 112, b.]

72

<sup>1</sup> The words "be the" have been inserted in the MS. at a later date.

<sup>2</sup> The bars at all the central rymes are not in the MS.

(14)

He had  
vowed faith-  
fulness, and  
yet denied  
knowledge  
of his  
Master.

Bot euer alas! what was I wode! / myght noman be  
abarstir;  
I saide if he nede be-stode / to hym shuld none be trastir;  
I saide I knew not that good / creature my master. 75

(15)

Alas that  
they all for-  
sook Him.

Alas! that we fro the fled / that we ne had with the gane;<sup>1</sup>  
When thou with Iues was sted / with the was dwelland  
nane,<sup>1</sup>  
Bot forsoke the that vs fed / for we wold not be tayne;  
we were as prysoners sore adred / with Iues forto be  
slayn. 79

(16)

Paul prays  
that they  
may see  
Him.

*paulus.* Now ihesu, for thi lyfe swete / who hath thus  
mastryd the?  
That in the breede that we eytt / thi self gyffen wold be;  
And sythen through handys and feytt / be nalyd on a tre;  
Grauntt vs grace that we may yit / thi light in manhede  
se. 83

*Tunc venit ihesus et cantat "pax vobis et non tardabit,  
hec est dies quam fecit dominus."*

(17)

The third  
and fourth  
apostles give  
thanks for  
the appear-  
ance of  
Jesus.

*Tercius apostolus.* This is the day that god maide / aH be  
we glad and blythe,  
The holy gost before vs, glad / ffuH softly on his sithe;  
Red clothying apon he had / and blys to vs can kith;  
softly on the erthe he trade / ffulle myldly [he did]<sup>2</sup>  
lythe. 87

(18)

*Quartus apostolus.* This dede through god is done / thus in  
aH oure sighte.  
Mighty god, true kyng in trone / Whose son in marye  
light,  
send vs, lord, thi blissid bone / As thou art god of myght,  
Sothly to se hym sone / and haue of hym a sight. 91

*Iterum venit ihesus, & cantat, "pax vobis & non tardabit."*

<sup>1</sup> MS. gone, none.

<sup>2</sup> Originally "vs."

(19)

Quintus apostolus. Who so commys in goddis name / ay  
blissid mot he be !

The fifth  
apostle  
desires to  
see Jesus in  
the body in  
which He  
died.

MightfuH god shelde vs fro shame / In thi moder name  
marie ; 93

Thise wykid Iues wiH vs blame / Thou grauntt vs for to se  
The self body and the same / the which that died on tre.

(20)

Ihesus. peasse emangys you euer ichon ! / it is I, drede  
you noght,

Jesus ap-  
pears, and  
bids them  
grope and  
feel His flesh  
and bone.

That was wonte wiH you to gone / and dere wiH ded  
you boght. 97

Grope and fele flesh and bone / and fourme of man weH  
wroght ;

Sich thyng has goost none / loke wheder ye knawe me  
oght. 99

(21)

My rysyng fro dede to lyfe / shaH no man agane moytt ;  
Behold my woundes fyfe / thugh handys, syde, and foytt ;  
To ded can luf me dryfe / and styrryd my hart roytt.  
Of syn who wiH hym shryfe / thyes woundys shalbe his  
boytt. 103

[Fol. 113, a.  
Sig. R. 1.]

Let them  
behold His  
wounds, by  
which men  
shall be  
healed of  
sin.

(22)

ffor oon so swete a thyng / my self so lefe had wroght,  
Man sawH, my dere derlyng / to bateH was I broght ;  
ffor it thay can me dyng / to bryng out of my thoght,  
On roode can thay me hyng / yit luf forgate I noght. 107

He did  
battle for  
man's soul,  
and forgot  
not love.

(23)

luf makys me, as ye may se / strenkyllid wiH blood so  
red ;  
luf gars me haue hart so fre / it opyns euery sted ;  
luf so fre so dampnyd me / it drofe me to the ded ;  
luf rasið me thrug his pauste / it is swetter then med. 111

Love caused  
His death  
and resur-  
rection. It  
is sweeter  
than mead.

(24)

wytterly, man, to the I cry / thou yeme my fader fere,  
Thyn awne sawH kepe cleynly / whyls thou art wardan  
here ;  
slo it not wiH thi body / synnyng in synnes sere, 114  
On me and it thou haue mercy / for I haue boght it dere.

Let not men  
slay their  
souls, which  
He has  
bought so  
dearly.

(25)

Jesus asks  
the apostles  
for some  
meat.

Mi dere freyndys, now may ye se / for soth that [it] is I  
That dyed upon the roode tre / and sythen rose bodely ;  
That it aH-gatys sothfast be / ye shaH se hastely ;  
Of youre mett gif ye me / sich as ye haue redy. 119

*paratur mensa, & offerat vi<sup>us</sup> apostolus fauum mellis &  
piscem, dicendo.*

(26)

The sixth  
apostle gives  
Him roasted  
fish and  
honeycomb.

*sextus apostolus.* lord, lo here a rostid fish / and a comb  
of hony  
laide fuH fare in a dish / and fuH honestly ;  
here is none othere mett bot this / in aH oure company,  
Bot weH is vs that we haue this / to thi lykyng only. 123

(27)

Jesus asks  
His Father  
to bless the  
meat.

*Ihesus.* Mi dere fader of heuen / that maide me borne to be  
Of a madyn withoutten steven / and sithen to die on tre,  
ffrom ded to lif at set stevyn / rasid me through thi  
paustee,  
with the wordys that I shaH neven / this mette thou blis  
through me. 127

(28)

He blesses it  
[Fol. 113, b.]  
in the name  
of the Trin-  
ity,

In the fader name and the son / and the holy gast,  
Thre persons to knaw and com / in oone godhede stedfast ;  
I gif this mett my benyson / through wordys of mygh<sup>t</sup>ys  
mast ; 130  
Now wiH I ette, as I was won / my manhede eft to tast

(29)

and bids  
the apostles  
eat also.

My dere freyndys lay hand tiH / eyttys for charite ;  
I ette at my fader wiH / at my wiH ette now ye.  
That I ette is to fulfilH / that writen is of me  
In moyses law, for it is skyH / ffulfilyd that it be. 135

(30)

He reminds  
them how  
He had fore-  
told His own  
death and  
resurrection.

Myn ye noght that I you told / in certan tyme and sted,  
When I gaf myself to wold / to you in fourme of bred,  
That my body shuld be sold / my bloode be spylt so red ;  
This [co]rs gravyn ded and cold / the thrid day ryse fro  
ded? 139

(31)

youre hartes was fulfilld with drede / whyls I haue fro  
you bene ;

Let them  
believe what  
they have  
seen with  
their eyes.

The rysyng of my manhede / vnethes woldt ye weyn ;  
Of trouth now may ye spede / thorow stedfast wordys and  
cleyn.

leyf freyndys, trow now the dede / that ye with ees haue  
sene. 143

(32)

ye haue forthynkyng and shame / for youre dysseferance,  
I forgif you the blame / in me now haue affyance ;  
The folk that ar with syn lame / preche theym to repent-  
ance,

He forgives  
them and  
bids them  
preach re-  
pentance to  
sinners,

fforgif syn in my name / enioyne theym to penance. 147

(33)

The grace of the holy gost to wyn / resauē here at me ;

*hic respirat in eos.*

The which shaft neuer blyn. / I gif you here pauste ;  
whom in erth ye lowse of syn / in heuen lowsyd shaft be,  
And whom in erthe ye bynd ther-in / In heuen bonden be  
he. 151

giving them  
power to  
bind and  
loose.

*hic discedet ab eis.*

(34)

*Septimus apostolus.* Ihesu crist in trynte / Ihesu to cry  
and caft,

That borne was of a madyn fre / thou saue vs synfuft aft !  
ffor vs hanged apon a tre / drank aseft and gaft,

The seventh  
apostle  
cries on  
Jesus to  
save them  
from vanity  
and despair.

Thi seruandys saue fro vanyte / In wanhope that we not  
faft. 155

(35)

*Octauus apostolus.* Brethere, be we stabyft of thoght /  
wanhope put we away,

Of mysbelefe that we be noght / for we may safly say  
he that mankynde on rood boght / fro dede rose the thryd  
day ;

The eighth  
exhorts to  
stability of  
thought.

we se the woundys in hym was wroght / aft blody yit  
were thay. 159

(36)

The ninth  
apostle re-  
calls Christ's  
prophecies  
and their  
fulfilment.  
[Fol. 114, a.  
Sig. R. 2.]

*Nouenus apostolus.* he told vs fyrst<sup>t</sup> he shuld<sup>d</sup> be tain /  
And for mans syn shuld dy,  
Be ded and beryd vnder a stayn / and after ryse vp bodely ;  
Now is he quyk fro grafe gan<sup>1</sup> / he cam and stode vs by,  
And lete vs se ilkan<sup>1</sup> / the Woundys of his body. 163

(37)

The tenth,  
exults in  
Christ's  
triumph  
over death.  
Only  
Thomas has  
not seen  
Him.

*Decimus apostolus.* Deth that is so kene / ihesu ouer  
comen has,  
As he vs told, yit may we mene / fro ded how he shuld<sup>d</sup>  
pas ;  
Ihesu stode witnes betwene / that<sup>t</sup> with hym dwelland<sup>d</sup>  
was,  
Añ his dyscyples has hym sene / safe oonly thomas. 167

(38)

Thomas  
comes on  
lamenting  
the suffer-  
ings and  
death of  
Christ.

*Thomas.* If that I prowde as pacok go, / my hart is fuH of  
care ;  
If any sorow myght a man slo / my hart in sonder it  
share ;  
Mi life wyrkys me añ this wo / of blys I am fuH bare,  
yit wold I nawthere freynde ne fo / wylt how wo me  
ware. 171

(39)

Ihesu, my lyfe so good / ther none myght better be,  
None wysere man then better food / nor none kyndere  
then he ;  
The Iues haue nalyd his cors on rood / nalyd with nales  
thre,  
And<sup>d</sup> with a spere thay spylt his blood / great sorow it  
was to se. 175

(40)

To se the stremes of blood ryn / weH more then doyh it  
was,  
sich great payn for mans syn / sich doyhfuH ded<sup>d</sup> he has ;  
I haue lyfid withoutten wyn / sen he to ded can pas,  
ffor he was fare of cheke and chyn / for doyh of ded<sup>d</sup> alas !

*hic pergit ad discipulos.*

<sup>1</sup> MS. gon, ilkon.

(41)

Myghty god for to dyscryfe / that neuer dyed, ne shaH,  
wo and wandreth from you dryfe / that ye not therin faH.  
*petrus.* he the saue with woundys fyfe / his son ihesu to  
caH, 182

Thomas  
greetes the  
other dis-  
ciples. Peter  
tells him of  
the Resur-  
rection.

That rose from deth to lyfe / and shewyd hym tiH vs aH.

(42)

*Thomas.* whannow, peter! art thou mad? / on lyfe who  
was hym lyke!  
ffor his deth I am not glad / for sorow my hart wiH breke,  
That with the Iues he was so stad / to ded they can hym  
wreke;  
Thou hym forsoke, so was thou rad / when they to the  
can speke. 187

Thomas  
thinks Peter  
mad, and  
reminds him  
how he for-  
sook Christ.

(43)

*paulus.* let be, leyf brothere thomas / and turne thi thoght  
belyfe,  
ffor the thryd day ihesus rase / fleshly fro ded to lyfe;  
TiH vs aH he cam a pase / and shewyd his woundys fyfe,  
And lyfyng man, and etten hase / hony takyn of a hyfe.

Paul tells of  
Christ's  
appearance  
to them.

(44)

*Thomas.* Let be for shame! apartly / ffantom dyssauns  
the!  
ye sagh hym not bodely / his gost it myght weH be,  
fforto glad youre hartes sory / in youre aduersyte; 194  
he luffyd vs weH and faythfully / therfor sloes sorow me.

[Fol. 114, b.]

Thomas  
thinks them  
deceived.

(45)

*Tercius apostolus.* Thou wote, thomas / and sothe it was,  
and oft has thou hard say,  
how a fysz swalod ionas / thre dayes therin he lay;  
yit gaf god hym myght to pas / whyk man to wyn away;  
Myght not god that sich myght has / rase his son apon  
the thryd day? 199

A third  
apostle  
recalls the  
miracle of  
Jonah.

(46)

*Thomas.* Man, if thou can vnderstand / cryst saide his self,  
mynnys me,  
That aH lokyn was in his hande / aH oone was god and  
he!

The fourth,  
fifth, and  
sixth  
apostles try  
to convince  
Thomas of  
the reality of  
Christ's  
appearance.

The son wax marke, aH men seand / when he died on the  
tre,

Therfor am I fuH sore dredand / that who myght his  
boote be. 203

(47)

*Quartus apostolus.* The holy gost in marye light / and in  
hir madynhede

Godd's son she held and dight / and cled hym in manhede ;  
ffor luf he wentt as he had hight / to fight withoutten  
drede ;

When He  
had finished  
the fight He  
skipped out  
of the body  
which  
clothed  
Him,

when he had termynd that fight / he skypt outt of his  
wede. 207

(48)

*Thomas.* If he skypt outt of his clethyng / yit thou  
grauntys his cors was ded ;

It was his cors that maide shewyng / vnto you in his sted ;  
fforto trow in youre carpyng / my hart is hevy as led ;  
his dede me bryngys in great mowrneyng / and I with-  
outten red. 211

(49)

rescued the  
souls in  
hell, and  
rose again  
in His body.

*Quintus apostolus.* The gost went to heH a pase / whils  
the cors lay slayn,

And broght the sawles from sathanas / for which he  
suffred payn ;

The thryd day right he gase / right vnto the cors agayn,  
Mighty god and man he rase<sup>1</sup> / and therfor ar we fayn. 215

(50)

*Thomas.* AH sam to me ye flyte / youre resons fast ye  
shawe,

Bot teH me a skyH perfyte / any of you on raw ; 217

when cryst cam you to vysyte / as ye teH me with saw,

A whyk man from a spyryte / wherby couth ye hym knaw ?

(51)

*Sextus apostolus.* Thomas, vnto the anone / herto answare  
I wiH ;

Man has both flesh and bone / hu, hyde, and hore thertiH ;  
sich thyng has goost none / thomas, lo, here thi skyH ;

Godd's son toke of mary flesh and bone / what nede were  
els thertiH ? 223

<sup>1</sup> MS. rose.

(52)

*Thomas.* Thou has answerd me ffuH Wele / and fuh skylfully,  
 Bot my hart is harde as stele / to trow in sich mastery ;  
 Say, bad he any of you fele / the woundys of his body,  
 flesh or bone or ilka dele / to assay his body? 227

[Fol. 115, a.  
 Sig. R. 3.]  
 Thomas asks  
 if Christ  
 bade any of  
 the apostles  
 feel His  
 body.

(53)

*septimus apostolus.* yis, thomas, he bad vs se / and handiH  
 hym wiH hande,

They tell  
 him yes.

To loke wheder it were he / ihesu, man lyfand,  
 That dyed apou a tre / flesh and bone we fand, 230  
 his woundes had bene pyte / to towch that were bledand.

(54)

*Thomas.* Waloway! ye can no good / youre resons ar  
 defaced,  
 ye ar as women rad for blood / and lightly oft solaced ;  
 It was a goost before you stod / lyke hym in blood  
 betrayed, 234  
 his cors that dyed on rood / for euer hath detH embraced.

He still  
 thinks a  
 ghost  
 appeared to  
 them.

(55)

*Octavius apostolus.* Certys, thomas, gretter care / myght no  
 synfuH wight haue  
 Then she had, that wepyd so sare / the mawdleyne at his  
 graue ;  
 ffor sorow and doyH hir awne hare / of hir hede she rent  
 and rafe, 238  
 Ihesu shewid hym tiH hir thare / hir sorow of syn to safe.

The eighth  
 apostle tells  
 him of  
 Christ's  
 appearance  
 to the Mag-  
 dalene.

(56)

*Thomas.* lo, sich foly with you is / wysemen that shuld be,  
 That thus a womans witnes trowys / better than that ye se !  
 In aH youre skylls more and les / for mysfowndyng fayH  
 ye ; 242  
 Might I se ihesu gost and flesh / gropyng shuld not gab me.

Thomas still  
 scoffs.

(57)

*Nouenus apostolus.* lefe thomas, flyte no more / bot trow  
 and turne thi red,  
 Or els say vs when and whore / crist gabbyd in any sted ;  
 ffor he saide vs when thou was thore / when he hym gaf  
 in bred, 246  
 That he shuld salfe aH oure sore / quyk rysand fro ded.

The tenth  
 apostle re-  
 minds him  
 how Christ  
 foretold His  
 own resur-  
 rection.

(58)

Thomas  
owns  
Christ's  
truthfulness,  
but will not  
believe He  
lives.

*Thomas.* he was full sothfast in his sawes / that dar I  
hertly say,  
And rightwys in all his lawes / whils that he lyfyd ay ;  
Bot sen he shuld thole hard thrawes / on tre whils that  
he lay, 250  
Dede has determyd his dayes / his lyfe noght trow I may.

(59)

*Decimus apostolus.* Thyne hard hart thi sauht wiht dwyrd /  
Thomas, bot if thou blyn ;  
he has ded conquerd / and weshen vs all fro syn.  
May nawder knyfe ne swerde / hym eft to ded wyn ; 254  
Goddys myght in hym apperd / that neuer more shaft blyn.

(60)

[Fol. 115, b.]

He appeared  
to them in  
spirit not in  
the body.

*Thomas.* That god I trow full Wele / goostly to you light,  
Bot bodely neuer a dele / ihesu that woundid wyght.  
My hart is harde as stele / to trow in sich a myght,  
Bot if I that wounde myght fele / that hym gaf longeus  
the knyght. 259

(61)

Peter tells  
him of  
Christ's  
appearance  
at Emmaus,

*petrus.* That wounde haue we sene, thomas / and so has  
mo then we ;  
With lucas and with cleophas / he welke a day Iurnee ;  
Thare hartes that for hym sory was / with prophecy com-  
forted he, 262  
To Emaus casteht can thai pas / ther hostyld thai all thre.

(62)

where He  
brake bread  
as though  
He had cut  
it with a  
knife.

Ihesu, goddis son of heuen / at sopere satt betweyn ;  
Ther bred he brake as euen / as it cutt had beyn.  
*Thomas.* Nothyng that ye may neuen / his rysyng gars  
me weyn, 266  
If ye me told sich seuen / the more ye myght me teyn.

(63)

*paulus.* Thomas, brothere, turne thi thoght / and trust  
that I say the ;  
Ihesu so dere has boght / oure synnes apon a tree,  
which rysyng hath broght / adam and his meneyee. 270  
*Thomas.* lett be youre fayr ! shew it noght / that he eft  
quyk shuld be.

(64)

*Tercius apostolus.* That must thou nedelyngys trow / if  
thou thi sauH wiH saue,

Thomas still  
thinks the  
other  
apostles  
mistaken.

ffor that we sa we dar avowe / ihesu rose quyk from graue.

*Thomas.* I haue you saide, and yit dos now / thise wordes  
to wast ye haue ;

he shewid hym not to you / for mysfoundyng ye rafe. 275

(65)

*Qaurtus apostolus.* ffor we say that we haue sene / thou  
holdys vs wars then woode ;

Ihesu lyfyng stod vs betwene / oure lord that wiH vs  
yode.

*Thomas.* I say ye wote neuer what ye mene / a goost  
before you stode ; 278

ye wenyd that it had bene / the cors that died on roode.

(66)

*Quintus apostolus.* The cors that dyed on tre / was berid  
in a stone,<sup>1</sup>

They tell  
him of the  
empty  
grave.

The thurgh beside fande we / and in that graue cors was  
none ;

his sudary ther myght we se / and he thens whik was gone.

*Thomas.* Noght, bot stolne is he / wiH Iues that hym  
haue slone. 283

(67)

*Sextus apostolus.* Certys, thomas, thou sais not right /  
thay wold hym not stele,

The Jews  
would not  
have stolen  
the body, for  
they guarded  
the tomb.

ffor thay gart kepe hym day and nyght / wiH knyghtys  
that they held lele ; 285

he rose has we haue sene in sight / fro aH the Iues fele.

*Thomas.* I lefe not bot if I myght / myself wiH hym dele.

(68)

*septimus apostolus.* He told vs tythyngys, thomas / yit  
mynnys me,

[Fol. 116, a.  
Sig. R. 4.]  
Christ had  
prophesied  
His rising,  
using Jonah  
as a type.

That as Ionas thre dayes was / In a fysH in the see,  
so shuld he be, and bene has / in ertH by dayes thre,  
pas fro ded, ryse, and rase / as he saide done has he. 291

<sup>1</sup> The rymes of this stanza should be in *ane* : stane, nane, gane, slane.

(69)

Thomas asks  
who could  
raise Christ  
from the  
dead.

*Thomas.* Certys, that worde I harde hym say / and so  
harde ye hym aH,  
Bot for nothyng trow I may / that it so shuld befaH,  
That he shuld ryse the thrid day / that dranke aseH and  
gaH :  
sen he was god and ded lay / from ded who myght hym  
caH ? 295

(70)

The Father  
that sent  
Him raised  
Him.

*Octavius apostolus.* The fader that hym sent / rasid hym  
that was ded,  
he comforth vs in mowrnyng lent / and counseld vs in red ;  
he bad vs trow with good intent / his rysyng in euery sted ;  
Thyne absens gars thi sauH be shent / and makys the heuy  
as led. 299

(71)

But Thomas  
still dis-  
believes a  
bodily  
rising.

*Thomas.* Thou says soth, harde and heuy / am I to traw  
that ye me say ;  
Mi hardnes I trow skilfully / for he told vs thus ay,  
That his fader was euer hym by / for aH bot oon were thay ;  
That he rose bodely / for nothyng trow I may. 303

(72)

*Nouenus apostolus.* May thou not trow withoutten mo /  
for sothe, that it was he ?  
Thomas wherto shuld we say so ? / then wenys thou fals  
we be.  
*Thomas.* I wote youre hartes was fuH wo / and fownd  
with vanyte ; 306  
If ye swere aH and ye were mo / I trow it not or that I se.

(73)

Nothing  
will con-  
vince him  
but to feel  
Christ's  
wounds.

*Decimus apostolus.* Thomas, of errowre thou blyn / and  
tiH vs turne thi mode ;  
Trow his rysyng by dayes threyn / sen he died on the rode.  
*Thomas.* Noght bot I myght my fynger wyn / in sted as  
nayle stode,  
And his syde my hande put in / ther he shed his hart  
bloode. 311

(74)

Ihesus. Brethere aȝ, be with you peasse ! / leaffe stryfe  
that now is here ! Jesus ap-  
pears and  
bids Thomas  
feel His side.

Thomas, of thyn errowre seasse / of sothe Witnes thou bere ;  
putt thi hande in my syde, no fres / ther longeus put his  
spere ;

loke my rysyng be no les / let no wan-hope the dere. 315

(75)

Thomas. Mercy, ihesu, rew on me / my hande is bloody of  
thi blode ! Thomas  
cries for  
mercy.

Mercy, ihesu, for I se / thi myght that I not vnderstode !  
Mercy, ihesu, I pray the / that for aȝ synfuȝ died on  
roode !

Mercy, ihesu, of mercy fre / for thi goodnes that is so  
goode ! 319

(76)

kest away my staf wiȝ I / and wiȝ no wepyn gang ; [Fol. 116, b.]  
Mercy wiȝ I caȝ and cry / ihesu that on roode hang ;  
Rew on me, kyng of mercy / let me not cry thus lang !  
Mercy, for the velany / thou tholyd on Iues wiȝ wrang.

He flings  
away his  
staff,

(77)

Mi hat wiȝ I kest away / my mantiȝ sone onone,  
vnto the poore help it may / for richere knawe I none.  
Mercy wiȝ I abyde, and pray / to the ihesu, alone ;  
My synfuȝ dede I rew ay / to the make I my mone. 327

hat, and  
mantle,

(78)

Mercy, ihesu, lorde swete / for thi fyfe woundys so sare,<sup>1</sup>  
Thou suffred thurȝ handys and feete / thi semely side  
a spere it share ;  
Mercy, ihesu, lord, yit / for thi moder that the bare ! 330  
Mercy, for the teres thou grett / when thou rasid lazare !

(79)

Mi gyrdiȝ gay and purs of sylk / and cote away thou shaȝ ;  
whils I am werere of swylke / the longere mercy may I caȝ.  
Ihesu, that soke the madyns mylk / ware noght bot clothes  
of paȝ,

gay girdle,  
silk purse,  
and coat,  
that he may  
sooner come  
to Christ's  
mercy.

This close so can thai fro the pyke / on roode thay left the  
smaȝ. 335

<sup>1</sup> MS. sore.

(80)

Thomas  
cries for  
forgiveness.

Mercy, ihesu, honoure of man / mercy, ihesu, mans socoure !  
Mercy, ihesu, rew thi leman / mans sauht, thou boght fuht  
souré !

Mercy, ihesu, that may and can / forgif syn and be socoure !  
Mercy, ihesu, as thou vs wan / forgif and gif thi man  
honoure. 339

(81)

Jesus fore-  
tells the  
general  
resurrec-  
tion,

Ihesus. None myght bryng the in that wytt / for oght  
that thay myght say,  
To trow that I myght flytt / fro ded to lyfe to wyn away ;  
My sauht and my cors haue knytt / a knott that last  
shaht ay ; 342

Thus shaht I rase, weht thou wytt / ilk man on domesday.

(82)

when the  
faithless  
shall be  
damned, and  
the faithful  
and alms-  
givers have  
heaven as  
their reward.

Who so hath not trowid right / to heht I shaht theym lede,  
Ther euer more is dark as nyght / and greatt paynes to  
drede ;

Those that trow in my myght / and luf weht almus dede,  
Thai shaht shyne as son bright / and heuen haue to thare  
mede. 347

(83)

He promises  
Thomas  
heaven for  
his tears and  
repentance.

That blys, thomas, I the hete / that is in heuen cytee,  
ffor I se the sore grete / of the I haue pytee ;  
Thomas, for thi teres wete / thi syn forgiffen be,  
Thus shaht synfuht thare synnes bete / that sore haue  
grefyd me. 351

(84)

But blessed  
are they who  
have not  
seen and yet  
believe.

Thomas, for thou felys me / and my woundes bare,  
Mi risyng is trowed in the / and so was it not are ;  
Ah that it trowes and not se / and dos after my lare,  
Euer blissid mot thay be / and heuen be theym yare! 355

*Explicit Thomas Indie.*

XXIX.

Ascencio Domini, et cetera.

[1 *thirteen-line stanza*, no. 57, ababb, cbcd, eed : 6 *twelve-line*, no. 1 abab cbcb dede, nos. 6-10 ababb, cbcb, dcd ; 1 *nine-line*, no. 58, aaaab, cccb ; 16 *eight-line*, nos. 17-20, aaab cccb, 45-48 aaab aaab, no. 49, abab caca, nos. 50 and 64 abab, acac, nos. 61, 65-8 abab abab ; 1 *seven-line*, no. 16 aab cccb ; 5 *six-line*, nos. 11-13, 15, aa, bb, cc, no. 14, aaaa, bb ; 37 *four-line*, no. 32 aa bb, the rest ab ab.]

[Dramatis Personae :

Thomas.  
Iohannes Apostolus.  
Symon.  
Petrus.

Ihesus.  
Andreas.  
Jacobus.  
Philippus.

Maria.  
Matheus.  
Angeli 1 & 2 etc.]

Thomas.

(1)

**B** Rethere aH, that now here bene,  
fforgett' my lorde yit may I noght ;  
I wote not what it' may mene,  
Bot more I Weyn ther wiH be wroght. 4  
Iohannes apostolus. My lord' ihesus wiH wyrk  
his wiH,

Thomas,  
John, Simon  
and Peter,  
express their  
faith and ex-  
pectation.

pleatt we neuer agans his thoght,  
ffor vs ne wyrkes, as it is skyH,  
his hand-warke that he has wroght. 8  
symon. Apon his wordes wiH I ryst  
that he his self saide vs vntiH,  
As stedfastly on hym to tryst,  
Mystrust we neuer for goode ne iH. 12

(2)

petrus. In heuen and erthe his myght may be,  
his wytt and his wiH also ;  
The holy gost, brethere, ment he,  
thus wiH he neuer fro vs go. 16

(3)

ffourty dayes now drawes nere  
sen his resurreccyon complete ;  
Afore that wiH he appere,  
thus sodanly not lefe vs yett. 20

(4)

They will  
abide in  
Bethany to  
await what  
may befall.

In bethany here let vs abyde,  
We knaw not yit what may befaH;  
peraventur' it may betyde,  
he shaH fuH weH comforth vs aH.

24

(5)

[Fol. 117, b.]

Jesus ap-  
pears and  
gives them  
peace.

*I*hesus. peasse now, my dere freyndys!  
peasse be with you euer and ay!  
ffor it aH wrangys amendys;  
peasse brethere, sam I say!

28

(6)

He bids  
them be of  
good cheer.  
He must go  
from them,  
but will send  
the Holy  
Spirit to  
comfort  
them.

Brethere, in hartes be nothyng heuy  
what tyme that I from you am gone,  
I must go from you sone, in hy,  
bot neuer the les make ye no mone;  
ffor I shaH send to you anone  
the holy gost, to comforth you,  
you to wysH in euery wone  
I shaH you teH what-wyse and how.  
It shalbe for youre prow  
that I thus-gatys shaH do;  
It has been saide or now  
My fader must I to.

32

36

40

(7)

Let them  
abide His re-  
turn on this  
hill.

with hym must I abide and dweH,  
ffor so it is his wiH;  
ffor youre comforth thus I you teH,  
be ye stedfast for good or iH.  
Abide me here right on this hiH  
to that I com to you agane,  
this forwarde must I nedys fulfilH,  
I wiH no longer fro you lane;  
And therfor loke that ye be bayn,  
and also trew and stedfast,  
ffor who soeuer you oght frayn  
when that I am past.

44

48

52

*hic recedit.*

(8)

*petrus.* ffuH heuy in hart now may we be  
 that we oure master saH forgo,  
 Bot neuer the les yit saide he  
 he wold not dweH fuH lang vs fro.  
 What wonder is if we be wo,  
 thus sodanly shaH oure master mys,  
 And masters on lyfe haue we no mo  
 that in this warld shuld vs wys.  
 he wiH pas furth to blys,  
 and leyfe vs here behynde,  
 No merueH now it is  
 if we mowrne now in oure mynde.

Peter,  
 Andrew, and  
 Thomas  
 think on the  
 wo:ls of  
 Jesus, but  
 cannot help  
 mourning  
 His de-  
 parture.

56

60

64

(9)

*Andreas.* In oure mynde mowrne we may,  
 as men that masyd ar and mad,  
 And yit also, it is no nay,  
 we may be blythe and glad,  
 Because of tythyngys that we had,  
 that his self can vs say ;  
 he bad be blythe and noght adrad,  
 ffor he wold not be long away.  
 Bot yit both nyght and day  
 oure hartes may be fuH sore,  
 As me thynk, by my fay,  
 ffor wordes he saide lang ore.

68

72

76

(10)

*Thomas.* lang ore he saide, fuH openly,  
 that he must nedys fro vs twyn,  
 And to his fader go in hy,  
 to Ioy of heuen that neuer shaH blyn ;  
 Therfor we mowrne, both more and myn,  
 And mery also yit may we be ;  
 he bad vs aH, both outt and in,  
 be glad and blythe in ich degre,  
 And saide that com shuld he  
 to comfortH vs kyndly ;  
 Bot yit heuy ar we  
 to we hym se truly.

80

84

88

(11)

[Fol. 118, a.] *Iacobus.* With ee wold we hym se / oure saveoure crist,  
 James and Philip  
 goddys son,  
 That dyed apou a tre / yit trewe I that we mon<sup>1</sup>: 90  
 Now god grauntt vs that boyn / that with his bloode vs  
 remember  
 Jesus' pro-  
 mises.  
 boght,

To se hym in his throne / as he maide aH of noght;<sup>1</sup>  
 his wiH now has he wrought / and gone from vs away,  
 As he noght of vs roght / and therfor mowrne we may. 94

(12)

*philippus.* We may mowrne, no merueH why / for we  
 oure master thus shaH mys,  
 That shaH go fro vs sodanly / and we ne wote what  
 cause is,<sup>1</sup> 96  
 Neuer the les the sothe is this / he saide that he shuld  
 com agane

To bryng vs aH to blys / therof may we be fane.<sup>1</sup>  
 That commyng wiH vs mych gane / and oure saules aH saue,  
 And put vs fro that payn / that we were lyke to haue. 100

(13)

Jesus ap-  
 pears and  
 comforts  
 them.

*Ihesus.* herkyns to me now, euer ichon / and here what I  
 wiH say,  
 ffor I must nedys fro you gone / for thus my fader wiH  
 allway,<sup>1</sup> 102  
 And therfor peasse be with you ay / where so ye dwell in  
 wone,  
 And to saue you fro aH fray / my peasse be with you blood  
 and bone.<sup>1</sup>

I lefe it you bi oon and oone / noght as the world here des,  
 It shalbe true as any stone / to defende you fro youre foos.

(14)

If they love  
 Him, they  
 will be glad  
 that He is  
 going to His  
 Father.

let not youre hartes be heuy / drede not for any kyns thyng,  
 ye haue harde me say fuH playnly / I go, and to you am  
 I commyng. 108

If ye luf me, for-thi / ye shuld be glad of this doying,  
 ffor I go fuH securly / to my fader, heuyns kyng;<sup>1</sup>  
 The which, without lesyng / is mekiH more then I,  
 Therfor be ye thus trowyng / when aH is endid fully. 112

<sup>1</sup> The end-ryme of this couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.

(15)

ye haue bene of mysbilefe / hard of harte and also of wiH ;	He re- proaches them for their un- belief,
To theym that my rysyng can prefe / no credence wold ye	
gif theym tiH ; <sup>1</sup>	114
Mary mawdlayn saide you tiH / that I was rysyn, bot ye	
ne wold	
hir trow for good or iH / the trouthe aH if she told. <sup>1</sup>	
sich harmes in hartes ye hold / and vnstedfast ye ar,	
ye trowid no man of mold / witnes of my rysyng that bare;	

(16)

Therfor ye shaH go tech / in aH this world so wyde,	and bids them
And to aH the people preche / Who baptym wiH abyde,	[Fol. 118, b.]
And trowe truly	121
Mi dethe and rysyng,	preach throughout the world.
and also myn vpstevynyng,	Those that believe shall be saved,
And also myn agane-commynyng,	
thay shalbe saue suerly.	125

(17)

And Who trowys not this	and those that believe not, damned.
That now rehersyd is,	
he shalbe dampned, Iwys,	
ffor veniance and for wreke.	129
Tokyns, for sothe, shaH bene	The faithful shall cast out devils, speak with new tongues,
Of those that trow, withoutten weyn ;	
Devyls shaH thay kest out cleyn,	
And with new tongys speke.	133

(18)

Serpentes shaH thay put away,	be proof against serpents and poison, and heal the sick.
And venymus drynk, bi nyght and day,	
ShaH not noy theym, as I say ;	
And where thay lay on handys	137
Of seke men far and nere,	
Thay shalbe hole, withoutten dere,	
Of aH sekenes and sorowes sere,	
Euer in alkyn landys.	141

<sup>1</sup> The end-ryme of this quartlet or couplet is the centre-ryme of the next couplet.

(19)

Jesus bids  
the Apostles  
abide in  
Jerusalem  
for His  
Father's  
promise.

And therfor now I byd that ye  
Go not from ierosolyme,  
Bot abide the behest of my fader fre

In land ay whore, 145

That ye haue hard here of me ;  
ffor Iohn baptist, dere in degre,  
In water forsoth baptysid me

Now here before; 149

(20)

They are to  
baptize men  
in every  
land, in the  
Holy Spirit.

And ye certan in euery coste  
shaß baptise in the holy goost,  
Thrug vertue of hym that is the moost

lord god of myght, 153

within few dayes now folowyng ;  
And herof merueß ye nothyng,  
ffor this shalbe his awne wyrkyng,

shewyd in youre sight. 157

& recedit ab eis.

(21)

Peter,  
Andrew, and  
James renew  
their mourn-  
ing. They  
are in fear of  
the Jews.

*petrus.* ffarlee may we fownde and fare  
for myssyng of oure master *iñesus* ;  
Oure hartys may sygh and be full sare,  
thise Iues with wreke thay waten vs.

161

(22)

Vs to tray and teyn  
ar thay abowte bi nyght and day ;  
ffor ihesu that is so seldom sene,  
as masid men mowrne we may.

165

(23)

[Fol. 119, a.] *Andreas.* Mowrnyng makys vs masid and madß,  
as men that lyff in drede ;  
ffull comforthles ar we stadß  
for myssyng of hym that vs shuld lede.

169

(24)

*Iacobus.* Thise Iues that folow thare faythles wiß,  
and demed oure master to be ded,  
With mayn and mode they wold hym spiß,  
if thay wist how, in towne or sted.

173

(25)

*Iohannes.* let keep vs fro thare carpyng kene,  
and com bot lytyH in thare sight ;  
Oure master wiH com when we leest weyn,  
he wiH vs rewle and red fuH right.

John has  
faith in  
Jesus'  
coming.

177

(26)

*Thomas.* Of this carpyng now no more,  
It drawes nygh the tyme of day ;  
At oure mette I wold we wore,  
he sende vs socowre that best may.

181

(27)

*Maria.* socowre sone he wiH you sende,  
If ye truly in hym wiH traw ;  
youre mone mekely wiH he amende,  
My brethere dere, this may ye knawe.

Mary speaks  
of the faith-  
fulness of  
her Son.

185

(28)

The hestys hyghly that he me hight  
he has fulfillid in worde and dede ;  
he gabbyd neuer bi day nor nyght,  
ffor-thi, dere brethere, haue no drede.

189

(29)

*Matheus.* Certys, lady, thou says fuH wele ;  
he wiH vs amende, for so he may ;  
we haue fon sotHe euerilka dele  
AH that euer we hard hym say.

193

(30)

*Ihesus.* peter, and ye my derlyngys dere,  
As masid men me thynk ye ar ;  
holly to you I haue shewyd here  
To bryng youre hartys from care ;

Jesus ap-  
pears and  
exhorts  
them again.

197

(31)

In care youre hartys ar cast,  
And in youre trowth not trew ;  
In hardnes youre hartys ar fast,  
As men that no wytt knew.

201

(32)

sende was I for youre sake / fro my fader dere,  
fflesh and blode to take / of a madyn so clere ;  
sythen to me ye soght / and holly felowid me,  
Of wonders that I haue wrought / som haue I letten you se.

[Fol. 119, b.]

(33)

He recalls  
His mighty  
works,

The dombe, the blynde as any stone,

I helyd ther I cam by,

The dede I rasid anone,

Thrugȝ my myght truly;

209

(34)

And othere warkys, that wonderfuȝ wore,

I wroght wisely befor you aȝ;

My payn, my passion, I told before,

holly thrug outt as it shuld faȝ;

213

(35)

contrasts  
Mary's faith  
with their  
doubts,

Mi rysyng on the thryd day,

As ye bi tokyns many oone haue sene;

yours trowth truly had bene away

' had not my blissid moder bene.

217

(36)

In hir it restyd aȝ this tyde,

yours dedys ye ow greatly to shame;

here may ye se my woundys wyde,

how that I boght you out of blame.

221

(37)

and reminds  
John that  
she is en-  
trusted to  
his care.

Bot, Ioȝn, thynk when I hang on rud

That I betoke the mary mylde;

kepe hir yit with stabuȝ mode,

she is thi moder and thou hir childe.

225

(38)

loke thou hir luf, and be hir freynde,

and abide with hir in weȝ and wo,

ffor to my fader now with I weynde,

thar none of you ask wheder I go.

229

(39)

Philip asks  
to be shown  
the Father.*philippus.* lord, if it be thi wiȝ,

shew vs thi fader we the pray;

we have bene with the in good and iȝ,

and sagȝ hym neuer nyght ne day.

233

(40)

Jesus  
answers, He  
who sees Me,  
sees the  
Father.*Ihesus.* philiḡp, that man that may se me

he seys my fader fuȝ of myght;

Trowys thou not he dwellys in me

and I in hym if thou trow right?

237

(41)

In his howse ar dyuerse place,  
I go to ordan for you now ;  
ye shaH aH be fulfilld with grace,  
the holy goost I shaH sende you.

He pro-  
mises them  
the Holy  
Spirit,

241

(42)

[Fol. 120, a.]

he shaH you in youre hartys wyse  
In worde and dede, as I you say ;  
With aH my hart I you blys—  
My moder, my brethere, haue aH good day !

245

*Tunc vadit ad ascendendum.*

(43)

ffader of heuen, with good intent,  
I pray the here me specyally ;  
ffrom heuen tiH ertH thou me sent  
Thi name to preche and claryfy.

prays to the  
Father,

249

(44)

thi wiH haue I done, aH and som,  
In erthe wiH I no longere be ;  
Opyn the clowdes, for now I com  
In ioy and blys to dweH with the.

and bids the  
clouds open  
to receive  
Him.

253

*& sic ascendit, cantantibus angelis "Ascendo ad patrem  
meum."*

(45)

*primus angelus.* ye men of galylee,  
wherfor merueH ye ?  
hevyn behold and se  
how iHesus vp can weynde

Angels pro-  
claim His  
ascension,

257

vnto his fader fre,  
where he syttys in maieste,  
With hym ay for to be  
In blys withoutten ende.

261

(46)

And as ye sagH hym sty  
Into heuen on hy,  
In flesh and felH in his body  
ffrom erthe now here,

and foretell  
His return to  
judge the  
world.

265

Right so shaſt he, securly,  
 Com downe agane truly,  
 with his woundys bloody,  
 To deme you aſt in fere. 269

## (47)

He is God      *secundus angelus*, Merueſt haue no wight,  
 Almighty,      No wonder of this sight,  
                  ffor it is through his myght,  
                  That aſt thyng may. 273  
 What so he wiſt by day or nyght,  
 In heſt, medyſt-erth, and on hight,  
 Or yit in derknes or in light,  
                  withoutten any nay; 277

## (48)

ffor he is god aſt-weldand,  
 heuen and heſt, both ſe and ſand,  
 wod and water, fowſt, fyſh and land,  
                  Aſt is at his wiſt; 281  
 he haldys aſt thyng in his hand  
 that in this world is lyfand,  
 Then nedys ye noght be meruelland.  
                  *primus angelus*. And for this ſkyſt, 285

## (49)

[Fol. 120, b.] Ryght as he from you dyd weynde  
 and shall      ſo com agane he ſhaſt,  
 come again      In the ſame manere at laſt ende,  
 in judgment.      To deme both greatt and ſmaſt. 289  
                  *secundus angelus*. Who ſo his byddyng wiſt obey,  
                  And thare mys amende,  
 With hym ſhaſt haue blys on hy,  
                  And won ther withoutten ende. 293

## (50)

And who that wyrk amys,  
                  And theym amende wiſt neuer,  
 ſhaſt neuer com in heuen blys,  
                  Bot to heſt banyſhed for euer. 297

*Maria.* A selcouth sight yonder now is,  
Behold now, I you pray!

Mary calls  
on her as-  
cended Son.

A clowde has borne my chylde to blys,  
Mi blyssyng bere he euer and ay!

301

(51)

Bot, son, thynk on thi moder dere,  
That thou has laft emangys thi foes!  
swete son, lett me not dweH here,  
let me go with the where thou goes.

305

(52)

Bot, Iohn, on the is aH my trast,  
I pray the forsake me noght.  
*Iohannes.* lefe marye, be noght abast,  
ffor thi wiH shaH ay be wroght.

She bids  
John not to  
forsake her.  
He comforts  
her.

309

(53)

here may we se and fuH weH know  
That he is god most of myght;  
In hym is good, we trawe,  
holly to serue hym day and nyght.

313

(54)

*petrus.* A meruellous sight is yone,  
That he thus sone is taken vs fro;  
fro his fomen is he gone  
with outten help of othere mo.

The disciples  
marvel at the  
ascension of  
Jesus.

317

(55)

*Matheus.* Where is iHesus, oure master dere,  
that here with vs spake right now?

[Fol. 121, a.  
Sig. S. 1.]

*Iacobus.* A wonderfuH sight, men may se here,  
my brethere dere, how thynk you?

321

(56)

*Thomas.* we thynk it wonder aH,  
that oure master shuld thus go;  
After his help I red we caH,  
That we may haue som tokyn hym fro.

325

(57)

*Bartholomeus.* A more merueH men neuer saw  
then now is sene vs here emang;  
ffrom ertH tiH heuen a man be draw  
With myrth of angeH sang.

329

ffrom vs, me thynk, he is full lang,<sup>1</sup>  
 and yit longere I trow he wiþ;  
 Alas! my hart it is so strang<sup>1</sup>  
 that I ne may now wepe my fiþ

Alone and  
 suddenly  
 Jesus as-  
 cended from  
 them.

Anone.

334

A wonder sight it was to se  
 When he stevyd vp so sodanly  
 To his fader in maieste,  
 By his self alone.

338

(58)

*Matheus.* Alon, for sothe, vp he went / into heuen tiþ  
 his fader,  
 And noman wyst what he ment / nor how he dyd of no  
 manere,  
 so sodanly he was vp hent / in flesh and felt fro erth vp  
 here ;  
 he saide his fader for hym sent / that maide vs aþ to be  
 in dwere.

This nyght ;

343

Neuer the les full weþ wote we  
 As that he wiþ so must it be,  
 ffor aþ thyng is in his pauste,  
 And that is right.

347

(59)

Mary blesses  
 her Child.

*Maria.* Aþ myghty god, how may this be ?  
 a clowde has borne my childe to blys ;  
 Now bot that I wote wheder is he,  
 my hart wold breke, weþ wote I this.

351

(60)

his stevynyng vp to blys in hy,  
 it is the sourc of aþ my Ioyes ;  
 Mi blyssyng, barne, light on thi body !  
 let neuer thi moder be spylt with Iues.

May He save  
 her from the  
 Jews.

355

(61)

Take me to the, my son so heynd,  
 and let me neuer with Iues be lorne ;  
 help, for my son luf, Ioþin, son kynde,  
 for ferde that I with Iues be torne.

For His sake  
 John must  
 help her.

359

<sup>1</sup> MS. long, strong.

Mi flesh it quakys as lefe on lynde,  
to shontt the showres sharper then thorne ;  
help me, Iohn, if thou be kynde,  
my son myssyng makys me to mowrne. 363

She is  
trembling  
like a leaf.

(62)

Iohannes. youre seruande, lady, he me maide,  
and bad me kepe you ay to qweme ;  
Blythe were I, lady, myght I the glad,  
and with my myght I shaH the yeme. 367

John com-  
forts her.

(63)

Therfor be ferd for nokyn thyng  
for oght that Iues wold do you to ;  
I shaH be bayn at youre byddyng,  
as my lorde bad, your seruande lo ! 371

He will be  
at her bid-  
ding.

(64)

Maria. Glad am I, Iohn, Whils I haue the ;  
more comforth bot my son can I none craue ;  
so covers thou my care, and carpys vnto me,  
whils I the se, euer am I safe. 375

[Fol. 121, b.]

Mary feels  
safe with  
him.

Was none, safe my son, more trusty to me,  
therfor his grace saH neuer fro the go ;  
he shaH the qwyte, that died on a tre,  
weH mendys thou my mode, when I am in wo. 379

Her Son will  
requite him.

(65)

simon. let hy vs fro this hiH, and to the towne weynde,  
for fere of the Iues, that spitus ar & prowde ;  
With oure dere lady, I red that we weynd,  
and pray tiH hir dere son, here apon lowde. 383  
To hir buxumly I red that we bende,  
syn hir dere son fro vs is gone in a clowde,  
And hertely in hast haylse we that heynde,  
To oure master is she moder, semely in shrowde. 387

Simon pro-  
poses to go  
to the town  
for fear of  
the Jews.  
They must  
show rever-  
ence to Mary  
as their  
Master's  
mother.

(66)

A, marie so mylde, the myssid we haue ;  
Was neuer madyn so menskfuH here apon molde  
As thou art, and moder cleyne, bot this wold we craue,  
If this were ihesu, thi son, that Iudas has sold, 391

He asks if  
He who as-  
cended was  
her Son  
Jesus, whom  
Judas sold.

Shew vs the sothe, vs aH may it saue ;  
we pray the, dere lady, layn that thou nold,  
Bot speH vs oure spyryng, or els mon we rafe,  
Bot thou witterly vs wysH, so fayn wyt we wold. 395

(67)

Mary pro-  
claims that  
He who was  
born of her  
bosom, was  
God and  
Man, and  
bids them  
teach this.

*Maria.* peter, andrew, IoHn, and Iamys the gent,  
Symon, Iude, and bartilmew the bold,  
And aH my brethere dere, that ar on this bent,  
Take tent to my tayH, tiH that I haue told 399  
Of my dere son, what I haue mentt,  
That hens is hevyd to his awne hold ;  
he taght you the trouthe, or he to heuen went ;  
he was borne of my bosom as his self wold. 403

(68)

he is god and man that stevynd into heuen ;  
preche thus to the pepyH that most ar in price.  
Sekys to thare savyng, ye apostilles eleven,  
To the Iues of Ierusalem as youre way lyse, 407  
say to the cyte as I can here neuen,  
teH the warkys of my son warly and wyse ;  
Byd theym be stedfast & lysten your steuen,  
or els be thay dampned as men fuH of vyce. 411

\* \* \* \*

Here is a gap of 12 leaves, in the MS., from Sig. s. 1. to sig. t. 6.

XXX.

[Iudicium.]

[42 nine-line stanzas; aaaab, cccb; 23 eight-line, ab, ab, ab, ab; 2 six-line, no. 63, ababab, no. 2 aab, ccb; 9 four-line, aaaa,<sup>1</sup> no. 65, ab ab; 5 couplets and 2 lines of Latin.]

[Incomplete.]

[Dramatis Personae.]

*Primus Malus.*  
*Secundus Malus.*  
*Tercius Malus.*  
*Quartus Malus.*  
*Primus Anglus.*

*Primus Demon.*  
*Secundus Demon.*  
*Tutiwillus.*  
*Jesus.*

*Primus Bonus.*  
*Secundus Bonus.*  
*Tercius Bonus.*  
*Quartus Bonus.]*

[*Secundus Malus.*]

(1)

[Fol. 122, a.]

ffuH darfe has bene oure deede / for thi commen is oure  
care;

Secundus  
Malus la-  
ments. The  
horn has  
sounded that  
calls to  
Judgment.

This day to take oure mede / for nothyng may we spare.

Alas, I harde that horne / that callys vs to the dome,

AH that euer were borne / thider behofys theym com. 4

May nathere lande ne se / vs fro this dome hide,

ffor ferde fayn wold I fle / bot I must nedys abide;

Alas, I stande great aghe / to loke on that Iustyce,

Ther may no man of lagh / help with no quantyce.

8

vokettys ten or twelfe / may none help at this nede,

Bot ilk man for his self / shaH answer for his dede. 10

No lawyer  
nor advocate  
may save  
men by  
quibbles.  
Each must  
answer for  
himself.

(2)

Alas, that I was borne!

I se now me beforne,

That lord with Woundys fyfe; 13

how may I on hym loke,

That falsly hym forsoke,

When I led synfuH lyfe? 16

(3)

*Tercius malus.* Alas, carefuH catyfys may we ryse,

sore may we wryng oure handys and wepe;

ffor cursid and sore covytyse

dampnyd be we in heH fuH depe. 20

<sup>1</sup> The aaaa lines have central rymes markt here by bars / not in the MS.

Tercius Malus bemoans his wicked works.

Roght we neuer of godys seruyce,  
his commaundementys wold we not kepe,  
Bot oft tymes maide we sacrifice  
to sathanas when othere can slepe.

24

(4)

Alas! now wakyns aH oure were,  
oure wykdyd Warkys can we not hide,  
Bot on oure bakys we must theym bere,  
that wiH vs soroo on ilka syde.

28

Oure dedys this day wiH do vs dere,  
Oure domysman here we must abide,  
And feyndys, that wiH vs felly fere,  
thare pray to haue vs for thare pride.

32

(5)

All that ear has heard or heart thought, mouth spoken or eye seen, is now brought before them.

Brymly before vs be thai broght,  
oure dedys that shaH dam vs bidene;

That eyre has harde, or harte thoght,  
that mowthe has spokyn, or ee sene,

36

That foote has gone, or hande wroght,  
in any tyme that we may mene;

ffuH dere this day now bees it boght.

alas! vnborne then had I bene!

40

(6)

Quartus Malus has heard the horn. Would he were unborn!

*Quartus malus.* Alas, I am forlorne! / a spytus blast here  
blawes!

I harde weH bi yonde horne / I wote wherto it drawes;

I wold I were vnborne / alas! that this day dawes!

Now mon be dampnyd this morne / my warkys, my dedys,  
my sawes.

44

(7)

His wickedness is known, and may not be hid.

Now bees my curstnes kyd / alas! I may not layn

AH that euer I dyd / it bees put vp fuH playn.

That I wold fayn were hyd / my synfuH wordys and vayn,  
ffuH new now mon be rekynynd / vp to me agayn.

48

(8)

[Fol. 122, b.]

He would fain flee.

Alas! fayn wold I fle / for dedys that I haue done,

Bot that may now not be / I must abyde my boyn;

I trowed neuer to haue sene this dredfuH day thus soyn;

Alas! what shaH I say When he sittys in his trone?

52

(9)

To se his Woundys bledande / this is a dulfuH case ;  
 Alas ! how shaH I stand / or loke hym in the face ?  
 So curtes I hym fand / that gaf me life so lang a space ;  
 Mi care is aH command / alas ! where was my grace ? 56

How shall  
 he look on  
 Christ's  
 face ?

(10)

Alas ! catyffys vnkynde / where on was oure thoght ?  
 Alas ! where on was oure mynde / so wykyd warkys we  
 Wroght ? 58

To se how he Was pynde / how dere oure luf he boght,  
 Alas ! we were fuH blynde / now ar we wars then noght.

(11)

Alas ! my couetyse / myn yH wiH, and myn Ire !  
 Mi neghbur to dispise / most was my desyre ; 62  
 I demyd euer at my deuyse / me thoght I had no peyre,  
 With my self sore may I grise / now am quyt my hyre.

Alas for his  
 covetous-  
 ness, and all  
 his sins.

(12)

Where I was wonte to go / and haue my Wordys at wiH,  
 Now am I set fuH thro / and fayn to hold me stiH ;  
 I went both to and fro / me thoght I did neuer iH,  
 Mi neghburs for to slo / or hurt withoutten skiH. 68

(13)

Wo worth euer the fader / that gate me to be borne !  
 That euer he lete me stir / bot that I had bene forlorne ;  
 Warid be my moder / and warid be the morne  
 That I was borne of hir / alas, for shame and skorne ! 72

Cursed be  
 father and  
 mother, and  
 the day he  
 was born !

(14)

*primus angelus, cum gladio.*

stand not togeder, parte in two !

aH sam shaH ye not be in blys ;  
 Oure lorde of heuen wiH it be so,  
 for many of you has done amys ; 76  
 On his right hand ye good shaH go,  
 the way tiH heuen he shaH you wys ;  
 ye wykid saules ye weynd hym fro,  
 on his left hande as none of his. 80

The first  
 angel parts  
 the good  
 from the  
 bad.

(15)

Ihesus. The tyme is commen, I wiH make ende,  
 my fader of heuen wiH it so be,  
 Therfor tiH erthe now wiH I weynde,  
 my self to sytt in maieste. 84

Jesus takes  
 His way to  
 earth.

He comes,  
in His body,  
to deal judgment.

To dele my dome I wiȝt discende,  
this body wiȝt I bere with me,  
how it was dight mans mys to amende  
aȝt mans kynde ther shaȝt it se.

88

(16)

[Fol. 123, a.] *primus demon*. Oute, haro, out, out! / harkyn to this  
horne,

The first  
demon has  
heard the  
horn:

I was neuer in dowte / or now at this morne;  
So sturdy a showte / sen that I was borne  
hard I neuer here abowte / in ernyst ne in skorne,  
A wonder!

93

I was bonde fuȝt fast

at the sound  
of it his  
bonds broke  
asunder.

In yrens for to last,  
Bot my bandys thai brast

And shoke aȝt in sonder.

97

(17)

The second  
demon shook  
for dread;

*secundus demon*. I shoterd and shoke / I herd sich a rerd,  
When I harde it I qwote / for aȝt that I lerd,  
Bot to swere on a boke / I durst not aperd;  
I durst not loke / for aȝt meditt-erd,

ffuȝt payȝt;

102

but all his  
grinning  
helped no-  
thing.

Bot gyrned and gnast,  
my force did I frast,

Bot I wroȝt aȝt wast,

It myȝht not auayȝt.

106

(18)

They tell  
each other  
of their  
fright.

*primus demon*. It was like to a trumpe / it had sich a  
sownde;

I feȝt on a lumpe / for ferd that I swonde.

*secundus demon*. There I stode on my stumpe / I stakerd  
that stownde,

There chachid I the crumpe / yit held I my grounde  
halfe nome.

111

Their gear  
must be got  
ready, for  
they are like  
to have war.  
Doomsday is  
come, and  
the souls  
have fled  
from hell.

*primus demon*. Make redy oure gere,  
we ar like to haue were,  
ffor now dar I swere

That domysday is comme;

115

(19)

ffor aȝt oure saules ar wente / and none ar in heȝt.

*secundus demon*. Bot we go we ar shente / let vs not  
dweȝt,

It sittys you to tente / in this mater to meH,  
As a pere in a parlamente / what case so befeH;

120

The second demon tells the first that he must get to the Court, like a peer to Parliament.

It is nedefuH  
That ye tente to youre awne,  
What draght so be drawne,  
If the courte be knawen  
the Iuge is right dredfuH.

124

(20)

*primus demon.* ffor to stand thus tome / thou gars me grete.

*secundus demon.* let vs go to this dome / vp watlyn strete.

*primus demon.* I had leuer go to rome / yei thyrse, on my fete,

Up Watling Street will be the way, but they would rather make three pilgrimages to Rome.

Then forto grefe yonde grome / or with hym forto mete ;  
ffor wysely

129

he spekys on trete,

his paustee is grete,

bot begyn he to threte

he lokys fuH grisly.

133

(21)

Bot fast take oure rentals / hy, let vs go hence !

ffor as this fals / the great sentence.

*secundus demon.* Thai ar here in my dals / fast stand We  
to fence,

They must take their books with

Agans thise dampnyd sauls / Without repentence,

And Iust.

138

[Fol. 123, b.] them, to give evidence against the damned souls.

*primus demon.* how so the gam crokys,

Examyn oure bokys.

*secundus demon.* here is a bag fuH, lokys,

of pride and of lust,

142

(22)

Of Wraggers and wears / a bag fuH of brefes,

Of carpars and cryars / of mychers and thefes,

Of lurdans and lyars / that no man lefys,

Of flytars, of flyars / and renderars of reffys;

This can I,

147

They have bags full of all kinds of sinners.

Of alkyn astates

that go bi the gatys,

Of poore pride, that god hatys,

Twenty so many.

151

(23)

The first  
demon asks  
if there is  
anger in  
their bill; if  
so, his fellow  
shall have a  
drink.

*primus demon*. peasse, I pray the, be stiH / I laghe that I  
kynke,

Is oght Ire in thi biH / and then shaH thou drynke.

*secundus demon*. sir, so mekiH iH wiH / that thai wold  
synke

There is  
anger and  
treachery  
too.

Thare foes in a fyere stiH / bot not aH that I thynke  
dar I say,

156

Bot before hym he prase hym,

behynde he mys-sase hym,

Thus dowbiH he mase hym,

thus do thai today.

160

(24)

Is there  
anything  
recorded  
against the  
feminine  
gender?

*primus demon*. has thou oght Writen there / of the  
femynyn gendere?

*secundus demon*. yei, mo then I may bere / of rolles forto  
render;

More rolls  
full than he  
can carry.

Thai ar sharp as a spere / if thai seme bot slender;

Thai ar euer in were / if thai be tender,

yH fetylde;

165

she that is most meke,

When she semys full seke,

she can rase vp a reke

if she be weH nettyld.

169

(25)

The second  
demon is  
praised as a  
good ser-  
vant, and  
bids his  
master  
hurry.

*primus demon*. Thou art the best hyne / that euer cam  
beside vs.

*secundus demon*. yei, bot go we, master myne / yit wold I  
we hyde vs;

Thai haue blowen lang syne / thai wiH not abide vs;

We may lightly tyne / and then wiH ye chide vs

Togeder.

174

*primus demon*. Make redy oure tollys.

ffor we dele with no folys.

*secundus demon*. sir, aH clerkys of oure scolys

ar bowne furth theder;

178

(26)

Had Dooms-  
day been de-  
layed, they  
must have  
built hell  
bigger.

Bot, sir, I telH you before / had domysday oght tarid

We must haue biggid heH more / the warld is so warid.

*primus demon*. Now gett we dowbiH store / of bodys  
myscarid<sup>e</sup>

The first  
demon  
thinks of the  
bodies and  
souls to be  
harried.

To the soules where thai wore / both sam to be harrid.

*secundus demon*. Thise rolles

183

Ar of bakbytars,

[Fol. 124, a.]

And fals quest-dytars,

I had no help of writars

bot thise two dalles.<sup>1</sup>

187

(27)

ffaithe and trowth, maffay / has no fete to stande ;

The poore pepyH must pay / if oght be in hande,

The drede of god is away / and lawe out of lande.

Faith and  
truth are  
weak, and  
the fear of  
God per-  
ished.

*primus demon*. By that wist I that domysday / was nere  
hande

In seson.

192

*secundus demon*. Sir, it is saide in old sawes—

the longere that day dawes—

‘ Wars pepiH wars lawes.’

The proverb  
tells us that  
people and  
laws ever  
grow wors<sup>e</sup>.

*primus demon*. I lagH at thi reson ;

196

(28)

Alle this was token / domysday to drede ;

ffuH oft was it spokyn / fuH few take hede ;

Bot now shaH we be wrokyn / of thare falshede,

ffor now bese vnlokyn / many dern dede

All this was  
a sign of  
judgment.

In Ire ;

201

AH thare synnes shaH be knawen,<sup>2</sup>

Othere mens, then thare awne.

*Secundus demon*. Bot if this draught be weH drawn

don is in the myre.

If their  
draught be  
not well  
drawn,  
“Dun is in  
the mire.”

205

(29)

*Tutivillus*. Whi spir ye not, sir / no questyons ?

I am oone of youre ordir / and oone of youre sons ;

I stande at my tristur / when othere men shones.

*primus demon*. Now thou art myn awne querestur / I wote  
where thou wonnes ;

Tutivillus  
accosts  
them, and  
is greeted as  
the first  
devil's own  
officer.

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs “dolles.”

<sup>2</sup> MS. knowen.

Tutivillus                   do tēh me.                   210  
 has been  
 tollsman and   *Tutiwillus.* I was youre chefe tollare,  
 registrar for   And sithen courte rollar,  
 the devil,  
 and is now   Now am I master lollar,  
 master  
 lollard.

And of sich men I meh me.                   214

(30)

He has                   I haue broght to youre hande / of saules, dar I say,  
 sometimes           Mo than ten thowsand <sup>1</sup> / in an howre of a day ;  
 brought in           som at ayh-howse I fande / and som of ferray,  
 more than           som cursid, som bande / som yei, som nay ;  
 ten thousand  
 souls in an           so many                   219  
 hour.

Thus broght I on blure,  
 thus did I my cure.  
*primus demon*<sup>1</sup>. Thou art the best sawgeoure  
 that euer had I any.                   223

(31)

He has                   *Tutiwillus.* here a roh of ragman / of the rownde tabih,  
 hunted them       Of breffes in my bag, man / of synnes dampnabiht;  
 till he is       vnethes may I wag, man / for wery in youre stabiht  
 tired.           Whils I set my stag, man. /  
*secundus demon.*                   abide, ye ar abiht  
 To take wage ;                   228

[Fol. 124, b.] Thou can of cowrte thew,  
 The demons       Bot lay downe the dewe  
 compliment       ffor thou wiht be a shrew,  
 him.               be thou com at age.                   232

(32)

He tells of           *Tutiwillus.* here I be gesse / of many nyce hoket,  
 the fools who       Of care and of curstnes / hethyng and hoket,  
 dress finely,  
 and leave       Gay gere and witles / his hode set on koket,  
 their chil-       As prowde as pennyles / his slefe has no poket,  
 dren bread-       ffuht redles ;                   237  
 less.

With thare hemmyd shoyne,  
 Ah this must be done,  
 Bot syre is out at hye noyn  
 And his barnes bredeles.                   241

(33)

A horne and a duch ax / his slefe must be flekyt,  
 A syde hede and a fare fax / his gowne must be spekytt,

<sup>1</sup> MS. XML.

Thus toke I youre tax / thus ar my bookys blekyt.  
*primus demon*. Thou art best on thi wax / that euer was  
 clekyt,  
 or knawen ;<sup>1</sup>

He tells the  
 demons his  
 name, Tuti-  
 villus, and  
 talks gibber-  
 ish in Latin.

246

with wordes wiH thou fiH vs,  
 bot teH thi name tiH vs.

*Tutiullus*. Mi name is tutiuillus,

my horne is blawen ;

250

*ffragmina verborum* / tutiuillus colligit horum,

*Belzabub alorum* / belial belium doliorum.

(34)

*secundus demon*. What, I se thou can of gramory / and  
 som what of arte ;

had I bot a penny / on the wold<sup>spend</sup> I warte.

*Tutiullus*. Of femellys a quantite / here fynde I parte.

He finds  
 plenty of  
 women here.

*primus demon*. Tutiullus, let se / goddys forbot thousparte!

*Tutiullus*. so Ioly

255

Ilka las in a lande

like a lady nerehande,

So fresh and so plesande,

makys men to foly.

259

(35)

If she be neuer so fowH a dowde / with hir kelles and hir  
 pynnes,

They can  
 disguise  
 their ugli-  
 ness,

The shrew hir self can shrowde / both hir chekys and hir  
 chynnes ;

she can make it fuH prowde / with iapes and with gynnes,  
 hir hede as hy as a clowde / bot no shame of hir synnes

Thai fele ;

264

When she is thus paynt,

she makys it so quaynte,

She lookys like a saynt,

And wars then the deyle.

268

and make  
 themselves  
 up to look  
 like saints,  
 though  
 worse than  
 the devil.

(36)

she is hornyd like a kowe / . . . . . fon syn,

The coker hyngys so side now / furrid with a cat skyn,

AH thise ar for you / thai ar commen of youre kyn.

*Secundus demon*. Now, the best body art thou / that euer  
 cam here in.

[Fol. 125, a.  
 Sig. V. 1.]

<sup>1</sup> MS. known.

It is fashion-  
able for  
them to  
break their  
wedlock.

*Tutiwillus.*

An vsage,

273

swilk dar I vndertake,  
makys theym breke thare wedlake,  
And lif in syn for hir sake,

And breke thare awne spowsage.

277

(37)

More than a  
thousand  
false swear-  
ers shall  
come to hell,

yit a poynt haue I fon / I teH you before,

That fals swerars shaH hider com / mo then a thowsand<sup>1</sup>  
skore ;

In sweryng thai grefe godys son / and pyne hym more  
and more,

Therfor mon thai with vs won / in heH for euer more.

I say thus,

282

raisers of  
false taxes  
and gather-  
ers of green  
wax.

That rasers of the fals tax,

And gederars of greyn wax,

Diabolus est mendax

Et pater eius.

286

(38)

He must not  
forget the  
new fashion  
of padding  
the shoul-  
ders with  
moss and  
flock.

yit a poynte of the new gett / to teH wiH I not blyn,

Of prankyd gownes & shulders vp set / mos & flokkys  
sewyd wyth in ;

To vse sich gise thai wiH not let / thai say it is no syn,

Bot on sich pilus I me set / and clap thaym cheke and  
chyn,

no nay.

291

dauid in his sawtere says thus,

That to heH shaH thai trus,

*Cum suis adinuencionibus,*

for onys and for ay.

295

(39)

“Kirk-  
chaterers”  
and lovers of  
simony he  
drags to hell  
out of the  
churches.

yit of thise kyrkchaterars / here ar a menee,

Of barganars and okerars / and lufars of symonee,

Of runkers and rowners / god castys thaym out, trulee,

ffrom his temple aH sich mysdoers / I each thaym then to me  
ffuH soyn ;

300

ffor writen I wote it is

In the gospeH, withoutten mys,

Et eam fecistis

*Speluncam latronum.*

304

(40)

yit of the synnes seven <sup>1</sup> / som thyng speciaH  
 now natelly to neven / that renys ouer aH ;  
 Thise laddys thai leuen / as lordys riaH,  
 At ee to be even / picturde in paH

Something  
 special must  
 be said too  
 of the seven  
 deadly sins.

As kyngys ; 309

May he dug hym a doket,  
 A kodpese like a pokett,  
 hym thynke it no hoket

his tayH when he Wryngys. 313

(41)

his luddokkys thai lowke / like walk-mylne cloggys,  
 his hede is like a stowke / hurlyd as hoggys,  
 A woH blawen bowke / thise fryggys as froggys,  
 This Ielian Iowke / dryfys he no doggys

To felter ; 318

Bot with youre yelow lokkys,  
 ffor aH youre many mokkys,  
 ye shaH clym on heH crokkys

With a halpeny heltere. 322

(42)

And neH With hir nyfys / of crisp and of sylke,  
 Tent weH youre twyfys / youre nek abowte as mylke ;  
 With youre bendys and youre bridyls / of sathan, the  
 whilke

[Fol. 125, b.]

sir sathanas Idyls / you for tha ilke

This giH knaue ; 327

It is open behynde,  
 before is it pynde,

Bewar of the West wynde

youre smok lest it wafe. 331

(43)

Of Ire and of enuy / fynde I herto,  
 Of couetyse and glotony / and many other mo ;  
 Thai caH and thai cry / go we now, go !  
 I dy nere for dry / and ther syt thai so

Anger, envy,  
 covetous-  
 ness,  
 gluttony.

<sup>1</sup> MS. vij.

Aȝ nyght ; 336  
 With hawveh and Iawveh,  
 syngyng of lawveh,  
 Thise ar howndys of heȝ,  
 That is thare right. 340

(44)

Sloth that  
 makes the  
 sluggard  
 wish the  
 clerk hanged  
 when the  
 bells ring to  
 church.

In slewthe then thai syn / goddys warkys thai not Wyrke ;  
 To belke thai begyn / and spew that is irke ;  
 his hede must be holdyn / ther in the myrke,  
 Then deffys hym with dyn / the bellys of the kyrke,  
 When thai clatter ; 345

he wishys the clerke hanged<sup>1</sup>  
 ffor that he rang it,  
 Bot thar hym not lang it,

What commys ther after. 349

(45)

Harlots,  
 whores, and  
 bawds,

And ye Ianettys of the stewys / and lychoures on lofte,  
 youre baiȝ now brewys / avowtrees fuȝ ofte,  
 youre gam now grewys / I shaȝ you set softe,  
 youre sorow enewes / com to my crofte

Aȝ ye ; 354

Aȝ harlottys and horres,  
 And bawdys that procures,  
 To bryng thaym to lures,

Welcom to my see ! 358

(46)

liars, scolds,  
 extortioners,  
 usurers,  
 backbiters,  
 are all wel-  
 come to hell.

ye lurdans and lyars / mychers and thefes,  
 fflytars and flyars / that aȝ men reprefes,  
 Spolars, extorecyonars / Welcom, my lefes !  
 ffals Iurars and vsurars / to symony that clevys,

To teȝ ; 363

hasardars and dysars,  
 ffals dedys forgars,  
 Slanderars, bakbytars,

Aȝ vnto heȝ. 367

(47)

[Fol. 126. r.  
 Sig. V. 2.]

The increase  
 of the wicked  
 made the  
 first demon  
 think the  
 end was  
 nigh.

primus demon. When I harde many swilke / many  
 spytus and feȝ,  
 And few good of ilke / I had merueȝ,  
 I trowd it drew nere the prik. /

<sup>1</sup> The ryme needs "hangit."

*Secundus demon.* sir, a worde of counseH ;

saules cam so stryk / now late vnto heH

As euer ;

372

Oure porter at heH yate

Is haldyn so strate,

vp erly and downe late,

he rystys neuer.

376

(48)

*primus demon.* Thou art pereles of tho / that euer yit

knew I,

when I WiH may I go / if thou be by ;

Go we now, We two. /

*Secundus demon.* syr, I am redy.

*primus demon.* Take oure rolles also, / ye knawe the

cause Why ;

do com

381

And tent weH this day.

*Secundus demon.* sir, as weH as I may.

*Primus Demon.* Qui vero mala

In ignem eternum.

385

(49)

*Ihesus.* Ilka creatoure take tente

What bodworde I shaH you bryng,

This wykyd warld away is wente,

and I am commyn as crownyd kyng ;

389

Mi fader of heuen has me downe sente,

to deme youre dedys and make endyng ;

Commen is the day of Iugemente,

of sorrow may euery synfuH syng.

393

(50)

The day is commen of catyfnes,

aH those to care that ar vncleyn,

The day of bateH and bitternes,

ffuH long abiden has it beyn ;

397

The day of drede to more and les,

of Ioy, of tremlyng, and of teyn,

Ilka wight that wikyd is

may say, alas this day. is seyn !

401

*Tunc expandit manus suas & ostendit eis Wlnera sua.*

Of late souls  
have so  
crowded to  
hell, that the  
porter has  
been hard  
worked.

The two  
demons  
make their  
way to the  
Judgment  
Hall, with  
their rolls

Jesus an-  
nounces His  
advent as  
King come  
to judg-  
ment.

The day is  
come, a day  
of dread and  
joy.

## (51)

He shows  
the wounds  
by which He  
bought bliss  
for men.

here may ye se my Woundys wide  
that I suffred for youre mysdede,  
Thurgh harte, hede, fote, hande and syde,  
not for my gilte bot for youre nede. 405  
Behald both bak, body, and syde,  
how dere I boght youre broder-hede,  
Thise bitter paynes I wold abide,  
to by you blys thus wold I blede. 409

## (52)

He recalls  
the scourg-  
ing, the  
cross, the  
crown of  
thorns, the  
spear that  
pierced  
Him,

Mi body was skowrgid withoutten skiH,  
also ther fuH throly was I thrett;  
On crosse thai hang me on a hiH,  
blo and bloody thus was I bett; 413  
With crowne of thorne thrastyn fuH iH,  
A spere vnto my harte thai sett;  
Mi harte blode sparid thai not to spiH.  
man, for thi luf wold I not lett. 417

## (53)

the con-  
tumely of  
the Jews  
and His own  
patience.

The Iues spytt on me spitusly,  
thai sparid me no more then a thefe;  
When thai me smote I stud stilly,  
agans thaym did I nokyns grefe. 421  
Beholde, mankynde, this ilk am I,  
that for the suffred sich myschefe,  
Thus was I dight for thi foly,  
man, loke thi luf was me fuH lefe. 425

## (54)

[Fol. 126, b.]

All this He  
suffered for  
man; what  
has man  
suffered for  
Him?

Thus was I dight thi sorow to slake;  
man, thus behovid the borud to be;  
In aH my wo toke I no wrake,  
my wiH it was for luf of the. 429  
Man, for sorow aght the to qwake,  
this dredfuH day this sight to se;  
AH this suffred I for thi sake.  
say, man, What suffred thou for me? 433

*Tunc vertens se ad bonos, dicit illis.*

(55)

Mi blissid barnes on my right hande,  
 youre dome this day thar ye not drede,  
 ffor aH youre ioy is now commande,  
 youre life in likyng shaH ye lede.  
 Commes to the kyngdom ay lastand,  
 That you is dight for youre good dede,  
 ffuH blithe may ye be there ye stand,  
 ffor mekiH in heuen bees youre mede.

The good  
 are sum-  
 moned to  
 bliss.

437

441

(56)

When I was hungre ye me fed,  
 To slek my thirst ye war fuH fre ;  
 When I was clothles ye me cled,  
 ye Wold no sorowe on me se ;  
 In hard prison When I was sted  
 On my penance ye had pyte ;  
 ffuH seke when I was broght in bed,  
 kyndly ye cam to comforth me.

They have  
 fed Him  
 when He  
 was hungry,  
 slaked His  
 thirst,  
 clothed  
 Him, visited  
 Him in  
 prison and  
 sickness,

445

449

(57)

When I was wiH and weriest  
 ye harberd me fuH esely,  
 ffuH glad then were ye of youre gest,  
 Ye plenyd my pouerte fuH pitusly ;  
 Belife ye broght me of the best,  
 And maide my bed there I shuld ly,  
 Therfor in heuen shaH be youre rest,  
 In ioy and blys to beld me by.

given Him  
 shelter and  
 sympathy ;

453

457

therefore  
 they shall  
 rest with  
 Him in  
 heaven.

(58)

*primus bonus.* lord, When had thou so mekiH nede ?  
 hungre or thrusty, how myght it be ?  
*Secundus bonus.* When was oure harte fre the to  
 feede ?

When did  
 they thus  
 succour  
 Him? the  
 good ask.

In prison When myght We the se ?

461

*Tercius bonus.* When was thou seke, or wantyd wede ?

To harbowre the when helpid we ?

*Quartus bonus.* When had thou nede of oure fordede ?

when did we aH this dede to the ?

465

[Fol. 127, a.  
 Sig. V. 3.]

(59)

Jesus tells  
them they  
succoured  
Him in help-  
ing the  
needy.

*I*hesus. Mi blissid barnes, I shaH you say

what tyme this dede was to me done ;

When any that nede had nyght or day,

Askyd you help and had it sone ;

469

youre fre harte saide theym neuer nay,

Erly ne late, myd-day ne noyn,

As ofte-sithes as thai wold pray,

Thai thurte bot aske and haue thare boyn.

473

*Tunc dicet malis.*

(60)

He casts  
forth the  
wicked to  
dwell for  
ever in dole.

ye cursid catyfs of kames kyn,

That neuer me comforthid in my care,

Now I and ye for euer shaH twyn,

In doyh to dweH for euer mare ;

477

youre bitter bayles shaH neuer blyn

That ye shaH thole when ye com thare,

Thus haue ye seruyd for youre syn,

ffor derfe dedys ye haue doyn are.

481

(61)

They chased  
Him from  
their gate  
when He had  
need of food ;

When I had myster of mete and drynke,

Catyfs, ye chaste me from youre yate ;

when ye were set as syres on bynke

I stode ther oute wery and Wate,

485

yit none of you Wold on me thynke,

To haue pite on my poore astate ;

Therfor to heH I shaH you synke,

WeH ar ye worthy to go that gate.

489

(62)

When I was seke and soryest

ye viset me noght, for I was poore ;

would not  
look how He  
fared in  
prison ;  
drove Him  
with blows  
from their  
doors.

In prison fast when I was fest

wold none of you loke how I foore ;

493

When I wist neuer where to rest

With dyntyys ye drofe me from youre doore,

Bot euer to pride then were ye prest,

Mi flesh, my bloode, ye oft for-swore.

497

(63)

[Fol. 127, b.]

Clothles, When that I was cold,  
That nerehande for you yode I nakyd,  
Mi myschefe sagh ye many folde,

As they for-  
sook Him, so  
shall they  
now be for-  
saken.

Was none of you my sorowe slakyd ;

501

Bot euer forsoke me, yong and olde,

Therfor shaH ye now be forsakyd.

503

(64)

*primus malus.* lorde, when had thou, that aH has,  
hunger or thriste, sen thou god is <sup>1</sup> ?

When, they  
ask, have  
they shown  
Him this un-  
kindness ?

When was that thou in prison was ?

When was thou nakyd or harberles ?

507

*Secundus malus.* When myght we se the seke, alas !

and kyd the aH this vnkyndnes ?

*iiijus malus.* When was we let the helples pas ?

When dyd ye the this wikydnes ?

511

(65)

*iiijus malus.* Alas, for doyh this day !

alas, that euer I it abode !

(One begins  
his lament,  
ere he hears  
the answer.)

Now am I dampned for ay,

this dome may I not avoyde.

515

(66)

*Ihesus.* Catyfs, alas, ofte as it betyde

that nedefuH oght askyd in my name,

ye harde thaym noght, youre eeres was hid,

youre help to thaym was not at hame ;

519

To me was that vnkyndnes kyd,

therfor ye bere this bitter blame,

To the lest of myne when ye oght dyd,

to me ye dyd the self and same.

523

*Tunc dicet bonis.*

(67)

Mi chosyn childer, commes to me !

With me to dweH now shaH ye weynde,

Ther ioy and blys euer shaH be,

youre life in lykyng for to leynde.

He sum-  
mons the  
good to  
dwell with  
Him in bliss.

527

*Tunc dicet malis.*

<sup>1</sup> Originally 'es,' no doubt.

The wicked  
are doomed  
to hell.

ye warid Wightys, from me ye fle,  
In heH to dweH withoutten ende!  
Ther shaH ye noght bot sorow se,  
And sit bi sathanas the feynde.

531

(68)

The devils  
begin to  
drive them.

*primus demon.* Do now furthe go,<sup>1</sup> / trus, go we hyne!  
vnto endles wo / ay-lastand pyne;  
Nay, tary not' so / we get ado syne.  
*secundus demon.* hyte hyder warde, ho / harry ruskyne!  
War oute!

536

The meyn shaH ye nebyH,  
And I shaH syng the trebiH,  
A revant the deviH  
TiH aH this hole rowte.

540

(69)

They may  
curse the day  
they were

[Fol. 128, a.  
Sig. V. 4.]

born.

*Tutiwillus.* youre lyfes ar lorne / and commen is youre  
care;

ye may ban ye were borne / the bodes you bare,  
And youre faders before / so cursid' ye ar.

*primus demon.* ye may wary the morne / and day that  
ye ware

Of youre moder

545

ffirst borne forto be,

ffor the wo ye mon dre.

*Secundus demon.* Ilkone of you mon se  
sorow of oder.

549

(70)

Where now  
are their  
gold, their  
retinue, and  
their finery?

Where is the gold' and the good / that ye gederd togedir?

The mery menee that yode / hider and thedir?

*Tutiwillus.* Gay gyrdyls, iaggid hode / prankyd gownes,  
whedir?

haue ye wit or ye wode / ye broght not hider

Bot sorowe,

554

And youre synnes in youre nekkys.

*primus demon.* I beshrew thaym that rekkys!  
he comes to late that bekkys

your bodies to borow.

558

<sup>1</sup> MS. go furthe.

(71)

*Secundus demon*. Sir, I Wold cut thaym a skawte / They were  
and make theym be knowne ; sturdy and  
They were sturdy and hawte / great boste haue thai proud, find-  
blawne ; ing faults in  
yours pride and yours pransawte / What wiH it gawne ? others and  
ye tolde ilk mans defawte / and forgate yours awne. forgetting  
*Tutiwillus.* moreouer 563 their own.

Thare neghurs thai demyd,  
Thaym self as it semyd,  
Bot now ar thai flemyd  
ffrom sayntys to recouer. 567

(72)

*primus demon*. Thar neghurs thai towchid / With They up-  
wordys fuH ih, braided their  
The warst ay thai sowchid / and had no skiH. neighbours,  
*secundus demon*. The pennys thai powchid / and held were  
thaym stiH ; pouchers of  
The negons thai mowchid / and had no wiH pence,  
ffor hart fare ; 572 gluttonous  
Bot riche and ih-dedy, and greedy.  
Gederand and gredy,  
sore napand and nedy  
yours godys forto spare. 576

(73)

*Tutiwillus.* ffor aH that ye spard / and dyd extorcyon, The wealth  
ffor yours childer ye card / yours heyre and yours son, they laid up  
Now is aH in oueward / yours yeres ar ron, for their  
It is commen in vovgard / yours dame malison, children is  
To bynde it ; 581 now in the  
ye set bi no cursyng, devil's keep-  
Ne no sich smaH thyng. ing.  
*primus demon*. No, bot prase at the partyng,  
ffor now mon ye fynde it. 585

(74)

yours leyfys and yours females / ye brake yours wedlake ; [Fol. 128, b.1  
TeH me now what it vales / aH that mery lake ?  
se so falsly it falys. / They broke  
*secundus demon.* syr, I dar vndertake their wed-  
Thai wiH teH no tales / bot se so thai quake lock. What  
now ? avails their  
merriment  
now ?

Now they  
are quaking  
and dumb.

ffor moton ; 590  
he that to that gam gose,  
Now namely on oldt tose.  
*Tutiwillus*. Thou heldt vp the lose,  
That had I forgotten. 594

## (75)

They shall  
dwell in  
pitch and  
tar, with no  
respite.

*primus demon*. sir, I trow thai be dom / somtyme were  
fuH melland ;  
WiH ye se how thai glom. /  
*secundus demon*. thou art ay telland ;  
Now shaH thai haue rom / in pyk aud tar euer dwelland,  
Of thare sorow no some / bot ay to be yelland  
In oure fostre. 599  
*Tutiwillus*. By youre lefe may We mese you ?  
*primus demon*. showe furth, I shrew you !  
*Secundus demon*. yit to-nyght shaH I shew you  
A mese of iH ostre. 603

## (76)

The devils  
carry them  
off, with  
threats.

*Tutiwillus*. Of thise cursid forsworne / and aH that  
here leyndys,  
Blaw, wolfys-hede and oute-horne / now namely my  
freyndys.  
*primus demon*. Illa haiH were ye borne / youre awne  
shame you sheyndys,  
That shaH ye fynde or to morne. /  
*secundus demon*. com now with feyndys  
To youre angre ; 608  
youre dedys you dam ;  
Com, go we now sam,  
It is commen youre gam,  
Com, tary no langer. 612

## (77)

*primus bonus*. We loue the, lorde, in alkyn thyng,  
That for thyne awne has ordand thus,  
That we may haue now oure dwellyng  
In heuen blis giffen vnto vs. 616

Therfor full boldly may we syng  
 On oure way as we trus ;  
 Make we all myrth and louyng  
 With te deum laudamus.

The right-  
 eous give  
 thanks to  
 God.

620

*Explicit Iudicium.*

XXXI.

Incipit Lazarus.

[47 couplets ; 4 ten-line stanzas, *aaaa*<sup>1</sup> *bbbc bc* ; 1 nine-line (no. 11), *aaaa bbc bc* ; 7 eight-line, four *ab ab ab ab*, two *abab bcbc*, one *ab ab ba ba* ; 3 six-line, *aaab ab* ; 1 five-line, *aab ab*.] [Fol. 129, a.]

[*Dramatis Personae.*

<i>Jesus.</i>		<i>Johannes.</i>		<i>Martha.</i>		<i>Lazarus.</i> ]
<i>Petrus.</i>		<i>Thomas.</i>		<i>Maria.</i>		

(1)

*Ihesus.* Commes now, brethere, and go With me ;  
 We Will pas furth vntiH Iude,  
 To betany wiH we Weynde,<sup>2</sup>  
 To vyset lazare that is oure freynde.<sup>2</sup>  
 Gladly I wold we with hym speke,  
 I teH you sothely he is seke.

Jesus pro-  
 poses to go  
 to Bethany  
 to visit  
 Lazarus, who  
 is ill.

4

*petrus.* I red not that ye thider go,  
 The Iues halden you for thare fo ;  
 I red ye com not in that stede,  
 ffor if ye do then be ye dede.

Peter, John,  
 and Thomas  
 dissuade  
 Him for fear  
 of the Jews.

8

*Iohannes.* Master, trist thou [not] on the Iue,  
 ffor many day sen thou thaym knewe,  
 And last tyme that we were thore  
 We wenyd tiH haue bene ded therfor.

12

*Thomas.* When we were last in that contre,  
 This othere day, both thou and we,

16

<sup>1</sup> The *aaaa* lines have central rymes markt here with bars (not in the MS).

<sup>2</sup> These lines are transposed in the MS., and the letters *a* and *b* are placed opposite them in the margin to indicate their proper order.

- We wenyd that thou ther shuld haue bene slayn ;  
 Wiȝ thou now go thider agane ?
- Ihesus.* herkyn, breder, and takys kepe ;  
 lazare oure freynde is fallyn on slepe ; 20  
 The way tiȝ hym now wiȝ we take,  
 To styr that knyght and gar hym wake.  
*petrus.* Sir, me thynke it were the best  
 To let hym slepe and take his rest ; 24  
 And kepe that no man com hym hend,  
 ffor if he slepe then mon he mend.  
*Ihesus.* I say to you, With outten fayȝ,  
 No kepyng may tiȝ hym avaiȝ, 28
- [Fol. 129, b.] Ne slepe may stand hym in no stede,  
 I say you sekerly he is dede ;  
 Therfor I say you now at last  
 leyfe this speche and go we fast. 32
- Thomas* says the disciples will share Jesus' peril and go with Him.  
*Thomas.* Sir, What so euer ye bid vs do  
 We assent vs weȝ ther to ;  
 I hope to god ye shaȝ not fynde  
 None of vs shaȝ lefe behynde ; 36  
 ffor any pareȝ that may befaȝ  
 Weynde we Wiȝ oure master aȝ.
- Martha* tells Jesus Lazarus is dead.  
*Martha.* help me, lorde, and gif me red !  
 lazare my broder now is dede, 40  
 That was to the both lefe and dere ;  
 he had not dyed had thou bene here.
- He shall rise and live again, Jesus says.  
*Ihesus.* Martha, martha, thou may be fayn,  
 Thi brothere shaȝ rise and lif agayn. 44  
*Martha.* lorde, I wote that he shaȝ ryse  
 And com before the good iustyce ;  
 ffor at the dredfuȝ day of dome  
 There mon ye kepe hym at his come, 48  
 To loke What dome ye Wiȝ hym gif ;  
 Then mon he rise, then mon he lyf.
- Yes, at Doomsday, Martha answers.  
*Ihesus.* I Warne you, both man and wyfe,  
 That I am rysyng, and I am life ; 52  
 And Whoso truly trowys in me,  
 That I was euer and ay shaȝ be,  
 Oone thyng I shaȝ hym gif,  
 Though he be dede yit shaȝ he lif. 56

say thou, Woman, trowys thou this?

*Martha.* yee, for sothe, my lorde of blys,

Ellys were I greatly to mysprase,

ffor aH is sothe-fast that thou says.

*Ihesus.* Go telH thi sister mawdlayn

That I com, ye may be fayn.

[*Martha goes to Mary.*]

*Martha.* Sister, lefe this sorowful bande,

Oure lorde commys here at hand,

And his apostyls with hym also.

*Maria.* A, for godys luf let me go!

Blissid<sup>h</sup> be he that sende me grace,

That I may se the in this place.

lorde, mekiH sorow may men se

Of my sister here and me;

We ar heuy as any lede,

ffor our broder that thus is dede.

had thou bene here and on hym sene,

dede for sothe had he not bene.

*Ihesus.* hider to you commen we ar

To make you comforth of youre care,

Bot loke no fayntyse ne no slawth

Bryng you oute of stedfast<sup>h</sup> trawthe,

Then shaH I hold<sup>h</sup> you that I saide.

lo, where haue ye his body laide?

*Maria.* lorde, if it be thi wiH,

I hope be this he sauers iH,

ffor it is now the ferth<sup>1</sup> day gone

sen he Was laide vnder yonde stone.

*Ihesus.* I told<sup>h</sup> the right now ther thou stode

that thi trawth shuld<sup>h</sup> ay be goode,

And if thou may that fulfiH

AH bees done right at thi wiH.

Martha  
believes,

60 and is  
bidden to  
fetch her  
sister  
Magdalene.

[Fol. 130, a.]

64

68

Mary tells  
Jesus of  
their sorrow.

72

76

Jesus is  
come to  
comfort  
them.

80

He asks  
where the  
body is laid.

84

88

*Et lacrimatus est ihesus, dicens.*

(2)

ffader, I pray the that thou rase

lazare that was thi hyne,

And bryng hym oute of his mysese

And oute of heH pyne.

Jesus prays  
to the Father  
for Lazarus.

92

<sup>1</sup> MS. iiij.

Let his days  
be in-  
creased.

When I the pray thou says aH wayse

Mi wiH is sich as thyne,

Therfor WiH we now eke his dayse,

To me thou wiH inclyne.

96

(3)

He bids  
Lazarus  
come forth,  
and be  
stripped of  
his grave-  
clothes.

Com furth, lazare, and stand vs by,

In erth shaH thou no langere ly ;

Take and lawse hym foote and hande,

And from his throte take the bande,

100

And the sudary take hym fro,

And aH that gere, and let hym go.

102

(4)

Lazarus  
gives  
thanks to  
Jesus, for  
raising him  
from hell.

*lazarus.* lorde, that aH thyng maide of noght,

louyng be to thee,

That sich Wonder here has Wroght,

Gretter may none be.

106

When I was dede to heH I soght,

And thou, through thi pauste,

Rasid me vp and thens me broght,

Behold and ye may se.

110

(5)

Not the  
mightiest on  
earth, king  
or knight,  
can escape  
death.

Ther is none so styf on stede,

Ne none so prowde in prese,

Ne none so dughty in his dede,

Ne none so dere on deese,

114

No kyng, no knyght, no Wight in wede,

ffrom dede haue maide hym seese,

Ne flesh he was wonte to fede,

It shaH be Wormes mese.

118

(6)

youre dede is Wormes coke,

youre myrroure here ye loke,

And let me be youre boke,

youre sampiH take by me ;

122

ffro dede you cleke in cloke,

sich shaH ye aH be.

124

(7)

[Fol. 130, b.]

Ilkon in sich aray / With dede thai shaH be dight,

And closid colde in clay / Wheder he be kyng or knyght ;

ffor aH his garmentes gay / that semely were in sight,  
his flesh shaH frete away / With many a wofuH wight. 128

For all their  
gay clothes,  
their flesh  
shall be  
eaten away.

Then wofully sich wightys

ShaH gnawe thise gay knyghtys,

Thare lunges and thare lightys,

Thare harte shaH frete in sonder ; 132

Thise masters most of myghtys

Thus shaH thai be broght vnder. 134

(8)

Vnder the ertHe ye shaH / thus carefully then cowche ;

The roffe of youre haH / youre nakyd nose shaH towche ;

Nawther great ne smaH / To you wiH knele ne crowche ;

A shete shaH be youre paH / sich todys shaH be youre  
nowche ; 138

They shall  
have such a  
hall that  
their naked  
nose shall  
touch the  
roof, for  
covering a  
sheet and  
toads for  
jewels.

Todys shaH you dere,

fleyndys wiH you fere,

youre flesh that fare was here

Thus rufully shaH rote ;

In stede of fare colore

sich bandys shaH bynde youre throte. 144

(9)

youre rud that was so red / youre lyre the lylly lyke,

Then shaH be wan as led / and stynke as dog in dyke ;

Wormes shaH in you brede / as bees dos in the byke,

And ees out of youre hede / Thus-gate shaH paddokys  
pyke ; 148

They shall  
stink like  
dead dogs,  
worms shall  
breed in  
them, toads  
pick out  
their eyes.

To pike you ar preste

Many vncomly beast,

Thus thai shaH make a feste

Of youre flesh and of youre blode.

ffor you then sorows leste

The moste has of youre goode. 154

(10)

youre goodys ye shaH forsake / If ye be neuer so lothe,

And nothing With you take / Bot sich a wyndyng clothe ;

youre Wife sorow shaH slake / youre chylder also both,

vunes youre mynnyng make / If ye be neuer so wrothe ; 158

Thai myn you with nothyng

That may be youre helpyng,

They may  
take nothing  
with them  
but their  
winding  
sheet.

Wife and  
children will  
forget them  
and pay for  
no masses  
for their  
souls.

Nawther in mes syngyng,

Ne yit with almus dede ;

Therfor in youre leuyng

Be wise and take good hede.

164

(11)

Take hede for you to dele / Whils ye ar on life,

Trust neuer freyndys frele<sup>1</sup> / Nawthere of childe then wife ;

[Fol. 131, a.]

ffor sectures ar not lele / Then for youre good WiH stryfe ;

Trust not  
friend, wife,  
or child ;  
executors  
are always  
unfaithful.

To by youre saules hele / There may no man thaym  
shrife. 168

To shrife no man thaym may,

After youre endyng day,

youre sauH for to glad ;

youre sectures wiH swere nay,

And say ye aght more then ye had.

173

(12)

Let them  
amend while  
they may.

Amende the, man, Whils thou may,

let neuer no myrthe fordo thi mynde ;

Thynke thou on the dredefuH day

When god shaH deme aH mankynde.

177

Thynke thou farys as dothe the wynde ;

This warlde is wast & wiH away ;

Man, haue this in thi mynde,

And amende the Whils that thou may.

181

(13)

When they  
are dead it  
will be too  
late ; no  
wealth may  
save them  
then.

Amende the, man, whils thou art here,

Agane thou go an othere gate ;

When thou art dede and laide on bere,

Wyt thou weH thou bees to late ;

185

ffor if aH the goode that euer thou gate

Were delt for the after thi day,

In heuen it wolde not mende thi state,

fforthi amende the Whils thou may.

189

(14)

The rich  
man's  
wealth be-  
longs to  
God,

If thou be right ryah in rente,

As is the stede standyng in staH,

In thi harte knowe and thynke<sup>2</sup>

That thai ar goddys goodys aH.

193

<sup>1</sup> These words, "Trust neuer freyndys frele," are hardly legible.

<sup>2</sup> The assonance wants "thenke."

he myght haue maide the poore and smaH  
As he that beggys fro day to day ;

and must be  
accounted  
for.

Wit thou weH acountys gif thou shaH,  
Therefore amende the whils thou may. 197  
(15)

And if I myght with you dweH  
To teH you aH my tyme,  
ffuH mekiH cowthe I teH

Lazarus has  
heard and  
seen many a  
marvel.

That I haue harde and sene, 201  
Of many a great merueH,  
sich as ye wolde not wene,

In the paynes of heH  
There as I haue bene. 205  
(16)

Bene I haue in wo,  
Therfor kepe you ther fro ;  
Whilst ye lif do so

Let them be  
warned by  
his suffer-  
ings,

If ye wiH dweH with hym  
That can gar you thus go,  
And hele you lith and lym. 211  
(17)

he is a lorde of grace,  
Vmthynke you in this case,  
And pray hym, fuH of myght,  
he kepe you in this place  
And haue you in his sight. 216

and pray to  
the gracious  
Lord for  
protection.

Amen.

*Explicit Lazarus.*

(XXXII.)

Suspencio Iude.<sup>1</sup>

[Incomplete ; 16 six-line stanzas, *aaab ab.*]

[Fol. 131, b.]

(1)

[*Judas.*] Alas, alas, & walaway !  
waryd & cursyd I have beyn ay ;

Judas  
laments.

<sup>1</sup> This poem is added in a more modern hand than the others, apparently about the commencement of the sixteenth century.

I slew my father, & syn by-lay  
 My moder der ;  
 And falsly, aftur, I can betray  
 Myn awn mayster.

6

(2)

His father's  
 name was  
 Reuben, his  
 mother's  
 Sibaria.

My fathers name was ruben, right ;  
 Sibaria my moder hight ;  
 Als he her knew apon a nyght

aH fleshle,

When he  
 was be-  
 gotten his  
 mother  
 dreamed  
 that there  
 lay in her  
 side a lump  
 of sin which  
 should  
 destroy all  
 Jewry.

In her sleyp she se a sighte,  
 A great ferle.

12

(3)

her thoght ther lay her syd with-in  
 A lothly lumpe of fleshly syn,  
 Of the which distruction schuld begyn

Of aH Iury ;

That Cursyd Clott of Camys kyn,  
 fforsoth, was I.

18

(4)

Dreyd of that sight mad her awake,  
 & aH hir body did tremyH & qwake ;  
 her thoght hir hert did all to-brake—

No wonder was—

the first[e] word my moder spake  
 was alas, alas !

24

(5)

She told his  
 father her  
 dream,

Alas, alas ! sche cryed faste,  
 with that, on weping owt sche braste :  
 My father wakyd at the laste,  
 & her afranyd ;

Sche told hym how she was agaste,  
 & nothyng laynyd.

30

(6)

and he re-  
 solved that  
 if a child  
 were born  
 he should be  
 destroyed.

my father bad, " let be thy woo !  
 my Cowncel is, if hit be soo,  
 A child be gettyn betwixt hus too,  
 Doghter or son,

lett hit neuer on erth[e] go,  
 Bot be fordon.

36

(7)

bettur hit is fordon to be  
then hit fordo both the & me ;  
ffor in a while then schaff we se,  
    & fuH weH know,  
wheder *that* swevyns be vanite  
    or on to traw."

They would  
soon know  
if dreams  
were vain or  
true.

42

(8)

The tyme was comyn *that* I was borne,  
os my moder sayd beforn ;  
Alas, *that* I had beyn forlorn  
    *With*-In hir syd !  
for ther then spronge a schrewid thorn  
    *That* spred fuH wyd.

Judas was  
born.

48

(9)

for I was born *with* owtyn grace,  
Thay me namyd & Callyd Iudas ;  
The father of the child ay hays  
    Great petye ;  
He myght not thoyle afor his face  
    My deth to se.

His father  
would not  
have him  
killed in his  
sight,

54

(10)

My ded to se then myght he noght ;  
A lytyH lep he gart be wroght,  
& ther I was in bed [i-]broght  
    & bondon faste ;  
To the salt se then thay soght,  
    & In me Caste.

but had him  
cast into the  
sea.

60

(11)

The waves rosse, the wynd[e] blew ;  
That I was Cursyd fuH well *thai* knew ;  
The storme vnto the yle me threw,  
    That lytill botte ;  
And of that land my to-name drew,  
    Iudas skariott.

The waves  
and wind  
rose, and  
the storm  
threw him  
on the isle  
whence he  
was called  
Isariot.

66

(12)

Thor os wreкке in sand I lay,  
The qweyn Com passyng *ther* away,  
*With* hir madyns to sport & play ;

The qucen  
found him  
there as she  
came to play  
with her  
maidens,

And prevaly  
A child she fond in slyk aray,  
& had ferly.

72

(13)

Neuer-the-lesse sche was weH payd,  
And on hir lap[pe] sche me layd;  
Sche me kissid & *with* me playd,  
ffor I was fayre;  
“ A child god hays me send,” sche sayd,  
“ to be myn ayre.”

78

(14)

and passed  
him off on  
the kyng as  
her own son.

Sche mad me be to norice done,  
And fosterd as her awn[e] sone,  
And told the kyng that sche had gone  
A<sup>H</sup> *the* yer *with* child;  
And *with* fayr wordys, as wemen Con,  
sche hym begild.

84

(15)

The king  
made a  
feast.

Then the kyng gart mak a fest  
To a<sup>H</sup> the land [right] of the best,  
ffor that he had gettyn a gest,  
A swetly thyng,  
When he wer ded & broght to rest,  
*that* myght be kyng.

90

(16)

Two years  
afterwards  
the qucen  
bore a fair  
son.

Sone aftur *with* in yer[e]s too,  
In the land hit befeH soo,  
The qweyn hir selff *with* child Can goo;  
A son sche bayr;  
A fayrer child from tope to too  
Man neuer se ayre.

96

\* \* \* \* \*

FINIS HUIUS [*in a later hand.*]

# OMISSIONS FROM GLOSSARY.

Hede, head-dress, 374/243.—B.  
Hose, hoarse, 129/416.  
Idyls, renders vain, 377/326.  
Lede, people, 295/62.—B.  
Lendyng, residing, 102/80.  
Loke, ordain, provide, 339/72.  
Nyk, *add*—with nay, 323/571.  
Raght, the=devil, 75/337.  
Sloes, *pr. s.* slays, 345/195.—B.  
Somkyns, of some kind, 139/708.  
Sowchid, suspected, 385/569.  
Stevyn, set—, appointed time, 342/126.  
Stry, *vb.* strive (?), 177/380.  
Syde, long, 374/243; Side, 375/270.  
Take, give, 291/377.  
To-har, drag to pieces, 297/142.—B.  
Trey, on—, in order (?), 371/130.  
Unthankys, myn—, unwillingly, 14/187.  
Wheder, neuer the—, nevertheless, 93/265.  
Wyf, wit, 79/42.

Abowne, ? *vb.* ? 167/49.  
Agane, *adv.* with ellipsis of *go*.—He shall be sent to where he came from, 80/34, 150/318.—B.  
And, *sb.* breath, 182/34.  
Bat, *sb.* blow, 180/490.  
Bekys, begs; or bows (?), 384/557.  
Befon, be found (?), 38/503.—B.  
Berd, beard, played them a trick, 171/189.—B.  
Bere, "draw," of ship (water), 36/434.  
Beyd, offer, 77/409.  
Bore, *sb.* bore, holes bored in the Cross, 313/253.—B.  
Chace, *sb.* privilege of hunting, 174/270.—B.  
Crisp, *sb.* fine linen, 377/323.  
Croyme, *vb.* croon, sing (punctuation wrong), 131/472.—B.  
Euer among, continually, 20/391.  
Fed, bred, 52/63.  
Fele, conceal, 79/42.—B.  
For, against, 204/9.

# SUGGESTED EMENTATIONS IN GLOSSARY.

See *Messe* in Stramann, and quotation from *York Plays*, xi, 162.  
Muster, show, carry into effect, 298/177.—B.  
Quarrell, quarry, 19/367, Jamieson.—The Glossary rendering is no sense.  
Reyll, stray abroad, 125/274.  
Sathan, satin, 377/325 (a play upon the word Satan).  
Skar, to, in mockery (?), 237/301.  
Sowsy sore, 73/283, afflicts: a not uncommon allit. collocation; *vid.* Barbour, xvi, 628; *Wars Alex.* (Skat), 2313, 5348; L. Minot, v. 12.  
Weyand, in the, 15/226, etc. (as much as), curse it, or, curse thee.  
Wone, in, 13/116, in abundance.  
Wyll of reede, at a loss for advice, 80/75.

Blure, 374/220, *i. q.* Blowre, pustule; *vt.* bladder.—See Blure, in *York Plays*, 85/294.  
Crate, 242/427, an error for Trete; Trot, old woman. It was in connection with this word that Halliwell in his *Dict.* (*s. v.* Crate) erred in correcting Ritson for reading (*Anc. Pop. Poetry*, p. 77), "my wyfe that olde trete."—See *Syn. Ferumbra*, E. E. T. S., 50/1370, "that olde trete," also *vid.*, note, p. 205, last line.  
Hates, destitute (have less), 180/484.  
Hak, stammer, 131/476.  
Kynke, pant, 372/152.  
Lak, fault, blame, 68/118.  
Lote, 129/409, bow, inclination of head.  
Merkyd with that measse, 70/175.



## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

- ABARSTIR, 340/73, more abashed, ashamed: for Abaistir.  
 Abast, 43/90, abashed, frightened, ashamed.  
 Abate, 233/157, humble (oneself).  
 Abite, 18/323, pay for, expiate.  
 Abone, 27/146, above.  
 Aby, 125/272, pay for: *see* Abite.  
 Adyll, 261/101, earn; Adyld, 234/199, earned.  
 Affy, 312/192, trust.  
 Afranyd, 394/28, questioned.  
 Agast, 3/184, terrified.  
 Aghe, 339/45, awe.  
 Aght, 13/150, possessions; 15/210, 289/324; eight (*also* eighth); 18/314, owed.  
 Algatis, 14/166, by all ways; at all events.  
 Alod, 24/56, requited.  
 Alowed, 17/296, allotted, requited.  
 Als, 17/296, as, also.  
 Amell, 66/69, among: *see* Eraell.  
 Amese, 234/185, quiet, appease.  
 Apartly, 345/192, Apertly, openly, manifestly.  
 Aperd, 370/100, appear.  
 Appech, 12/85, accuse.  
 Appentys, 287/245, appertains, belongings.  
 Arament, 238/320, arrayment, preparations.  
 A-rase, 245/71, at full speed.  
 Arayde, 46/207, afflicted, slain.  
 Architreclyn, 248/152, ruler of the feast (mistaken for a proper name).  
 Are, 150/320, 158/569, before.  
 Ars, kis myne, 11/59.  
 Ascry, 232/135, proclaim, denounce.  
 Asell, 314/270, vinegar.  
 Askaunce, 20/401, 239/353, a joke, a make-believe: *see* Skawnce.  
 Assay, 100/13, trial, test.  
 Asse, 68/139, ask.  
 As-yse, 291/379, appoints.  
 Ast, 240/389, asked: *see* Hast.  
 At-lowe, 158/572, below, on earth.  
 Avaylys, 179/452; Avayll, 178/403, benefits, vails, incomings.  
 Avowtre, 231/98, adultery.  
 Awe, 28/171, owest, ought.  
 Aw-where, 282/123, anywhere.  
 Awnter, 227/735, adventure.  
 Awre, 127/364; Awro, 119/111, anywhere. The sense seems to require awte = aught, anything.  
 Awth, 330/166. Can it be O.N. auð-r, idle, empty.  
 Babyshed, 94/292, scoffed at.  
 Baill, 270/403; Bale, 51/52, destruction, misfortune.  
 Balk, 118/49, ridge in a field.  
 Baly, 247/146, jurisdiction.  
 Ban, 11/59, curse.  
 Bane, 99/53, ready, obedient servant.  
 Bard, 32/328, barred, shut up.  
 Barett, 196/31, strife, debate, trouble.  
 Barne, 69/166, bosom.  
 Barnes, 32/308, children.  
 Barne-teme, 54/74, brood of children.  
 Bast, 310/131, = baist, abashed (?)  
 Bayle, 23/26, hell-fire; Bayll, 32/311, destruction, misfortune: *see* Baill.  
 Bayles, 20/405, bailiffs.  
 Bayn, 20/397, quickly; 32/308, ready, obedient.  
 Be, 182/43, by the time that.  
 Bedeyn, 15/222, at once, at the same time.  
 Beete, 57/23, amend, heal.  
 Belhete, 36/430, promised.  
 Belamy, 84/188, fair friend.  
 B-life, 10/37; Belyf, 83/156, quickly.  
 Belke, 378/342, belch.  
 Bemys, 62/199, trumpets.  
 Benste, 118/55, benedicite.  
 Bent, 120/142, field.  
 Benyson, 49/6, blessing.  
 Bere, 66/79, bear, carry; 129/405, noise.

- Besele, 30/240, busily, earnestly.  
 Besliers, 78/1, fair sirs; Bewshere, 174/273, fair sir.  
 Be-stode nede, 340/74, was in need, danger.  
 Bet, 46/186, beaten.  
 Betaght, 15/211, given up to, assigned to.  
 Betake, 21/440, assign, commit.  
 Bete, 259/36, mend, remedy.  
 Be-tell, 260/79, conquer, deceive (?)  
 Beyde, 66/78, command, proclaim.  
 Beyld, 158/576, seek protection; 158/581, protection, shield, comfort.  
 Beyldyng, 143/93, comfort, encouragement; 167/35, shelter, dwelling.  
 Beyll, 197/72, relieve, remove: *see* Beyld.  
 Beyr, 300/230, noise: *see* Bere.  
 Beys, 168/62, is.  
 Beytter, 32/311, mender, healer.  
 Biggid, 372/80, built.  
 Bike, 49/4, nest, hive.  
 Blan, 307/52, ceased: *see* Blyn.  
 Ble, 163/109, colour, complexion.  
 Blekyt, 375/244, blacked.  
 Blo, 35/413, blue-black, livid.  
 Blome, 60/130, bloom, flower.  
 Blowre, 74/307, blisters (?)  
 Blowys, 81/94, talk, proclaim, publish.  
 Blure, 374/220, destruction (?), damnation.  
 Blyn, 18/324, stop, cease: *see* Blan.  
 Bob, 139/718, bunch.  
 Bodworde, 69/145, 195/27, message.  
 Bollars, 291/374, drunkards.  
 Bolne, 237/281, swell.  
 Bon, 240/390, bound.  
 Bondon, 59/102, disposition, discretion.  
 Bone, 72/240, petition, boon: *see* Boyne.  
 Boote, 346/203, remedy, redress: *see* Boyte.  
 Borghe, 277/608, pledge, surety: *see* Borow.  
 Borod, 221/554, ransomed, saved.  
 Boroo, 184/100, ransom, save.  
 Borow, 29/204, pledge, security.  
 Borud, 380/427, ransomed, saved: *see* -Borod.  
 Bowke, 377/316, belly, paunch.  
 Bowne, 104/129, prepared.  
 Bowrde, 115/482, jest.  
 Bowrdend, 188/56, jesting.  
 Boyne, 14/183, petition, prayer: *see* Bone.  
 Boyte, 19/376; 108/247, remedy, redress, use.  
 Brade, 25/91, swell; 23/21, moment of time, jiffey; 168/76, boasted; 273/488, trouble.  
 Bradyng, 243/7, onset.  
 Bragance, 117/34, bragging, boasting.  
 Brall, 167/31, brawl, cry out.  
 Brand, 78/5, sword.  
 Brast, 31/264, burst.  
 Brayde, 225/664, stratagem, deceit; Brayde, of, 105/153, are like, resemble.  
 Brede, 2/20, breadth.  
 Brefe, 151/342, letter, official document.  
 Breme, 237/290, fierce, furious.  
 Bren, 14/180, burn.  
 Brend, 11/73, Brent; burnt.  
 Brere, 282/91; Brerys, 15/202, briars, thorns.  
 Bressed, 256/371, bruised.  
 Brestyn, 276/589, burst, *p.p.*  
 Brith, 166/3, birth.  
 Brodell, 150/315, wretch.  
 Browes, 21/417, broth, stew.  
 Browke, 14/186, use.  
 Brude, 124/237, offspring, children (?)  
 Bruet, 50/24, broth.  
 Brymly, 368/33, fiercely.  
 Bryssyng, 204/9, bruising, breaking: *see* Bressed, Bursyd.  
 Bryst, 136/629, burst.  
 Bun, 4/66, bound.  
 Bursyd, 161/34, bruised.  
 Busk, 167/31, prepare; 167/35, set out, depart.  
 Bustus, 235/213, rough, boisterous, clumsy.  
 Buxom, 96/336, obedient.  
 By, 126/330, pay for: *see* Aby, Abite.  
 Byched, 24/325, cursed.  
 Bydeyn, 22/157, at once: *see* Bedeyn.  
 Byg, 22/182, build.  
 Bygyng, 19/91, building.  
 Byke, 31/147, hive.  
 Byll-hagers, 102/57, men who hack with bills.  
 Bynke, 30/484, bench.  
 Byr, 3/371, rush.  
 Byrdyng, 96/345, playing, jesting (*see* 95/302), supposed adultery; or is it 'little bird,' child (?)

Byrkyn, 168/63, break.

Can, 2/338, know.

Carls, 70/205, rustics.

Carpe, 4/115, talk.

Casbald, 255/351, a term of reproach.

Catyflam, 184/101, caitifdom, the devil, hell.

Catyfnes, 266/271, wickedness.

Cautelys, 208/144, tricks.

Cele, 134/558, happiness: *see* Ceyll.

Cely, 214/323, good, innocent.

Certis, 46/191, certainly.

Ceyll, 133/523, bliss, happiness.

Charge, 8/404, load, prepare.

Charys, 126/304, pieces of work, jobs.

Chase, 59/85, chose.

Chefe, 123/398, succeed.

Cheftance, 245/82, chieftains.

Chepe, lyght, 16/236; 121/170, easy, cheap bargain.

Chere, 40/18, countenance.

Ches, 31/281; Chese, 27/129, rows (*see* Chess in Dict.).

Chese, 253/315, chose.

Chevich, 274/514, bargain, deal.

Chuffer, 259/31 (?), boaster (Jesus).

Claryfy, 361/249, proclaim, make famous: *see* Cleryfy.

Cleke, 390/123, seize (?)

Clekyt, 375/245, hatched (?)

Clerge, 112/389; Clerge[te], 107/240, book-learning.

Cleryfy, 80/65, proclaim, preach, tell.

Cloke, 390/123, claw (?)

Cloute, 33/353, patch, mend.

Cloyssse, 247/125, clothes.

Clyfe, 95/308, cliff (?)

Clynke, 262/135, clench.

Clyppys, 390/124, eclipse.

Cod, 101/22, bag, pillow.

Coke, 390/119, cook.

Cokkers, 291/374, fighters.

Cokys, 239/355, cocks.

Colke, 338/43, core.

Colknyfys, 102/57, cabbage-knives.

Combred, 285/189, 321/508, encumbered, entangled (?)

Conandly, 189/104, wisely, suitably.

Condyth, 155/482, conduct.

Copyn, Kyng, 233/166, King Empty-skein (?)

Coth, 35/417, disease.

Couandys (better Conandys), 222/586, covenants, agreements.

Couth, 269/373, known, familiar.

Couth, 66/68; Cowth, 37/473, could.

Cowche, 115/478, lie down.

Cowll, 241/405, swelling, weal.

Cowrs, 286/225, course, way.

Coyle, 21/425; Coyll, 34/389, pottage (should be cayll); 5/136 coal.

Crate, 242/427, decrepit man (?)

Craw, 18/311, crow.

Croft, 239/355, field.

Cronyng, 281/67, crooning, moaning.

Crop, 115/470, top, head.

Crumpe, 370/110, cramp.

Cryb, 107/208, put in a crib (?)

Cuker, 375/270, coker, kind of half-boot or gaiter.

Cutt, 273/508, lot (draw lots).

Dall, 139/733, hand; Dalles, 373/187;

Dals, 371/136, hands.

Dam, 249/186; 236/248, condemn.

Dampnabill, 234/198, deserving of condemnation.

Dang, 314/274, beat.

Dangere, 71/225, control, dominion.

Dare, 163/83, lie hid.

Darfe, 367/1, hard, heavy.

Dase, 32/314, am dazed, stupefied, bewildered.

Daunche, 181/509, fastidious (?)

Daw, 30/247, (?) melancholy, sluggard.

Dawes, 196/55; Dayes, 55/101, dawns.

Dayde, 234/185, brought to trial (at an appointed day) (?)

Daynteth, 294/55, dignity, importance.

Dede, 7/203, death.

Dedir, 32/314 (Yorkshire 'dither'), shiver, tremble.

Deese, 390/114, daïs.

Des, 5/121; Desse, 286/231; Deese, 390/114; Dese, 245/64; daïs, throne.

Defend, 86/6, forbid.

Defly, 119/109, deafly.

Deill, 16/247, bit, morsel.

Dele, 13/137, share, divide.

Delf, 66/79, delve, dig.

Delfe, 276/575, grave.

Deme, 4/113, judge.

Dere, 32/317, harm, injury.

Derfe, 382/481, hard, cruel.

Derly, 117/389, grievously.

Dern, 373/200, secret, hidden.

Dernly, 168/69, secretly, quietly.

- Determyd, 348/251, ended.  
 Devere, 32/319, duty.  
 Dewe, 374/230, list (of fools).  
 Deyde, 66/80, deeds, work.  
 Deyle, 15/213; Deyll, 15/205, share, give: *see* Dele and Deil.  
 Deyle, 375/268, devil.  
 Distance, 24/57, disagreement, dispute.  
 Dit, 17/280; Dytt, 233/178, shut, stopped.  
 Ditizance dountance, 171/171.  
 Docket, 377/310, (?) rag, clout, or (?) little tail.  
 Dold, 31/266, dulled, grown dull.  
 Dom, 207/109, doom, sentence.  
 Done, 92/228, place, put.  
 Donnyng, 10/32, dun mare(?), cp. 'Dun is in the myre.'  
 Dos, 19/360, dost, puttest.  
 Dote, 31/265, foolish person, dotard.  
 Dotty-pols, 173/231, crazy-heads.  
 Dowde, 375/260, slut.  
 Dowse, 124/246, harlot.  
 Doyll, 34/390, dole, portion; 74/302, grief, mourning.  
 Doyn, 382/481, done.  
 Doyse, 4/110, dost.  
 Drake, 312/221, dragon.  
 Dray, 57/14, draw, withdraw.  
 Dre, 118/65, endure.  
 Druch, 326/20, harass, afflict.  
 Drely, 108/245, long, deeply.  
 Dres, 30/238, direct one's course, go; 245/65, prepare, order, direct.  
 Drogh, 6/155, drew, betook himself.  
 Duch ax, 374/242, Dutch axe.  
 Dug, 377/310 cut(?)  
 Dughtiest, 175/294, doughtiest.  
 Dulfull, 7/203, dolefull.  
 Dustardys, 285/10, dastards, stupid persons.  
 Dwere, 364/342, perplexity.  
 Dwill, 12/89, devil.  
 Dwillis, 11/63, devil's.  
 Dwyrd, 348/252, destroy(?)  
 Dyght, 39/543, prepared, disposed.  
 Dyke, 66/79, render.  
 Dyll, 163/80, ditcher dull, assuage.  
 Dyllydowne, 135/609, pet, darling.  
 Dyng, 77/410, beat, strike.  
 Dyntand, 280/54, riding.  
 Dysars, 291/373, dicers.  
 Dyscry, 243/8; Dyscryfe, 345/180, describe.  
 Dysseferance, 343/144, separation, dissension.  
 Dytt, 233/178, stopt.  
 Edder, 86/25, serpent.  
 Eft, 30/241, afterwards, again.  
 Eld, 62/189, age.  
 Eme, 51/59, uncle.  
 Emell, 65/34, among.  
 Encense, *v.t.* 172/198, incense.  
 Encheson, 44/133, occasion, cause.  
 Endoost, 196/48, protected.  
 Endorde, 107/234, glazed, gilded.  
 Enfray, 308/71, affray.  
 Enys, 225/661, once.  
 Ernes, 150/303, earnest.  
 Eschele, 55/115, troop.  
 Ethe, 232/141, easily.  
 Everychon, 41/43, each or every one.  
 Examynyng, *sb.* 235/235, examination.  
 Excusyng, *sb.* 94/294.  
 Faed, 269/363, withered.  
 Fageyng, 287/252, flattery.  
 Fames, 92/213, makes known.  
 Fand, 69/164, found.  
 Fang, 30/245, take hold of, take.  
 Fare, 10/32, on, pull.  
 Farenes, 235/217, fairness, justice.  
 Farly, 56/3, wonderfully.  
 Farlys, 294/53, wonders.  
 Farne, 149/271, fared, got on: *see* Fowre.  
 Farne, 133/533, laboured, borne a child.  
 Fature, 71/226, traitor, deceiver, impostor.  
 Faund, 47/219, found.  
 Fawchion, 288/274, falchion.  
 Fawte, 229/55, default, want.  
 Fax, 374/243, hair.  
 Fayn, 45/175, joyful.  
 Fayntyse, 389/77, cowardice, languor.  
 Fayre, 18/308, go, fare.  
 Featte, 287/252, doings.  
 Fee, 11/76, property, 'corn or cattle'; 66/62, cattle.  
 Feere, 7/209, companion.  
 Feft, 136/620, endowed.  
 Feld, 13/122, field.  
 Fele, Felle, 65/43, many; 141/24, knock down; 156/515, mountain; 170/142, cruel, fierce.  
 Fell, 331/181, skin.

- Felly, 368/31, terribly.  
 Felter, 377/318, join together (?)  
 Fend, 10/38, forbid.  
 Fenying, 250/224, feigning.  
 Fenys, 205/22, feign.  
 Ferd, 13/145, afraid; 18/338, fear.  
 Fere (in), 20/383, in company, together.  
 Fere, 368/31, terrify.  
 Ferly, 14/156, wonder, marvel.  
 Ferray, 374/217, plundering.  
 Fersly, 77/405, fiercely (?)  
 Ferys, 230/64, companions: *see* Fere.  
 Fest, 109/280, settle, fix.  
 Feste, 251/244, fastened.  
 Fe-yld, 372/165, made ready.  
 Feyll, 294/53, many.  
 Feyr, 191/161, companion: *see* Fere.  
 Ffarlee, 358/158, wonderfully: *see* Farly.  
 Ffelterd, 102/65, joined together, interwoven.  
 Ffermes, 101/30, rents due to landlord.  
 Fill (half my fill), 21/427.  
 Flay, 34/380, put to flight, frighten.  
 Flekyt, 374/242, spotted.  
 Fleme, 84/188, banish, put to flight.  
 Flemyd, 235/234, banisht, condemned: *see* Fleme.  
 Flett, 29/223, flat, floor; 36/436, floated.  
 Flone, 110/324, dart: *see* Thoner-flone, lightning.  
 Floo, 26/115, flow.  
 Flume, 197/72, river.  
 Flyt, 17/303; 29/223, flee, shift; 73/284, flee from, avoid.  
 Flyte, 17/293, quarrel.  
 Flyx, 182/30, flux, diarrhoea.  
 Foche, 71/221, fetch.  
 Fode, 96/365; 268/343, offspring: *see* Foode.  
 Foine, 268/343, product, treasure.  
 Fon, 274/526, am bewildered.  
 Fon, 47/218, found; 96/353, fool.  
 Fon, 239/360, seize, take.  
 Fone, 26/99, few.  
 Foode, 91/178, offspring, child; 196/39, young man.  
 Foore, 122/196, fared.  
 For, 19/354, because.  
 Forbot, 102/38, forbidding.  
 Force, 19/374, power, strength; 'no force,' no matter.  
 Fordo, 26/114, ruin, destroy.

- For-fare, 231/317, destroy.  
 Forfett, 230/62, transgressed; 242/425, offence, penalty (?)  
 Forgangere, 195/28, foregoer.  
 Forgeyn, 49/285, forgiven.  
 For-rakyd, 124/256, overdone with walking.  
 Fors, 65/32, might, power.  
 Forshapyn, 136/619, transformed.  
 Forspokyn, 136/613, enchanted.  
 Forth, 52/24, carry out, execute.  
 For-thli, 10/45, For-thy, 270/405, therefore.  
 Forthynk, 94/299; 24/354, repent, be sorry.  
 Forthynkyng, 343/144, repentance.  
 Forwakyd, 124/253, exhausted with watching.  
 Forward, 289/322, agreement, promise.  
 Foryeldys, 121/171, requites.  
 Fostre, 386/599, care, protection.  
 Fott, 20/392, fetch.  
 Found, 41/53; Fownde, 358/158, prove, try, seek.  
 Fow[n]dyng, 219/497, temptation.  
 Fowre, 74/305, fared.  
 Foyde, 139/720, child, offspring: *see* Foode.  
 Foyll, 225/678, fool; 5/137, foal.  
 Foyne, 177/381, thrust.  
 Foyne, 125/281, few: *see* Fone.  
 Foyte, 263/182, foot, 12 inches.  
 Frast, 28/183; 41/53, inquire of, try.  
 Fray, 175/317, attack, alarm, fright; 312/198, from.  
 Frayes, 65/42, affrays, rows.  
 Frayn, 91/185, question, ask.  
 Fre, *sb.* 32/310, free, noble, liberal being, God.  
 Freke, 289/322, warrior, man.  
 Frele, 392/166, frail.  
 Frely, 49/277; 139/720; 196/39, noble.  
 Fres, 351/314; Frese, 34/391, fear.  
 Fresh: as fresh as an eel, 127/356.  
 Frog, 289/311, frock, Christ's gown.  
 Froskis, 73/284, frogs.  
 Fry, 25/66, children, descendants.  
 Fryggys, 377/316, animals, beings (?)  
 Fun, 65/43, found  
 Fylyd, 90/159, defiled, copulated with.  
 Fynd, 94/272, put, clothe.  
 Fyrth, 156/515, forest.  
 Fytt, 59/104, song, stanza.

- Gab, 347/243, deceive.  
 Gad, 13/149, go quickly to and fro.  
 Gadlyng, 80/84, fellow.  
 Gam, 3/84, pleasure, sport.  
 Ganstand, 44/128, withstand, oppose.  
 Garn, 32/298, yarn.  
 Garray, 761/377, armed force; 134/564, commotion, row.  
 Gars, 10/44, causes.  
 Gart, 43/104, made.  
 Garthynere, 323/563, gardener.  
 Gate, 52/29, going, path.  
 Gawdis, 65/41, tricks, habits.  
 Gaytt-door, 126/328, street door.  
 Gedlyngis, 10/14, fellows: *see* Gadlyng.  
 Geld, 89/134, barren.  
 Gent, 366/396, gentle, well-born.  
 Gere, 30/245, gear, tools.  
 Ges, sb. 15/231, guess.  
 Gessen, 74/315, Goshen.  
 Get, 46/188, offspring, progeny.  
 Gett, 376/287, mode, fashion.  
 Geyn, 203/270, given.  
 Glase, 241/418, gloss, polishing.  
 Glase, 126/316, chance, risk.  
 Glom, 386/596, frown, are gloomy.  
 Glope, 174/264, surprise.  
 Glose, 129/413, falsehood.  
 Gnast, 170/157, gnash, be troubled.  
 Goderhayll! 107/226, good luck!  
 Gog, 10/44, God.  
 Gome, 203/269, man.  
 Goonys, 183/47, yawn.  
 Grade, 257/404; Graide, 234/286, prepared.  
 Grafen, 316/350, buried.  
 Grales, 172/205, gradual, part of the Mass.  
 Grame, 25/89, anger.  
 Gramercy, 98/20, many thanks.  
 Gramery, 108/242, grammar, learning.  
 Grankys, 183/45, groan.  
 Granser, 204/12, grandsire.  
 Grath, 37/482, (?) favour, readiness.  
 Grauyng, 157/557, burial.  
 Grayd, 300/227, prepared: *see* Grade.  
 Grayth, 55/103, prepare.  
 Graythly, 207/95, readily.  
 Grefyd, 217/432, grieved.  
 Greme, 54/73, anger, harm: *see* Grame.  
 Gresys, 8/238, herbs, plants.  
 Grete, 50/38, weeping, to weep; 316/350, grit, stone.  
 Grew, 274/531, Greek.  
 Grewys, 378/352, turns to horror (?)  
 Grith, 166/4, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.  
 Grofen, 74/326, grown (?)  
 Groflyngis, 46/203, groveling, face downwards.  
 Grome, 371/128, groom, boy.  
 Gropyng, 347/243, feeling, handling.  
 Groved, 15/199, grew.  
 Growne, 114/432, snout (?)  
 Groyf, 196/54, grow (?)  
 Gruch, 198/104, grudge, murmur.  
 Grufe, 37/463, grow (?)  
 Gryle, 163/99, shrilly, keenly.  
 Grymly, 338/14, cruelly, terribly.  
 Gryse, 48/254, feel horror, shudder.  
 Gryssed, 106/189, grassed, covered with grass.  
 Gryth, 226/707, peace, security: *see* Gyrth.  
 Gyll, 243/11, guile.  
 Gyn, 26/128, contrivance, engine.  
 Gyrd, 136/622, strike, cut.  
 Gyrth, 80/54, peace, security: *see* Gryth.  
 Gyse, 127/341, plan (?)  
 Had I wylt, 119/93, had I known, before I played the fool.  
 Haffes, 180/484, unhurt (?)  
 Haft, 187/52, affairs, business.  
 Hafyng, 191/175, possessions, property.  
 Hagh, 330/144, consideration.  
 Hak, 131/476, go on, behave, make uproar (?)  
 Halsid, 294/56, embraced, fondled.  
 Hamyd, 117/15, crippled, lamed.  
 Handband, 50/33, covenanted portion.  
 Hap, 130/434, wrap up.  
 Har (to-har), 297/142, harry, drag.  
 Har, 234/210, hinge.  
 Harbar, 124/245; Harbor, 297/139, lodging, dwelling.  
 Hardely, 19/463, boldly, certainly.  
 Harll, 256/358, drag.  
 Harlottis, 10/22, rascals.  
 Harnes, 128/392, brains.  
 Harnes, 43/118, equipment.  
 Haro! 17/275, help!  
 Harrer, 11/55, quicker.  
 Harsto, 297/136; Harstow, 20/386, hearest thou.  
 Hast, 238/318, asked, ordered: *see* Ast.  
 Hat, 10/15, is called.  
 Hathennes, 79/26, heathendom.

- Hatters, 133/543, confound it!  
 Hawvell, 378/337, noise, jabber (?).  
     Apparently mere gibberish, like the  
     rime-word *lawvell*.  
 Haylse, 365/386, salute.  
 Haytt, 123/227, hot.  
 He, 37/469, high.  
 Hek, 126/305, hatch, wicket-gate.  
 Hekis, 10/47, hay-racks (?)  
 Held, 181/6, eld, old age.  
 Helne, 35/420, rudder.  
 Hend, 388/25, near.  
 Hend, 9/262, hand.  
 Hent, 35/420, take, seize.  
 Here, 12/100, here is.  
 Heris, 7/198, hear thou.  
 Het, 46/190, promised; Hetis, 51/52,  
     promises; Hete, 352/348, promise.  
 Hething, 281/86, scorn, contempt.  
 Hevyd, 366/401, lifted.  
 Heyle, 87/45, healing, salvation.  
 Heynd, 62/174, gracious.  
 Heytt, 73/298, promised: *see* Het.  
 Hien, 193/216, hence.  
 Hight, 3/71, (be) called; 24/46, pro-  
     mised.  
 Ho, 35/411, cry ho! stop.  
 Hogh, 317/371, high, (?) read 'hegh.'  
 Hoill, 9/7, hole.  
 Hoket, 374/233, 234; 377/312, ridi-  
     cule (?), or (?) difficulty, obstacle.  
 Holard, 177/358, debauchee.  
 Holgh, 18/310, empty, hollow.  
 Humely, 294/56, familiarly.  
 Hone, 13/133, delay.  
 Hore, 104/132, hair (?), sheep.  
 Hostyld, 348/263, lodged.  
 Hote, 53/46, promise, vow.  
 Houer, 75/363, tarry.  
 Hoylle, 34/388, whole, contented.  
 Hoyne, 32/80, delay: *see* Hone.  
 Hoyse, 21/436, hose.  
 Hu, 346/221, hue (?)  
 Hud, 288/283, hood.  
 Hufe, 37/461, delay.  
 Hullars, 291/373, lechers.  
 Hurlyd, 244/30, driven forcibly; 377/  
     316, covered with bristles.  
 Hy, 10/43, hasten; *in hy*, in haste.  
 Hyght, 81/107, promise.  
 Hyghtynd, 90/68, set high, lifted up,  
     exalted.  
 Hyne, 53/54, servant; 184/90, hence(?)  
 Hyrdis, 66/62, shepherds.  
 Hyte! 11/55, gee up! go on!  
 Ich, Icha, 4/106, each, every.  
 Ich, who be ich?, 122/207.  
 Ichon, 26/112, each one.  
 Ilk, 62/183, same.  
 Ilka, 63/211, each, every.  
 Indoost, 242/421, flogged, loaded on  
     the back.  
 Indytars, 205/24, inditers, writers.  
 Infude, 100/89, pour into, endow.  
 Ingroost, 202/250, engrossed, included,  
     comprehended.  
 Innocent, *sb.* 177/388.  
 Inquiryd, 195/21, inquired of, asked.  
 Intraste (in traste), 299/182, trust in.  
 Irk, 182/43, weary, disinclined for  
     exertion.  
 Irregulere, 237/306, out of rule,  
     unjust.  
 Ist, 201/212, is it.  
 Janglis, 9/6; chatters; Jangyls,  
     13/134, chatterest.  
 Jape, 123/221, jest.  
 Jawvell, 378/337, wrangling = javel,  
     chavel, jaw.  
 Jelian Jowke, 377/317, Gillian  
     Clown (?)  
 Jourmontyng, 166/11, governor (?)  
 Jues, 65/35, Jews.  
 Keill, 32/300; Keyle, 26/118, cool,  
     allay.  
 Kelles, 375/260, cauls, nets.  
 Kend, 11/72, taught; 62/193, known.  
 Kepe, 253/304, await, meet (?); 388/  
     19, heed.  
 Kest, 266/255, cast, reckon up.  
 Knafe, 20/382; Knave, 134/554, boy,  
     servant.  
 Knakt, 137/659, hit it off, sang.  
 Knap, 238/337, knock, strike.  
 Knop, 241/408, stud with knobs.  
 Knyt, 36/451, knit, closed.  
 Koket, 374/235, cock, aside.  
 Kon, 4/91, know.  
 Kun thank, 65/30, give thanks.  
 Kyd, 2/45; 266/272, made known,  
     shown.  
 Kynd, 50/42, kindred, family.  
 Kynke, 372/152, double up, tie myself  
     in a knot.  
 Kyppys, 134/557, seizes, snatches.  
 Kyth, 54/67, kith, kindred, native  
     country.  
 Kythe, 54/95; 266/266, show.

- Laft, 261/105, have left, relinquished.  
 Laghe, 339/44, law.  
 Lak, 68/118; Lake, 115/465; 385/587, play, game.  
 Lakan, 124/242, plaything.  
 Lake, sb. 206/85, lack.  
 Lane, 334/48, hide; *see* Layn.  
 Langett, 29/224, strap, thong.  
 Langyd, 117/42, longed, wished.  
 Lap, 287/265, rag.  
 Lappyd, 116/4; Lapt, 128/368, wrapped up, involved.  
 Lare, 70/194, lore, learning.  
 Large, in, 189/90, at large, fully.  
 Late, 90/137, seek, inquire.  
 Lath, 298/165, hateful, hideous; *see* Layth.  
 Law, 67/81, low.  
 Lawd, 61/143, lay, unlearned.  
 Lawdys, 121/180, praises, part of the Matins Service.  
 Lawvell, 378/338, blasphemy (?)  
 Lay, Layse, 65/48, law, laws.  
 Layn, 45/169, hide, deny.  
 Layt, 192/180, seek, look for.  
 Layth, 87/63, hateful, hideous.  
 Laytt, 286/238, search (?)  
 Leasse, 6/158, falsehood.  
 Leche, 12/83, physician.  
 Lede, 287/265, man.  
 Leder, 31/289; Ledyr, 121/147, evil, bad.  
 Lefe, 11/65; Leif, 11/68, dear.  
 Lege, 192/181, alleges, quotes.  
 Leghe, 33/38, lie, falsehood.  
 Leif, 15/195, remain.  
 Leke, 5/129, leak.  
 Lele, 36/446, loyal.  
 Lely, 192/180, loyally.  
 Lelyst, 288/296, most loyal, fairest.  
 Lemman, 87/65, dear one (V. Mary).  
 Lemyd, 110/316, shone.  
 Lent, 96/352, remained.  
 Lenys, 13/118, lends.  
 Lep, 395/56, basket.  
 Lerd, 233/169, taught.  
 Lere, 45/159, teach.  
 Leryd, 72/239, learnt.  
 Les, 5/120; Lese, 7/194, falsehood: *see* Leasse.  
 Lese, 209/163, lose.  
 Lesyns, 206/67, lyings, falsehoods.  
 Letherly, 121/171, badly (cheap and nasty).  
 Letht, 232/142; lithe, mitigation.  
 Lett, 189/89, hinder, desist, stop; 259/33, thought, esteemed.  
 Letys, 260/56, thinks.  
 Leuer, 47/217, rather: *see* Leyffer.  
 Leuerd, 287/265, delivered, given.  
 Leueryng, 107/217, dish of liver (?): *see* Levyr.  
 Levyn, 33/346, lightning.  
 Levyr, 35/399, liver.  
 Lewde, 139/707, unlearned, lay.  
 Lewte, 41/50, loyalty.  
 Leyde, 24/48, people, nation; 4/82, lead.  
 Leyf, 5/126, dear: *see* Leif.  
 Leyfe, 4/111, leave, abandon; 85/234, pleased, willing.  
 Leyffer, were I, 42/84, I had rather.  
 Leyfys, 385/586, darlings, loves.  
 Leyn, 12/112, lean.  
 Leyn, 12/115, lend.  
 Leynd, 68/140, remain, linger.  
 Leynyd, 53/37, leaned, inclined.  
 Lig, 18/326, lie.  
 Lightness, 195/5, light.  
 Ligis, 15/220, lies: *see* Lig.  
 List, 11/59, pleases.  
 Lith, 2/26, light; 393/211, joint.  
 Lofe, 3/75, praise.  
 Lofyne, 12/103, praising, praise: *see* Lovyng.  
 Loghe, 281/86, laughed.  
 Lone, 293/271, loan.  
 Long, 35/399, lungs.  
 Longys, 3/81, belongs.  
 Lonys, 107/230, loins.  
 Looke, 123/219, look favourably on, save.  
 Loppys, 74/306, insects, fleas.  
 Lorne, 66/76, lost.  
 Lose, 250/202, praise, repute.  
 Losell, 72/242, scamp, worthless man.  
 Lote, 129/409, noise.  
 Loth, 208/126, loathsome, hateful, hideous: *see* Lath.  
 Lothes, 166/9, injuries.  
 Lottyn, 232/123, looking: *see* Sowreloten.  
 Louf, 42/56, love: *see* Luf.  
 Loutt, 280/49, bow the head: *see* Lowt.  
 Lovyng, 3/62, praise.  
 Lowde, and styll, 190/122, in all conditions.  
 Lowfes, 211/239, valuest.

- Lowfyd, 248/169, praised.  
 Lowked, 229/58, locked, closed.  
 Lowt, 21/434, bow the head.  
 Luddokys, 377/314, buttocks.  
 Luf, 21/434, love.  
 Lufe, 37/462, hand, palm.  
 Luffy, 3/72, lovely.  
 Lullay, syng, 130/442.  
 Lurdan, 72/239, lowt, lazy person.  
 Luskand, 227/750, hiding, sneaking.  
 Lyere, 269/362; face, countenance :  
   see Lyre.  
 Lyght, 60/115, descend; 127/337,  
   delivered (in childbirth); chepe, 16/  
   236, 121/170, light, cheap bargain.  
 Lykance, 281/56, liking, pleasure.  
 Lykandly, 265/234, pleasantly.  
 Lykyng, 74/316, pleasure.  
 Lynage, 69/143, lineage.  
 Lynde, 97/368, lime-tree.  
 Lyre, 65/24, face, countenance : see  
   Lyre.  
 Lyst, 65/24, pleasure, liking.  
 Lyte, 85/225; Lytt, 152/394, flaw,  
   error.  
 Lythe, 340/87, go, travel.  
 Lytter, 158/590, bed.  
  
 Ma-fay ! 275/564, my faith !  
 Make, 7/187, mate, wife; 21/442,  
   match, equal.  
 Malison, 19/355, malediction, curse.  
 Malys, 179/453, bags, wallets.  
 Mangery, 214/343, feast.  
 Mangyng, 107/232, eating, meal.  
 Mar, 27/129, hinder.  
 Mare, 238/310, nightmare, goblin.  
 Marke, 182/33, dark, dim.  
 Maroo, 130/436, companion, mate.  
 Mase, 68/135, makes, does.  
 Masid, 358/165, 166; 359/195, mazed,  
   dazed.  
 Mastre, 3/81; 65/34; 223/610, lord-  
   ship, superiority.  
 Masyd, 220/510, dizzy, stupid.  
 Mawgre, 287/270, ill-will, displeasure.  
 Mawmentry, 260/78, idolatry.  
 May, 80/70, maiden; 223/610, make.  
 Mayll-easse, 132/485, discomfort, sick-  
   ness.  
 Mayn, 163/101; 265/241, power,  
   strength.  
 Maytt, 202/245, dejected, sorrowful.  
 Measse, 34/389, mess, dish.  
 Med, 341/111, mead, honey-drink.  
  
 Mede, 17/294, reward.  
 Medill-erd, 26/100, earth, world.  
 Medys, 2/31, midst.  
 Mekill, 16/237, much.  
 Mell, 24/44, speaks (of); 260/82,  
   meddle.  
 Melland, 386/595, speaking, talking.  
 Mene, 141/37, indicate, point out.  
 Menee, Menye, 23/22, household,  
   company.  
 Meng, 166/1, mingle; 271/437, disturb,  
   trouble.  
 Menged, 41/31, disturbed, troubled;  
   314/270, mixed.  
 Menske, 82/140, dignify, honour.  
 Menskfull, 365/389, honourable.  
 Ment, 40/15, aimed at, aspired to;  
   45/174, signified, intended.  
 Menys, 225/688, bemoans.  
 Merely, 77/419, merrily.  
 Merkyd, 195/3, marked.  
 Marshall, 264/198, farrier.  
 Mes, 172/206, Mass.  
 Mese, 209/151, soothe.  
 Mesel, 16/264, leprous.  
 Mett, 115/484, measured.  
 Mevid, 39/542, moved.  
 Meyne, 12/111, mean, middling.  
 Meyne, Mene 12/113, complain, moan.  
 Mo, 6/163; Moo, 8/237, more.  
 Mode, 180/472, mind, mood.  
 Modee, 260/86, proud, courageous.  
 Mold, 243/3, earth, ground.  
 Mom, 70/188, mutter.  
 Mompyns, 107/210, teeth: 'mone-  
   pynnes', Lydgate.  
 Mon, 16/265, must.  
 Mop, 115/467; 139/724, bundle, baby.  
 Moren, 101/39, morning.  
 Mortase, 264/213; 267/304, mortice,  
   notch for the Cross to rest in.  
 Mos, 376/288, moss, for padding  
   folk's shoulders.  
 Mot, 16/254, must.  
 Mow, 261/99, grimace.  
 Mowchid, 385/571, preyed, pilfered (?)  
 Moyne, 195/6, moon.  
 Moyte, 213/298, discuss, moot.  
 Moytt, 271/430, plead.  
 Moytys, 301/270, slippest, goest  
   astray.  
 Muf, 70/188, speak indistinctly.  
 Muster, 298/177, punish (?)  
 Mychers, 258/12, pilferers.  
 Mydyng, 34/376, dunghill.

- Myld, *sb.* 94/281, gentle maiden, Mary.  
 Myn, 26/112, less; 39/551, remember.  
 Myn, 291/361, Mynnyng, 391/158, memory, remembrance.  
 Myr, 157/557, myrrh.  
 Myrk, 197/88, dark.  
 Mys, 39/551, suffering; 195/26, evil.  
 Mysfoundyng, 347/242, mistaken endeavour, mistake.  
 Mysprase, 389/59, blame.  
 Myssaes, 275/569, (?) discomforts.  
 Myster, 107/231, need, require.  
 Mytyng, 115/477, little one.
- Napand, 385/575, napping, catching, griping.  
 Nar, 43/225; 124/246, nigh, nearer.  
 Nate, 260/62, use.  
 Nately, 121/158, quickly.  
 Nawder, 14/193, neither.  
 Nawre, 323/579, nowhere.  
 Nawther, 132/504, neither.  
 Ne, 297/118, nigh, near.  
 Neemly, 123/271, nimbly.  
 Nefe, 241/407, fist.  
 Negh, 7/201, go nigh, approach.  
 Negons, 385/571, misers.  
 Neld, 13/123, needle.  
 Nere-hand, 49/286, almost.  
 Nese, 132/488, nose (?)  
 Nesh, 133/545, soft, tender.  
 Neuen, 23/13, name, relate; 194/266, speak of.  
 Newys, 14/189, renews.  
 Nokyns, 246/99, no kind of.  
 Nold, 360/11, would not.  
 Nome, 370/111, numb, benumbed.  
 None, 32/317, noon.  
 Nonys, the, 133/527 = then onys, then once, the nonce.  
 Nores, 132/496; Norice, 396/79; Norysh, 262/141; nurse.  
 Nose, 9/11, noise.  
 Note, 31/264, occupation, business; 34/368, contention.  
 Novels, 38/508, news.  
 Nowche 391/138, brooch.  
 Noy, 39/532, Noah.  
 Noyes, 77/397, annoyances, hurts.  
 Noynnyng, 281/65, noon-tide.  
 Noytis, 69/154; 110/306; 194/266, notes, things: *see* Note.  
 Nyfylys, 377/323, trivialities.  
 Nyghtertayl, 227/734, night-time.  
 Nyk, 323/571, deny.
- Nyll, 106/198, will not.  
 O, 1/1, omega.  
 Oker, 191/163, usury.  
 Okerars, 376/297, usurers.  
 Oneths, 182/42, scarcely: *see* Unethes.  
 Onone, 4/99, anon, immediately.  
 Ons, 238/326; Onys, 29/207, once.  
 Oone-fold, 157/554, one.  
 Oost, 202/256, host, company.  
 Oostre, 32/329, hostelry, inn.  
 Or, 196/32, before.  
 Ordand, 26/119, ordain, make.  
 Ore, 355/76, before, ago; *see* Are.  
 Ostre, 386/603, entertainment.  
 Other-gatis, 13/121, otherwise.  
 Ouertwhart, 102/48, athwart, across.  
 Out-horne, 232/139, hue and cry.  
 Owe, 91/178, owns.  
 Oy, Oyes, 21/416, hear, listen, oh yes! (call for silence).
- Paddokys, 391/148, toads (or frogs).  
 Paide, 31/283; Payde, 80/61, satisfied.  
 Pall, 323/613, royal robe.  
 Paramoure, 25/80, as a lover.  
 Parels, 170/136, perils (?)  
 Pask, 214/314, Passover.  
 Paustè, 41/32, power.  
 Pay, 76/373, satisfy, please; 175/326, beat.  
 Payde, 218/470, pleased.  
 Paynt, 117/28, painted, ornamented.  
 Peche, 202/239, impeach.  
 Pelt, 237/283, knock, thrust.  
 Pent, 246/100, belonged.  
 Perch, 251/233, pierce.  
 Perles, 243/5, peerless.  
 Permafay, 80/67, by my faith.  
 Pertly, 212/247, quickly, boldly.  
 Peruyce, 240/387, church-porch.  
 Peyre, 369/63, equal.  
 Pight, 269/364, doubt (?)  
 Pight, 285/188, fixed (?)  
 Pik, 26/127, pitch.  
 Pike-harnes, 10/37, plunderer of armour.  
 Pilus, 376/290, folk with padded shoulders.  
 Playn, 292/408; Plene, 189/99, full.  
 Plenyd, 381/453, complained, be-moaned.  
 Plete, 106/204; Pleyte, 287/248, plead.  
 Plight, 327/56; Plyght, 88/91, guilt.

Ply, 281/58, bend.  
 Po, 117/37, peacock.  
 Poece, 172/204, poet's (not Boece, as in margin).  
 Pose, 113/423, catarrh, cold.  
 Powderd, 107/216, salted.  
 Poynt, 83/161, condition, danger.  
 Pranky, 376/288, embroidered, be-decked.  
 Pransawte, 385/561, prancing, showing off.  
 Praty, 115/477, pretty.  
 Prayse, 212/257, appraise, value.  
 Prease, 65/19, crowd, throng: *see* Prese.  
 Prefe, 72/255, prove.  
 Prese, 253/313, crowd, throng.  
 Prest, 220/510, ready, prompt.  
 Preualy, 253/292, privately.  
 Preue, 151/338, private.  
 Preuatē, 80/125, privy, secret.  
 Propyce, 54/100, propitious.  
 Prouand, 10/45, provender, food.  
 Prow, 14/163, profit.  
 Purs-cuttars, 291/375, purse-cutters.  
 Purst, 107/209, put away.  
 Purvaye, 39/553, provide.  
 Purveance, 117/33, provision, equipment.  
 Pyk, 31/282, pitch.  
 Pynd, 33/332, pinned, confined.  
 Pynde, 47/220, pained, punished.  
 Pyne, 29/227, punishment.  
 Pystyl, 119/100, epistle.  
 Quantyse, 66/65, skill, wisdom.  
 Quarrell, 19/367, square bolt of a cross-bow.  
 Quarte, 19/368, safety.  
 Quell, 66/65, kill.  
 Queme, 2/42, agreeable, pleasant.  
 Querestur, 373/209, chorister.  
 Quest-dytars, 373/185, inquest- or inquiry-holders.  
 Quest-mangers, 205/25, inquest- or inquiry-holders.  
 Quetstone, 230/80, whetstone.  
 Queyd, 82/117, bad 'un.  
 Qwantt, 135/593, clever, quaint.  
 Qweasse, 132/487, wheeze, breathe.  
 Qwelp, 113/425, whelp.  
 Qweme, 365/365, please.  
 Qwenes, 255/349, women.  
 Qweyn, 83/164, woman.  
 Qwite, 11/52, requite.

Rad, 121/175; 270/384, afraid.  
 Radly, 77/401; 168/65, readily, speedily.  
 Rafe, 21/423, raves; 270/384, rave.  
 Ragman (roll of), 374/224, document with seals.  
 Rake, 168/65, course, path; 198/119, wander, go.  
 Rake, 260/88, rack, torture.  
 Rap, 237/300, hit, knock.  
 Rase, 36/429, race, rush.  
 Rathly, 270/402, quickly, promptly.  
 Raunson, 269/354, ransom.  
 Raw, 119/109, row, line.  
 Rawth, 330/168, ruth, pity.  
 Rayd, 206/68, set in array, arranged.  
 Recrayd, 321/507, recreant.  
 Red, advice, plan.  
 Rede, 4/111, advice, counsel; 7/202, command.  
 Redles, 270/384, without counsel.  
 Reepe, 16/235, sheaf.  
 Refe, 245/65, rob, deprive of.  
 Reffys, 371/146, thefts, spoil, plunder.  
 Refys, 266/269, robbest of.  
 Rehett, 171/161, rebuke.  
 Rek, 16/247, care thou, heed thou.  
 Reke, 372/168, smoke.  
 Rekyls, 148/237, incense.  
 Rekys, 5/129, care: *see* Rek.  
 Reme, 252/258, realm, kingdom.  
 Ren, 57/25, run, live.  
 Renabyll, 231/110, reasonable.  
 Renderars, 371/146, restorers.  
 Renk, 168/70, man, warrior.  
 Rentals, 371/134, rents (?).  
 Rerd, 26/101, sound, noise.  
 Res, 48/255; Resse, 273/481, race, rush.  
 Rese, 245/62, crowd.  
 Reue, 58/74, rob, plunder.  
 Rew, 63/224, rue, be merciful.  
 Rewyll, 222/585, order, line, row.  
 Reyde, 7/114, advise, counsel: *see* Rede.  
 Reyf, 83/174, deprive of, rob from: *see* Reue.  
 Reyll, 125/274, set about it.  
 Reynand, 26/111, running.  
 Ro, 30/237; 266/269, quiet, repose.  
 Roght, 78/11; 368/21, cared, recked.  
 Rok, 33/338, distaff.  
 Rok, 238/330, shake, agitate.  
 Rose, 12/95, praise, glorify.  
 Rost, cold, 21/421, cold roast meat.

Roton, 107/221, rotten.  
 Route, 32/305, roaring noise.  
 Rowne, 82/118, whisper.  
 Rowte, 175/309, company.  
 Royse, 4/111, praise.  
 Roytt, 341/102, root.  
 Rud, 391/145, redness of complexion.  
 Rude, 271/440, rood, cross.  
 Rug, 248/148, rock, agitate, shake.  
 Runk, 82/118, whisper, talk.  
 Ruse, 229/33, rose, praise.  
 Rused, 273/492, praised, celebrated.  
 Ryfe, 13/153, tear, split.  
 Ryfe, 103/96, widely.  
 Ryffen, 13/141, torn.  
 Ryke, 103/92, realm.  
 Rynes, 230/82, runs.  
 Rype, 132/515, examine.  
 Ryst, 65/47, rising, insurrection.  
 Rytt, 198/109, disobedience (?)

Sadly, 206/60, firmly, seriously.  
 Sagh, 56/16, saying: *see* Sawe.  
 Sakles, 250/215, innocent.  
 Salys, 220/506, assails.  
 Sam, 22/445, together.  
 Samyne, 112/398, same.  
 Sangre, 113/430, song.  
 Santis, 40/555, saints.  
 Saunce, 103/112, without.  
 Sawe, 112/68; Sayes, *pl.* 55/107,  
   saying, speech.  
 Say, 323/563, tell.  
 Sayll, 286/229, hall.  
 Sayne, 43/107, bless; Saynyd, 55/106,  
   blessed.  
 Saynt, 123/209, show off (?)  
 Seasse, 6/182, seize, give possession,  
   install.  
 Sectures, 392/167, executors.  
 Securly, 34/372, surely.  
 Sekir, 17/295; Sekyr, 8/249, sure.  
 Selcowth, 67/103, strange, wonderful.  
 Seme, 4/107, 112; Semys, 4/100, 104,  
   suit, befit.  
 Sen, 212/259, since: *see* Sithen.  
 Seniors, 204/8.  
 Sere, 8/255, several, separate.  
 Sese, 4/114, cease.  
 Sew, 77/403, pursue.  
 Seyll, 32/301, happiness.  
 Seymland, 29/211, semblance, appear-  
   ance.  
 Seyr, 8/239, various, separate: *see*  
   Sere.

Share, 351/329, cut, pierced.  
 Shech, 205/52, speech, doctrine (?)  
 Shene, 143/99, beautiful.  
 Shent, 8/221, disgraced, destroyed.  
 Sheynd, 76/376, destroy.  
 Shog, 265/230, shake up and down.  
 Shon, 46/200, avoid, escape.  
 Shontt, 365/361, avoid, escape.  
 Shope, 14/174, shaped, made.  
 Shoterd, 370/98, shuddered.  
 Shoyr, 13/153, shoes; 269/361, shone.  
 Shrew, 19/341, curse.  
 Shrogys, 120/455, shrubs, brushwood.  
 Shyld, 99/71; Outt-shyld, out-  
   shelled (? *L. inanes*).  
 Shyre, 18/317, clear.  
 Sithe, 340/85, journey.  
 Sithen, 12/103, afterwards, since.  
 Sitt, 5/147, pain.  
 Skar, 237/301, cross, angry (?)  
 Skard, 124/289, scared, timid.  
 Skarthis, 105/160, fragments.  
 Skathe, 53/51, injury, loss.  
 Skanuce, 20/401; Skawnce, 239/353,  
   joke, make-believe.  
 Skawde, 135/596, scold.  
 Skawte, 385/559, blow, thrust.  
 Skayll, 108/249, bowl, drinking-vessel.  
 Skelp, 32/323, blow.  
 Skete, 63/221, quickly.  
 Skill, 6/260, reason.  
 Skraw, 274/516, scroll.  
 Skryke, 30/232, screech.  
 Skyfte, 292/392, shift, trick.  
 Skyllys, 44/133, reasons: *see* Skill.  
 Slake, 249/189, loose, set free, humble.  
 Slape, 21/414, slippery, crafty.  
 Slefe, 117/28, sleeve.  
 Sleght, 169/121, scheme, trick: *see*  
   Slyght.  
 Slegthe, 263/157, sleight, contrivance.  
 Slo, 19/371, slay.  
 Sloghe (of-sloghe, ?) 128/385 (?)  
 Slodyn, 138/677, quench.  
 Slyght, 27/137, skill (?), 130/433, trick,  
   contrivance.  
 Slyk, 396/71, sleek, smooth.  
 Slyke, 30/233, such.  
 Slythys, 120/122, slides.  
 Smeke, 17/286, smoke.  
 Snek, 126/306, latch.  
 Smoke-horne, 80/80, sneaking fellow.  
 Soferand, 65/22, sovereign.  
 Sogh, 109/274, sow.  
 Sole, 34/391, hall.

Somdele, 293/6, somewhat.  
 Sond, 122/202, messenger.  
 Sonè, 63/221, soon.  
 Soriornyd, 300/237, sojourned.  
 Sory, 31/264, miserable.  
 Sotell, 67/83, subtle, clever.  
 Sothen, 107/224, sodden, boiled.  
 Sothfast, truthful.  
 Sothle, 38/496, truly.  
 Sow, 238/327, sound; 300/234, follow :  
   *see* Sowys.  
 Sowde, 110/312, sounded.  
 Sowll, 105/152, sauce, relish.  
 Sowre-loten, 119/102; -lottyn, 232/  
   123, sour-looking.  
 Sowys, 73/283, follows.  
 Soyne, 118/50, soon.  
 Spar, 26/128, shut, keep; 27/130,  
   beam, spar; 213/294, spare, scanty.  
 Spart, 109/271, spare it (?)  
 Sparyd, 296/104, enclosed, shut up.  
 Spell, 113/412, speak.  
 Spence, 251/249, expense, cash.  
 Spill, 42/87, kill; 89/129, be de-  
   stroyed.  
 Spir, 373/206, ask : *see* Spyr.  
 Spitus, 35/416, spiteful.  
 Spra, 154/449; Spray, 172/219, sprout,  
   spring, rise.  
 Spreyte, 6/168, spirit.  
 Sproute, 17/290, sprout.  
 Spyll, 89/129, be destroyed.  
 Spyr, 47/226, ask, enquire.  
 Stad, 294/28, placed.  
 Stald, 234/202, installed, set.  
 Stall, 33/345, station.  
 Stangyng, 228/11, stinging.  
 Stanys, 10/47, stones.  
 Stard, 179/427, stared (?)  
 Stark, 31/268, stiff.  
 Starnes, 2/50, stars.  
 Sted, 7/206, stand, stop; 29/199,  
   placed, situated.  
 Stede, 2/38, place.  
 Stegli, 53/37, ladder.  
 Stenen (or steuen, steven), 221/546,  
   ascend : *see* Stevyd.  
 Stere, 235/350, move; 259/27, govern,  
   control.  
 Stere-tre, 36/433, tiller.  
 Stersman, 293/259, pilot, guide.  
 Steven, 14/175, voice.

Stevyd, 364/336, ascended : *see*  
   Stenen (for Steuen).  
 Stevynd, 324/594, ascended.  
 Stokyn, 299/205, fastened, shut up.  
 Stold, 39/525, fixed.  
 Stone-styll, 123/232; 125/280.  
 Store, 114/456, stock.  
 Stott, 133/518, bullock.  
 Stoure, 297/131, tumult, battle.  
 Stowke, 377/315, stook, pile of sheaves.  
 Stownd, 336/337, moment, time.  
 Stowndys, 313/254, fits of pain.  
 Stowre, 155/497, trouble, vexation.  
 Strayd, 180/481, strewed.  
 Strenkyllid, 341/108, sprinkled.  
 Strete, 52/7, road, way.  
 Strewyd, 62/194, scattered, destroyed.  
 Strut, 57/15, swelling, contention (?)  
 Stry, 176/348, hag.  
 Sty, 19/365, path, way; 361/262,  
   ascend.  
 Stynt, 6/161, cease.  
 Styning, 156/525, rising, ascension.  
 Stythe, 54/96, strong.  
 Sudary, 318/390, napkin.  
 Sufferan, 6/173; Suffranc, 80/81,  
   sovereign.  
 Swa, 155/486, so.  
 Swalehon, 155/473, scamp.  
 Swap, 247/136, stroke, cut.  
 Swayn, 60/124, countryman, labourer.  
 Swedyll, 130/432; 135/598, swaddle,  
   wrap up.  
 Swelt, 133/525, become faint.  
 Sweypys, 272/470, whips, scourges.  
 Swevyn, 128/384, dream, vision.  
 Swogh, 162/68, swoon; 226/718,  
   soughling, sound.  
 Swongen, 272/470, beaten.  
 Swylke, 351/333, such.  
 Swyme, 10/27, dizziness.  
 Swyнк, 29/195, labour, toil.  
 Swythe, 77/404, quickly.  
 Syb, 191/167, relative.  
 Sybre, 233/149, a term of abuse.<sup>1</sup>  
 Symnell, 292/389, sort of fine bread.  
 Syne, 30/228, afterwards.  
 Synthen, 190/113, since.  
 Sythes, 332/234, times.

Tabard, 177/357, short sleeveless coat.  
 Talent, 83/157, service, disposal.

<sup>1</sup> The surname Sybry, Sibree is common in Yorkshire. Perhaps some malefactor of the name may have rendered it celebrated, so that it may have been half-jocularly put in here.—H. B.

Tarid, 229/50, delayed (?)  
 Tase, 146/185, takes.  
 Tayll, 58/64, number.  
 Temporal (law), 237/292, secular.  
 Ten, 10/21, teeth.  
 Tend, 11/73, tenth, tithe.  
 Tendand, 245/89, attending.  
 Tent, 3/291; 371/221, attend; *take tent*, 1/211; 146/185, give attention; 3/478, tenth.  
 Tenys, 139/736, tennis.  
 Tethee, 28/186, tetchy, touchy, testy.  
 Teyn, 29/210, be vexed, injured; 123/218, vex, injure; 39/533, vexation, injury.  
 Teynd, 5/144, tenth: *see* Tend.  
 Teynfully, 167/56, cruelly.  
 Thame, 21/420, them.  
 Thar, 17/293; 43/117, is necessary.  
 Tharnes, 128/391, bowels, bellies, children.  
 Tharne, 149/272; Tharnys, 122/191, lack.  
 Thaym, 20/412, them: *see* Thame.  
 The, 32/328, prosper.  
 Thee, 54/90, thigh.  
 Ther, 282/106, must: *see* Thar.  
 Thew, 14/185; 374/229, morals, manners, service.  
 Tho, 30/228, them.  
 Thole, 126/306, bear, suffer.  
 Thoner-floze, 110/324, thunder-dart, lightning.  
 Thoyle, 395/53, suffer: *see* Thole.  
 Thrafe, 15/197, bundle, sheaf.  
 Thrall, 22/464, slave.  
 Thrang, 101/47, throng, company.  
 Thraw, 10/30, short space of time.  
 Thrawes, 348/250, throes.  
 Threpe, 121/168, contradict, argue.  
 Thro, 162/69, strongly, deeply; 328/76, bold, eager.  
 Throle, 291/357, boldly, severely.  
 Throng, 112/416, pressed together.  
 Thrug, 341/111, through.  
 Thryng, 173/240, throng, press.  
 Thurgh, 349/281, coffin.  
 Thurt, 301/256, needed [=fallait]: *see* Thar.  
 Thwang, 123/211, be flogged.  
 Thyrl, 251/234, pierce; Thyryld, 271/429, pierced.  
 Till, 61/151, to, unto.  
 To, 266/268, according to, in, after.  
 To, 60/152; 119/108; 270/385, till.

To-draw, 321/506, pull to pieces.  
 Tollare, 374/211, tax-gatherer.  
 Tome, 133/547, empty; 210/201, leisure.  
 Ton, 146/177, taken.  
 To-name, 395/65, surname.  
 To-tyre, 170/144, tear in pieces.  
 Toute, 3/63, fundament; 11/63, 64, arse.  
 Toyles, 257/406, tools.  
 Trace, 249/200, track.  
 Trade, 340/87, trod.  
 Trane, 95/330; Trayn, 163/93, trick, deceit, stratagem.  
 Trant, 173/235, trick.  
 Trast, 41/54, trusty.  
 Trattys, 178/394, trotts, old women.  
 Trauell, 13/152, labour.  
 Trauesses, 298/153, traverses, thwarts.  
 Traw, 12/115, throw, believe (*see* Trow); 58/77, true.  
 Tray, 39/533, affliction, grief; 358/162, betray.  
 Trew as steele, 26/120.  
 Tristur, 373/208, tryst, station.  
 Trone, 1/9, throne.  
 Trow, 18/320, believe.  
 Trowage, 84/198, fealty, allegiance.  
 Trewth, 14/159, faith, belief.  
 Trus, 31/316, pack up; 61/152, go away, be off.  
 Trussell, 14/170, bundle.  
 Tup, 104/117, rain.  
 Twyfylys, 377/324, twirls, curls (?)  
 Twyk, 263/171, twitch.  
 Twyn, 18/325, 159/625, divide, separate.  
 Tyde, 22/470, time, season.  
 Tydely, 31/291, quickly.  
 Tyme, 10/26, befall, happen.  
 Tynely, *adv.* 133/524, early.  
 Tynde, 101/39, lost: *see* Tynt.  
 Tyne, 115/467, tiny.  
 Tyne, 36/441; 339/72, lose.  
 Tynt, 5/149, lost.  
 Tyre, 149/285, tear, fight: *see* To-tyre.  
 Tyte, 11/53; Tytt, 313/245, quickly.  
 Tythand, 55/113, 128, tidings.  
 Tythingsis, 61/163; 320/479, tidings.  
 Tytter, 73/293, quicker, sooner: *see* Tyte.  
 Umbithynke, 5/123, bethink, meditate on.  
 Umshade, 89/128, shade around, overshadow.

- Umthynke, 303/318, meditate : *see* Umbithynke.  
 Unbayn, 291/356, unready, disobedient.  
 Unburnyd, 111/362.  
 Unbychid, 291/356, disorderly (?)  
 Unceyll, 100/3, unhappiness.  
 Unconand, 204/1, ignorant.  
 Undemyd, 235/230, unjudged.  
 Under-lowte, 221/552, inferiors, subjects.  
 Undughty, 291/368, unprofitable.  
 Unethes, 181/7; Unoths, 273/476, scarcely, hardly.  
 Unfylyd, 111/366, undefiled.  
 Ungayn (at), 20/379, inconveniently.  
 Ungrathly, 96/341, unsuitably.  
 Unheynde, 224/642, discourteous, rude man (Jesus).  
 Unnes, 391/158, scarcely : *see* Unethes.  
 Unquart, 99/72, render unsafe, harass.  
 Unrad, 285/214, imprudent.  
 Unrid, 24/40; Unryde, 100/11, cruel, enormous.  
 Unsoght, 26/97, unatoned for, irreconciled.  
 Untill, 21/426, unto.  
 Untrist, 332/210, untrusty.  
 Unweld, 182/5; Unwelde, 91/171, impotent.  
 Unwynly, 210/189, unpleasantly.  
 Unyth, 164/135, scarcely : *see* Unethes.  
 Upstevynyng, 357/123, ascension.  
 Utward, 244/31, outwardly.
- Vales, 285/587, avails, is worth.  
 Vantage, 243/17, advantage.  
 Vanys, 4/111, vain, empty.  
 Vayll, 243/19, avail, gain.  
 Veray, 144/119, truly.  
 Veryose, 107/236, verjuice.  
 Vokettys, 367/9, advocates.  
 Vowgard, 385/580, (?) place of security.
- Wafe, 21/430, wander (?)  
 Waght, 286/218; 290/329, a bad way.  
 Walk-mylne, 377/314, fulling mill.  
 Walteryng, 124/236, rolling about.  
 Wan, 13/139, won, acquired; 21/444, faint.  
 Wandreth, 24/40, misfortune.  
 Wane, 102/62, waggon.  
 Wanhope, 220/507, despair.  
 Wap, 223/593, wrap; 289/314, blow; 'at a wap, in a moment.
- War, 43/113, aware; 10/25, 29, an exclamation, a hunter's cry.  
 Wardan, 341/113, keeper, guardian.  
 Wared, 50/14; Waris, 50/14, cursed, curses : *see* Warrie.  
 Warkand, 52/8, aching.  
 Warldis, 13/150, world's, worldly.  
 Warloo, 137/640; Warlow, 71/232, sorcerer, traitor, devil.  
 Warly, 366/409, warily (or wary) (?)  
 Warpyd, 271/413, cast.  
 Warrie, 6/156, curse.  
 Wars, 16/250, worse.  
 Warte, 375/252, spend it.  
 Wary, 29/208, curse : *see* Warrie.  
 Waryson, 79/44, treasure, reward.  
 Wast, 95/332, waste, void.  
 Wat, 10/14, man.  
 Wate, 382/485, wet.  
 Wate, 36/444, know; Wayte, 118/75, knows : *see* Wote.  
 Wate, 213/283, tricked.  
 Waten, 358/161, watch.  
 Wathe, 37/486, hunting, prey.  
 Waue, 231/103, move to and fro.  
 Wawghes, 36/426, waves.  
 Wayrd, 300/238, ward, guardianship.  
 We! 11/53; 3/147, an exclamation.  
 Wed, 339/56, pledge.  
 Wede, 139/731, garments; 162/47, be mad, rage.  
 Weders, 36/451, storms.  
 Wedyng, 119/92, wedding, marrying (the evils of).  
 Weft, 21/435, weft, woven stuff : "Ill-spun weft ay comes foul out."  
 Weld, 44/126, wield, rule; Weldand, 38/494, wielding, ruling.  
 Welke, 348/261, walked.  
 Welland, 75/344, boiling, bubbling.  
 Welner, 128/387, well-near, almost.  
 Welthly, 6/185, happy, delightful.  
 Wem, 87/37, spot, stain.  
 Wemay! 13/148, an exclamation, Oh! by God! *see* We!  
 Wemles 221/541, spotless.  
 Wemo! 15/198; Wemmow! 334/291, Oh! by God! *see* We! Wemey!  
 Wend, 8/250, thought, supposed.  
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